

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Where Sister Burchill has nursed—at Innamincka Inland Mission Nursing Home, among child victims of war in Spain, in Labrador. Now she is with the 2nd A.I.F.

"My PASSPORT to ADVENTURE"

Army sister tells how nursing has taken her round the globe

● Sister Dora Burchill, one of the Victorian nurses to go overseas with the 2nd A.I.F., has already had an adventurous career of nursing in outback Australia, in Labrador, and in the Spanish war zone. Here is her story.

By DORA BURCHILL

YEARS ago someone told me that I had "no initiative and no push." The truth hurts—I accepted that statement as a challenge, and decided to prove it was wrong.

As a trained nurse I knew I had a wonderful passport for travel, unrivalled opportunities for adventure and service.

It seemed logical to see Australia first, so I began my life of nursing off the beaten track by working for the Australian Inland Mission at wayback Innamincka.

I remember what a sinking feeling I had when with my companion I was about to board the train at Adelaide.

"Where are you going to, Miss?" inquired the porter.

On learning of our destination he replied in a horrified voice: "What! Innamincka! Whatever are you kids going to do in that forsaken place! You might as well be dead!"

Instead I found being on the field for the Australian Inland Mission a grand experience.

For nearly two years I was in charge of the Nursing Home at Innamincka (South Australia), a delightful aboriginal name meaning "my shelter."

For isolated settlers

SITUATED three hundred miles from Parina, the nearest railway station, the Innamincka Nursing Home is a veritable oasis in the desert.

Serving as hospital, church, open house, post office, and library, it plays a magnificent part in the development of inland Australia.

Our nearest resident doctor was two hundred miles away, but by using the little wireless transmitting set we were able to get in touch with the Flying Doctor at the head base 500 miles away.

We had to be prepared for any emergency. Teeth extractions were common.

I remember one bushman who



SISTER DORA BURCHILL, who wrote this story of her world-wide nursing experience.

rode a hundred miles to the nursing home that the sisters might give him relief from what Burns the poet called, "The hell of all diseases—toothache!"

Sometimes dust storms or heavy rains make the tracks in the inland impassable for cars. We must ride.

I shall never forget my first ride! Thirty miles to see a man who was too ill to move and was lying unattended at a remote sheep station!

Riding through boggy country, then over gibbers, steep sandhills and flat claypans I was glad when the destination was reached!

Being asked to conduct a funeral service is a request surely rare in any woman's experience, yet it sometimes falls to the lot of a nurse in Central Australia.

I had that privilege—but it is not fitting to write of such an occasion. Every type of traveller from a Governor to a hobo called in at the Home, where a cup of tea, a chat and an armful of magazines have cheered many a lonely soul.

Fishermen patients

JOHN FLYNN of the Inland and Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador have much the same ideal of public service, and I found quite a similarity in a nurse's work in Central Australia and on the coast of Labrador.

Probably the greatest contrast is that of the weather!

As the first Australian nurse on the farthest north Nursing Station of the Grenfell Mission on the coast of Labrador, I was asked many times if I was trying to get as far away from home as possible!

Picture a rocky island, one mile long, in the midst of the Atlantic. Wildflowers and berries, water springing from the rocks and a dog called "Friday" combined to make me feel rather like Robinson Crusoe!

My patients were the hardy fishermen who lived on this island for the summer months. The only means of travel was by boat; the nearest doctor lived sixty miles away.

On one occasion a child was attacked by a "husky" dog and was brought many miles in an open boat to the hospital.

Treating sore hands was an everyday duty, as constant immersion in the salt water and the handling of the fish produced many skin troubles.

I was about to conduct a church service one Sunday evening when a party of Eskimos arrived and appealed to me to return at once with them to see a young woman who was expecting a baby.

An hour later we arrived at their pathetic little shanty on the edge of an island. I found the woman was in need of urgent medical attention.

We managed to get her to the boat and return to the hospital. Two days later she had a beautiful baby girl, whom she named after me.

WHILE nursing at the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children in London, I chanced to see an advertisement which read, "WANTED—NURSES FOR SPAIN." Reading between the lines I saw—adventure, service, danger! With two English nurses I left England in three days.

We travelled three hundred miles a day through France in an ambulance painted green. In large white letters it bore the words "Aid from Great Britain for the Children of Spain."

At last—over the border and into Spain! Barcelona... Valencia... lovely, romantic cities marred by war.

Then on to Almeria, a delightful little seaport town, whose name means "Mirror of the Sea"... and here we worked for several months in an English hospital.

Set high in an enclosed garden, it was originally a convent.

Here little children, many of them in a terrible state of malnutrition, were cared for in the hospital, which, however, was eventually forced to close through lack of local supplies.

Now I am going to another war...

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dickinson-Monleith.

MISS MARGARET MERRIFIELD
Mechanised Transport

EXCHANGING her work as an interior decorator in London for trim khaki uniform, Miss Margaret Merrifield, Melbourne, is in France with a unit of cars and drivers from the women's mechanised transport headquarters in London.

This organisation is outside Government control, raises its own funds, and already comprises 500 privately-owned cars.



MR. F. E. SILLANPAA
Finland's Pride

INTERPRETING it partly as a manifestation of sympathy with the nation, Finland thrilled with joy when the 1939 Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to Mr. F. E. Sillanpaa, personification of Finnish culture and nationalism.

As a child the author knew the peasant life his books portray. His credo: "A writer must help his reader as well as entertain him."



MLLE. ELLA MAILLART
Off Beaten Track

ADVENTURING off the beaten track in Central Asia is the way that intrepid young Swiss, Mlle. Ella Maillart, author of "Forbidden Journey," likes her life.

"I want to study tribal customs there," she said on arrival at Delhi recently on a new journey through India to the Pamirs, a chain of mountains in Central Asia.

"Forbidden Journey" describes her travels in Tartary.

Colour Magic!

New ERASMIC Peach

With a Flattering Rosy Tint

It's a triumph! It's adored! It's Peach—the lovely new shade with a soft, rosy undertone, that gives your skin the sweet warmth of a sun-kissed peach... and makes you more youthfully appealing.

Other lovely tints in Erasmic, the soft, fragrant powder with a glorious fineness, are—RACHEL, NATURAL, SUNTAN AND BRUNETTE.

Erasmic Creams (Vanishing & Cold) 1/- A TUBE

ONLY 1/- A BOX

57.83.27



I lunch with Australians from Nazi hell ship

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our London Editor

I've just lunched six Australian and New Zealand prisoners of the German ship Altmark. It was their first real man's size steak since they left Australia. I have never seen men so happy or eat with such relish.

IT was a delight to see their voices rise on notes of glee. pale, drawn faces glow and They had been nearly three eyes brighten and hear their months aboard the German

hell ship Altmark, and now they were home.

Their first tribute was to the navy. The couldn't sufficiently praise the men of H.M.S. Cossack for their courage, initiative, and fighting ability, also for the care and kindness shown.

Vic Phelan, a Dragger, of the ship Tairua, whose people live in Leichhardt, is a small, slender, tough, sandy Australian. He spoke feelingly of the bread they were forced to eat on the Altmark.

"Black bread is all very well for those who like it. It's wholesome enough, but the stuff we got on the Altmark was inedible dough."

That criticism means something, for Vic was the ship's baker aboard the Tairua, sunk by the Graf Spee.

I was then introduced to "Bluey" Hoban, of Brisbane, who was gold miner, boundary rider, and stockman before he went to sea.

Awful monotony

SPEAKING of the days on the Altmark he said: "We tried keeping diaries, but the monotony got us down. We finally gave up the idea, one day in a tank being much like another."

"We kept a calendar by marking the days on the wall. We also knew Saturday by the fact that we got a little sugar on that day."

"Our best achievement was a home-made sextant wherewith our 'navigators' traced our course from South Polar to North Polar seas."

Jack Daly, lean, brown Australian from Sydney, remembers King's Cross dance halls and Randwick races, but now is doing his best to forget the Altmark.

"Aboard the Altmark we used to try to improve the taste of the bread by imagining various kinds of dishes—roast beef for one meal, braised steak, next grilled chop, and so on, but despite our best efforts it always tasted the same."

Frank Hill, of Rockhampton, is the most dapper of the rescued men. He has retained a Palm Beach bronze, and wears a neat, small moustache.

"Sailors always depend on their own efforts to keep their clothes shipshape, but usually they have at least a needle and thread kit aboard," he said.

"The Altmark hadn't a thing, but we improvised repairs to our clothes

ARTIST Wynne Davies' impression of the boarding of the Altmark by men of H.M.S. Cossack. The fight on board went swiftly in favor of the men of the navy, and the prisoners of war were rescued from the Nazi hell ship.

from bits of wire, threads pulled from matting, and patches of canvas.

"Smoking was forbidden."

"Once the guards swooped down and grabbed Jack Daly and Ray Craig, both of whom had matches."

"They were given solitary confinement in small iron compartments for three days."

Tom Foley, of Premier, near Quirindi, said: "The young guards were inclined to be friendly, but the captain was the bad pear in the barrel. He contaminated all the ship with his fanatical hatred of the English. He gave pep talks to the crew daily to build up their

hatred. He wore an ersatz shirt which was supposed to be cambric but looked like burlap."

Tony Tanner, of Melbourne, said one of the younger officers whom they called "Blondie" was a gentleman. "He smuggled clothes to me and told me what little news there was. He shook hands with me—looking fearfully around—as we left the ship. On boarding H.M.S. Cossack I heard a shot. I think 'Blondie' committed suicide, the captain having worked on his feelings so much on what would happen should the English capture him."

MOTHERS OVERJOYED
SEE PAGE 4

Our net sales are now

Over 445,000

AUDITED sales of The Australian Women's Weekly have now reached the new record figure of over 445,000 weekly.

This is not only a sales record for all Australia, but a world record for any weekly paper in proportion to population.

We are not resting on our laurels. Bigger and better issues are being planned to match the bigger and better support given every week by our readers.

Next week's issue contains a magnificent knitting section. Seventeen of the new season's smartest designs for adults are presented with superb illustrations and full instructions. Ten of the designs are shown in color.

Everything that is new in stitches, in line, and in detail is shown in one or other of the designs which include jumpers, cardigans, sports wear, accessories and a jumper suit.

Among the designs for men is a knitted sports shirt that husbands and brothers will clamor for. While wives of golfers will hurry to knit the sporting cardigan.

THIS is just the first of a series of special issues planned for your greater delight in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Our issue of March 16 will be a special autumn fashion number, designed to simplify the choosing of your winter wardrobe.

Page after page of fashion photographs and sketches will show you what London, Paris and New York have sponsored in the new season's styles.

Succeeding issues will all have their special surprises for readers.

Don't miss next week's invaluable knitting section. ORDER THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY NOW.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD



FOR years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and unsightly pimples and blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was usually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls. I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but none and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to lead my own life in company. You can, therefore, realize my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim: "How well you look! I would never have known you!" Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realizing that there must be thousands of women both young and old who are today suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles. Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plaster, bandages, masks, vapor spray, massage-rollers, or other implements. No dieting, fasting, or anything to take and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, so do the thousands who have used my method. Write NOW TO-DAY, with your stamp of 2d. to MISS ALMA F. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt St., Sydney.

FREE COUPON

Cut out this Coupon if interested, and post with 2d. stamp and name and address to:

MISS ALMA F. CHALMERS,
84 Pitt St., Sydney.

"Your son is safe and well..."

—Admiralty Cable



MR. AND MRS. LISTON and son get news that Vic Phelan is safe.



MISS JUNE DALY (sister), Mrs. Sarah Henderson (grandmother), and Mrs. Agatha Daly (mother), read news that Jack Daly is rescued.



MRS. E. EVANS, of Park St., South Melbourne, with her daughters, Joan (left) and Iris. Her son, Ken, was saved from the Altmark.

How Australian mothers heard news of rescued men

News of the rescue of Altmark prisoners brought joy and relief to homes in every Australian State.

Since word came in December of the sinking of the Tairua and Trevanion parents and sweethearts of Australian lads aboard have spent days of continual anxiety.

REPRESENTATIVES of The Australian Women's Weekly found excitement and celebration in every home they visited, and one mother voiced the thought of all when she said:

"I have prayed for his safety every night, and when news came I said, 'Thank God, my prayers are answered'."

A devoted mother, grandmother, and sister were reading the official telegram from the Australian Navy concerning Gunner Jack Daly, of Sydney, when an Australian Women's Weekly representative called at their flat in George Street, Sydney.

The telegram said: "Glad to inform you advice received from London your son rescued from Altmark. He is well and now on leave."

On the wall was a photograph of Jack's French-Canadian sweetheart, Minda, who lives in Vancouver, and who has promised to wait for him ten years if need be.

"Jack is ranked as first-class gunner," said his mother, Mrs. Agatha Daly, proudly.

"He was aboard the Niagara for two years as a steward and had completed three years' Naval Reserve training. When he enlisted he joined the Tairua, and sailed from here in October.

Sunk by Graf Spee

"We had a long letter from him from Durban; and then the next news was that the Tairua had been sunk by the Graf Spee."

"In December we received a letter from the Tairua's agents, Shaw, Savill, saying that it was believed that the crew were all aboard the Altmark.

"You can imagine our joy to hear the wonderful news of the rescue." Just as excited as Jack's mother is his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Henderson, who has shared in Jack's upbringing.

Mrs. Henderson, seventy-five years old next May, is known to thousands of Sydney people as a news-vendor at Wynyard Station.

Hers is a romantic story, and her courage and her good looks have been inherited by her grandson.

In her youth she sat as a model for the late Phil May, and also for Julian Ashton.

She married a wealthy gold-miner, Martin Henderson, and shared his £200,000 fortune. Bad luck came, her husband died, and she was left penniless.

"Proud of Jack"

"WITH six young children, I had to work hard, and I made a go of it," she says. "For 37 years I've sold newspapers in Sydney, first at the Quay, and now at Wynyard."

"I'm proud of Jack, I must admit. He's a good-looking boy if I say so, and so popular."

"When he went away he allotted part of his pay to be shared between myself and his mother. I've banked every penny of my share for him, and he'll have it when he gets home."

Jack's only sister, pretty June Daly, is excited, too. June attends the Cinesound Talent School, and treasures the last letter she received from Jack, written in Durban, and beginning in characteristic brotherly style, "Dear Brat."

"We thought we might never get any more," she said. "Now we're looking forward to a first-hand account of his experiences."

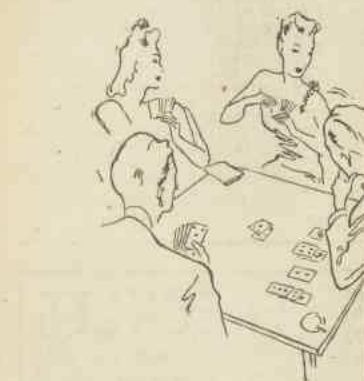
A home in Leichhardt was a happy place when news came that Vic Phelan was safe. Cheers were given for the sailors of H.M.S. Cossack.

The night the Graf Spee sank the Tairua, Mrs. A. Liston, of Leichhardt, saw a vision of her foster-son, Vic Phelan, who was ship's baker aboard the Tairua.

She took it as a premonition of danger which later proved correct. "I'm glad Vic is all right," said Mrs. Liston.

"He had been one of the family for 20 years. He is nearly 40, and when a young man he met my son in London. Both were at sea, and eventually he came to regard our house as home."

Continued on Page 37



New CUTEX SALON POLISH

breaks all records for NAIL POLISH WEAR!

A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest-wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier, wears for days and days longer.

And though it's dry to the touch in two minutes, it goes on hardening underneath! That's why it clings to the nail as old-fashioned polishes never could. It won't chip... it won't peel for days longer. Cutex Salon Polish contains no acetone—will not cause splitting, brittle nails.

Choose from these exciting shades
CAMEO
CEDARWOOD
CLOVER
TULIP
OLD ROSE
ORCHID



CUTEX Salon Polish

NEW SEASON'S SHADES
Hijinks The slickest of clear, soft flatterer reds.
Gadabout A new exciting blend of pink and cyclamen.

WORTH the RISK

With a job and a pretty girl's good graces at stake, Jeff found himself facing the biggest problem of his career...

JEFFREY SOMERS wrote advertisements for a living, but once he wrote one on his own behalf. It read:

COPYWRITER AVAILABLE—
My house is all cluttered up with things I bought after reading advertisements I wrote myself.

Address Box 31-C,
C/o Advertising World.

Jeff hoped that this advertisement would bring interesting developments. It did, though not just what he had expected. The telegram was gratifying, of course. But he had not anticipated that the "ad." would cause him to throw up his job with no certainty of getting another, or take a trip, or meet a girl who abhorred him at first sight just as much as he detested her, or fall in love with her—all in one day. More. That was only the beginning.

Jeff, in the cubicle he occupied at Hardwick-Grimley, Inc., Advertising, New York, could feel the terse urgency of the telegram as it came over the phone from the offices of Advertising World. It said:

"Need man with ideas for campaign new account Stop Must make selection by to-morrow night Stop Can you come here for personal interview not later than 5 p.m. to-morrow Friday?"

"C. B. CHESTER,

"Chester Advertising Agency."

Sent from Boston, it had reached the offices of Advertising World too late yesterday afternoon to catch Jeff at Hardwick-Grimley, the man on the phone explained. And today was Friday.

Jeff hastily tucked out of sight the copy he'd made of the telegram, as a shadow bulked on the frosted glass of the door to his cubicle.

G. K. Grimley, president of Hardwick-Grimley, Inc., Advertising, lumbered in. Everything about him reeked of trouble—the super-floridity of his complexion, the righteously indignant trembling of his ursine form, the perilous teetering of the glasses on the rim of the presidential nose.

G. K. held a paper in his hand—gingerly, with two fingers as if contaminated by something loathsome. He laid it on Jeff's desk.

"See here, Somers," he grumbled. "How many times must I tell you we don't want this kind of copy? How many times must I emphasise the importance of dignity in advertisements we prepare for Consolidated Life? Dignity! And you have the temerity—temerity, Somers, to hand me something like this!"

"Will she say yes to you?" the piece of copy demanded boldly. Underneath was a photograph of a handsome young man kissing a ravishingly pretty girl. She would be sure to say yes if you had a nice fat Consolidated Life insurance policy in your pocket, concluding with the warning that girls to-day demand protection and financial security when they marry.

Jeff had felt pleased with that copy. The girl was lovely. Jeff could have fallen in love with her himself. He felt certain that any



DES CONDON
Jeff drew a quick breath as he saw the girl about to seat herself beside him.

Complete
Short
Story

Illustrated
by
DES CONDON

man worthy of the name would have mortgaged the roof over his aged grandmother's head to give a girl like that the protection she demanded.

"It seemed to me, Mr. Grimley," Jeff began, "that we ought to try to reach the young man and—"

"It seemed to you, did it?" G.K. bellowed. "Well, let me tell you, Somers, that it isn't necessary for you to decide our Consolidated Life policy. We know what's suited them for over twenty years. Your job is to write copy consistent with that policy, not rubbish like this. See to it that the copy is revised properly and in my hands to-day. To-day—without fail!"

When G.K. had gone Jeff ruefully surveyed the offending copy. He had come from college to New York a few years before to write the kind of advertisements people would read and remember for years, not stuff for a life insurance company that was mossy with age or the other respectable and mouldy Hardwick-Grimley accounts.

He pulled the telegram out of his desk drawer, read it again and

He left the office at 9.30. It was half an hour to the bachelor apartment he shared with a college mate. At 10.15, his bag packed, he was on his way to Grand Central. At 10.35 the train stopped in the tunnel under the river, stalled by a terrific rainstorm that flooded the tube. At 11.50 it was still there and Jeff had eaten most of his finger-nails. Then the power was restored. There was just a chance that he might catch the noon train.

By C. L. ALDERMAN

tucked it into his billfold. Then resolutely he picked up the phone.

"Get me the Chester Advertising Agency in Boston," he directed.

To C. B. Chester he said: "This is Jeffrey Somers, who had the position wanted ad. in Advertising World. I only received your wire this morning, Mr. Chester, but I could get the eleven o'clock train and be in your office at a little after four."

"Come along, Somers. We're in sort of a hurry, you see. I'm leaving to-night for the Pacific Coast and this thing has to be decided before I go."

When Jeff had hung up he picked up the phone again.

"If G.K. wants me, Gladys," he said, "tell him I've gone—tell him I've gone nuts... That's right... Nuts... N-u-t-s!"

That would get him to Boston at five.

The clock over the information booth in Grand Central said 11.59 when Jeff dashed into the station. There were long lines of week-end travellers in front of all the ticket windows.

THIS was no time for gallantry. Jeff pushed into first place in the nearest line, ahead of a girl who had just reached the ticket window.

"One for Boston!" he panted.

"Well, I like that!" said a voice at his elbow.

Jeff looked around. The girl he had superseded in the line was staring at him indignantly.

"I'm in a hurry!" Jeff apologised.

"Got to catch a train!"

"I'm not exactly killing time here

myself," said the girl coldly. "Please move—I've got to catch a train, too!"

It would be best to ignore her, Jeff decided. He thrust a note under the grating just as the girl said, "One to Boston," and also tendered a note.

"Which one of you was here first?" the ticket-seller asked.

"I was!" they chorused.

The man gave the girl her ticket and change.

"Ladies first," he said. Jeff scowled at him, picked up his ticket and ran madly across the concourse in the wake of the girl.

Too late. The gate clanged shut just as Jeff overtook her. The red lights on the rear of the train faded into the distance.

They stood glaring at each other like a couple of alley cats.

"You—you boor!" said the girl with cold hatred. "You made me miss that train!"

"I didn't want to catch that train!" said Jeff. "Oh, no! It was only the most important one I ever missed!"

"Oh, don't feel badly about it," the girl replied with malicious politeness. "You couldn't have gone on that train anyway. There wasn't any car on it for curs!"

Jeff was unable to think of a suitable reply to that, so he turned on his heel and sought out a phone

booth. He was not beaten yet. There was always the air.

But the air, it developed, was not available. The storm which had flooded the subway tube was still raging and the airport informed him all flights to Boston were grounded. It began to look as though the stars, or something, were not favorable to Jeff's venture.

He consulted a time-table. The Bunker Hill Limited, crack flyer leaving at 1 o'clock, was due in Boston at 5.30. That would make him only half an hour late.

Wolfing a sandwich, Jeff thought of a great many clever things he could have said which would have matched the girl's insolence. It was a pity that such inspirations always came too late for use.

At the time, Jeff's outraged eyes had seen only an overbearing blonde; now, as he thought it over, he decided there'd been something about her not altogether repulsive. Her eyes had been very blue—he remembered them, hurling their hate at him. Blue eyes—oh rubbish! Forget them.

Taking no chances this time, he boarded the Bunker Hill Limited as soon as the gate was open.

He was hardly seated when a porter came down the aisle with a girl following. Jeff drew a quick breath. It was the girl of the unpleasant interlude at the ticket window—and her reservation was for the seat next to his.

He must have been blind—a mole could have seen that this was no ordinary girl. But those eyes—there was something about them—

Please turn to Page 40



VERA CLAYTHORNE.

Startling developments harass the anxious watchers in our fascinating mystery serial

THE STORY SO FAR

TEN people arrive at lonely little Nigger Island, off the English coast, to find themselves the victims of a terrible hoax. MR. U. N. OWEN, owner of the island, is unaccountably absent, but when, according to his instructions, ROGERS, the butler, puts on a gramophone record, it accuses everyone present of being involved in murder—accusations which they know, in their hearts, to be true.

Almost immediately, the gay young ANTHONY MARSTON chokes and dies; then MRS. ROGERS, the butler's wife, dies in her sleep; and old GENERAL MACARTHUR is killed by a blow on the head. After each death, a china nigger disappears from a "Ten little niggers" ornamental centre-piece; but a search of the house and the island yields no information, except that they are cut off from the mainland.

There remain now MR. JUSTICE WARGRAVE, recently retired from the Bench; DR. ARMSTRONG, of Harley Street; WILLIAM BLORE, a retired detective; the enigmatic PHILIP LOMBARD; the elderly spinster, EMILY BRENT; and the young secretary, VERA CLAYTHORNE, together with the butler. They decide that Mr. U. N. Owen—fantastically calling himself so to represent "Unknown"—must be one of themselves; and they retire anxiously for the night, locking and barricading their doors, while Rogers locks all the doors into the dining-room where the mysterious nigger centre-piece stands.

NOW READ ON:

PHILIP LOMBARD had the habit of waking at daybreak. He did so on this particular morning. He raked himself on an elbow and listened. The wind had somewhat abated, but was still blowing. He could hear no sound of rain.

At eight o'clock the wind was blowing more strongly, but Lombard did not hear it. He was asleep again.

At 9.30 he was sitting on the edge of his bed, looking at his watch. He put it to his ear. Then his lips drew back from his teeth in that curious wolflike smile characteristic of the man.

He said very softly: "I think the time has come to do something about this."

At twenty-five minutes to ten he was tapping on the closed door of Blore's room.

The latter opened it cautiously. His hair was tousled and his eyes were still dim with sleep.

Philip Lombard said, affably: "Sleeping the clock round? Well, shows you've got an easy conscience."

Blore said, shortly: "What's the matter?"

Lombard answered: "Anybody called you, or brought you any tea? Do you know what time it is?"

Blore looked over his shoulder at a small travelling clock by his bedside. He said: "Twenty-five to ten. Wouldn't have believed I could have slept like that. Where's Rogers?"

Philip Lombard said: "It's a case of echo answers where."

"What do you mean?" asked the other sharply.

Lombard said: "I mean that Rogers is missing. He isn't in his room or anywhere else. And there's no kettle on and the kitchen fire isn't even lit."

Blore swore under his breath. He said: "Where the devil can he be? Out on the island somewhere? Wait till I get some clothes on. See if the others know anything."

Philip Lombard nodded. He moved along the line of closed doors.

He found Armstrong up and nearly dressed. Mr. Justice War-



PHILIP LOMBARD.

TEN Little NIGGERS

By...

AGATHA CHRISTIE

grave, like Blore, had to be roused from sleep. Vera Claythorne was dressed. Emily Brent's room was empty.

The little party moved through the house. Rogers' room, as Philip Lombard had already ascertained, was untenanted. The bed had been slept in, and his razor and sponge and soap were wet.

Lombard said: "He got up all right."

Vera said in a low voice, which she tried to make firm and assured: "You don't think he's—hiding somewhere, waiting for us?"

Lombard said: "My dear girl, I'm prepared to think anything of anyone. My advice is that we keep together until we find him."

Armstrong said: "He must be out on the island somewhere."

Blore, who had joined them, dressed, but still unshaved, said: "Where's Miss Brent got to? That's another mystery."

But as they arrived in the hall, Emily Brent came in through the front door. She had on a mackintosh. She said: "The sea is as high as ever. I shouldn't think any boat could put out to-day."

Blore said: "Have you been wandering about the island alone, Miss Brent? Don't you realise that that's an exceedingly foolish thing to do?"

Emily Brent said: "I assure you, Mr. Blore, that I kept an extremely sharp lookout."

Blore grunted. He said: "Seen anything of Rogers?"

Miss Brent's eyebrows rose. "Rogers? No, I haven't seen him this morning. Why?"

Mr. Justice Wargrave, shaved and dressed, came down the stairs. He moved to the open dining-room door. He said: "Ha, laid the table for breakfast, I see."

Lombard said: "He might have done that last night."



DR. ARMSTRONG.

They all moved inside the room, looking at the neatly set plates and cutlery. At the row of cups on the sideboard. At the felt mats placed ready for the coffee urn.

It was Vera who saw it first. She caught the Judge's arm, and the grip of her athletic fingers made the old gentleman wince.

She cried out: "The Niggers! Look!"

There were only six china figures in the middle of the table.

They found him shortly afterward. He was in the little washhouse across the yard. He had been chopping sticks in preparation for light-



WILLIAM BLORE.

ing the kitchen fire. The small chopper was still in his hand. A bigger chopper, a heavy affair, was leaning against the door, the metal of it stained a dull brown. It corresponded only too well with the deep wound in the back of Rogers' head.

"Perfectly clear," said Armstrong. "The murderer must have crept up behind him, swung the chopper once and brought it down on his head as he was bending over."

Blore was busy on the handle of the chopper and the flour sifter from the kitchen.

Mr. Justice Wargrave asked: "Would it have needed great force, doctor?"

Armstrong said gravely: "A woman could have done it, if that's what you mean." He gave a quick glance round. Vera Claythorne and Emily Brent had retired to the kitchen.

"The girl could have done it easily—she's an athletic type. In appearance, Miss Brent is fragile-looking, but that type of woman has often a lot of wiry strength. And you must remember that anyone who's mentally unhinged has a good deal of unsuspected strength."

The Judge nodded thoughtfully.

Blore rose to his knees with a sigh. He said: "No fingerprints. Handle was wiped afterwards."

A sound of laughter was heard. They turned sharply. Vera Claythorne was standing in the yard. She cried out in a high, shrill voice, shaken with wild bursts of laughter: "Do they keep bees on this island? Tell me that. Where do we go for honey? Ha-ha!"

They stared at her uncomprehendingly. It was as though the sane, well-balanced girl had gone mad before their eyes. She went on in that high, unnatural voice: "Don't stare like that! As though you thought I was mad. It's sane enough, what I'm asking. Bees, hives, bees! Oh, don't you understand? Haven't you read that idiotic rhyme? It's up in all your bedrooms—put there for you to study."

"We might have come here straight away if we'd had sense. 'Seven little Nigger boys chopping up sticks.' And the next verse. I know the whole thing by heart, I tell you! 'Six little Nigger boys playing with a hive.' And that's why I'm asking,



MR. JUSTICE WARGRAVE.

do they keep bees on this island? Isn't it funny?"

She began laughing wildly again. Doctor Armstrong strode forward. He raised his hand and struck her a flat blow on the cheek.

She gasped, hiccupped, and swallowed. She stood motionless a minute; then she said: "Thank you. I'm all right now."

Her voice was once more calm and controlled—the voice of the efficient secretary.

She turned and went across the yard into the kitchen, saying: "Miss Brent and I are getting you breakfast. Can you—bring some sticks to light the fire?" The mark of the doctor's hand stood out red on her cheek.

As she went into the kitchen, Blore said: "Well, you dealt with that, all right, doctor."

Armstrong said apologetically: "Had to! We can't cope with hysteria on the top of everything else."

Philip Lombard said: "She's not a hysterical type."

Armstrong agreed: "Oh, no. Good, healthy, sensible girl. Just the sudden shock. It might happen to anybody."

Rogers had chopped a certain amount of firewood before he had been killed. They gathered it up and took it into the kitchen. Vera and Emily Brent were busy. Miss Brent was raking out the stove. Vera was cutting him rind off the bacon.

Emily Brent said: "Thank you. We'll be as quick as we can—say half an hour to three-quarters. The kettle's got to boil."

Ex-Inspector Blore said in a low, hoarse voice to Philip Lombard: "Know what I'm thinking?"

Philip Lombard said: "As you're just about to tell me, it's not worth the trouble of guessing."

Ex-Inspector Blore was an earnest man. A light touch was incomprehensible to him. He went on heavily: "There was a case in America. Old gentleman and his wife—both killed with an axe. Middle of the morning. Nobody in the house but the daughter and the maid. Maid, it was proved, couldn't have done it. Daughter was a respectable, middle-aged spinster. Seemed incredible. So incredible that they acquitted her. But they never found any other explanation." He paused.

"I thought of that when I saw the axe, and then, when I went into the kitchen and saw her there so neat and calm—Haden turned a hair! That girl, coming all over hysterical—well, that's natural—the sort of thing you'd expect. Don't you think so?"

Please turn to Page 44

Illustrated
by
WEP

A Party for Phyllis

Conversation flowed gaily, for each guest was trying to hide her heart's grief

MARION MARTIN awoke early with a nagging worry at the back of her mind. Now what—? Oh, yes. She sighed. Her sister-in-law, she'd simply got to do something to entertain her to-day, though what it would be, with everyone away on their vacation, she couldn't imagine.

If it were winter, now, she'd give her a time that— But it wasn't; it was the early spring, and she'd have to face the dispiriting fact. She considered a family picnic, and quickly discarded the thought.

Phyllis, in the few brief moments she had seen her last night, didn't strike her as the type, with her marvellous grooming and perfect clothes, who would be amused by having to sit on the ground with a lot of ants and nephews crawling over her. Why, Marion asked herself, did she have to come and visit them now, after having stayed contentedly in Europe for the last fourteen years?

She sat up and looked out of the open window across the wide lawn, striped with shadow and dark with dew at this early hour. It would have to be a bridge party, she decided reluctantly. She could get Jody Brown, for one, Bob and Jim Brown were business partners, and Marion and Jody had an unexpressed agreement to help each other in pinches. Jody was sweet, and could be counted on to make a party "go."

Or could she? Marion allowed her mind to flicker for an instant, as she felt about the floor for her mules, to Jody's recent air of strain and preoccupation. It couldn't be money. Jim and Bob were doing well—more than well since Bob's father had made them agents for his brand of tinned foods.

Marion shelved the problem as she found her slippers, and started for the bathroom. The Newells were still in town, and Evelyn would come, and probably she could get that Mrs. Smith. Marion didn't know her very well, and thought she was rather a climber, but Bob said her husband was a "good egg," and had once asked Marion to do something about them.

Then there was little Mrs. Jordan next door. She didn't know many people in town, "I ought to do something for her, anyhow," mused Marion, scrubbing her teeth; "brides are a little difficult in a set like ours. They're so apt to go dewy-eyed." This was a good time to invite her. That made six. Now, who else? She stepped into the shower.

The splash of the water, coming faintly to the charming airy guest-room, roused Phyllis Martin. She stretched drowsily and rolled over on to her long, slim back, letting her gaze wander from the ceiling to the vista of garden and broad elm-shaded street visible through the crisp ruffles of the white curtains. Restful little town, she thought, pretty, quiet, friendly. Just the sort of place she would live in, if she decided to marry Stan

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

and give up her job in Paris, her jaunts to Mentone and Aix-les-Bains.

"It's a good thing I came," she made up her mind. "I'll find out in short order if Stan's worth it. And it is silly to have had Bob married for twelve years to a woman I had never seen." Her thoughts flew to Marion, that unknown sister-in-law, and she frowned, remembering her father's last injunction, when she left him in the city the day before.

"I've an idea," he had said, "that that wife of Bob's is travelling pretty fast. Too many cocktails. All that sort of nonsense. Getting Bob into bad habits." He puffed furiously through his grey moustache. "Won't have it. If I find out it's true, I'll take my account out of his hands. Cut his income in half. She can't fly very high on what's left."

"What am I supposed to do about it?" Phyllis had demanded. "Pray with her and get her to repent?"

"You're going up there to find out the truth. No sense my going."

makes a wastrel. I hope to heaven I don't see any of these signs of moral disintegration he's so worried about, because he'll get it out of me. I never could tell him a lie." She rolled over and dozed.

When Marion rang up Jody Brown was lying face down on her bed. She couldn't pretend, when she was alone, that everything was all right. To Jim and the children she tried to present her old self. She tried to forget she knew Jim was falling in love with Ruth Hardy, the secretary he and Bob Martin shared.

"Jim," she thought. "Poor Jim. It's awful for you, too, I know. If she would only go away. This hasn't gone very far yet. If only she would go away, he'd come back to me. But he hasn't a chance, seeing her every day." The telephone rang again, and she reached for it.

"Oh, I can't," she cried silently.

By LOUISE D. RICH

Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth when I'm around."

"That's silly," Phyllis had retorted unflinchingly. "I can't spy on my own brother's wife." But he had finally worn her down. She wished now she had stood firm in her refusal. She had liked Marion last night. She was pretty and gay, and she seemed, under her flippant manner, to have Bob and the three boys and the two maids well in hand. Probably another of Dad's notions.

"But I know Dad," groaned Phyllis. "One cocktail makes a drunkard, and a bet on to-morrow's weather

"I can't sit through a whole afternoon acting happy and light-hearted." But her voice was steady when she answered Marion. "Of course I will. At two-thirty?"

Lois Smith was sulking when Marion telephoned her, because her husband was so mean and old-fashioned and unreasonable. And stingy, she added for good measure. Just because he didn't make much money, he didn't want her to have a single thing.

She'd tried to point out to him, sweetly and reasonably, that in a small town everyone noticed every-

thing, and it was important to put up a good front. How else were they to form the right associations that would prove of value? What if they did live beyond their income for a little while?

If Fred could get in with Hal Newell, they'd be "sitting pretty." But all he would say was that with everyone knowing to a cent the income and outgo of everyone else, a balanced budget would impress a businessman like Newell far more than any amount of swank. She hung the dishpan up with a vicious bang.

She'd just get that dress and change it, and wear it so he couldn't make her take it back. Then he'd see. Her vivid, dark face cleared as this solution presented itself, and she answered the telephone cheerfully enough.

Mrs. Martin! Mrs. Robert Martin! "I'd love to," she answered. Evelyn Newell would be there without a doubt, and she'd have a chance to get acquainted with her. She'd run right down after lunch and get that dress.

Evelyn Newell didn't hear the telephone ring. Tall and fair on the broad terrace, she was watching her eleven-year-old son darting about the tennis court below. Her lovely oval face was a mask, and her slender brown hands were clenched.

"He's a cheat and a liar," she thought. "That serve was good, and he knows it. He's just what his teacher said he was last spring, and I refused to listen. He's cruel and

"Don't be such a dimwit," Bill flung at his young wife, leaving her speechless and miserable.

shifty, and Miss Christian knew it. She wanted to help him, and I—Oh, I've been stupid and blind."

She remembered suddenly the time he threw the puppy into the bonfire, the time he knocked down the poor little Lane boy, how he bullied the servants, how he took change from her purse. "Stole change," she corrected herself grimly. And she remembered, too, how she had defended him, excused him, said that everyone was looking for faults in him, because he had so much and they were envious.

The maid, trim in plum-colored silk and snowy cap and apron, spoke behind her. "Mrs. Martin is on the phone and would like to speak to you."

"Yes, I'll come, Marion," she was saying a moment later. But as soon as she had hung up, her slim linen-clad shoulders slumped. "I'll be the only woman there with an imported car and real pearls. And the only one there who isn't proud of her son," she thought with anguished bitterness.

Betty Jordan was kneeling beside a half-packed suitcase in her bedroom, her green smock crumpled, her wavy red hair in disarray, when she saw Marion, smart in tailored silk, a cartwheel at a good angle on her head, crossing the lawn between the two houses.

"She's one of the lucky ones," thought Betty. "Her marriage wasn't a mistake." She rose and went to the dressing-table. Just because she was going home to her mother that afternoon was no reason she should look a fright the last time Mrs. Martin would ever see her.

Please turn to Page 16





Illustrated by FISCHER

Silently the strange man ran towards them as Phillipa struggled fiercely with the powerful robber.

WHITE MAGIC

Mysterious as the East that had crushed him, the stranger set a dramatic riddle for lovely Phillipa

PHILLIPA herself admitted later that she should never have gone to that particular street. Even the frightened coolie driving the andun had warned her, "No good here, missy, fo' white lady. You go back. You papa no like this."

But Phillipa, in an adventurous mood, could not be stopped. She jumped out of the carriage, and as she buttoned the mess-jacket of her white suit she laughed, "These dancing girls won't put off their show till dad gets back from Macassar, will they? I'll be all right, Ling. You wait for me."

The spell of the night had caught her as it catches all newcomers to Surabaya. In a distant native compound she could hear the boom of a great brass gong and the thrum of a gamelan orchestra. In a few minutes, she supposed, the ronggengs would begin their performance. She started towards the music hopefully. It was less than a month since she had left school in England to join me here in Java, and hers was the insatiable curiosity of a tourist.

She entered a crooked street where a hunched brown woman in a tattered robe begged alms, received a coin with muttered blessings, and slithered out of her path. Then Phillipa was alone. She pressed on for a hundred yards, exhilarated by a sense of daring, of moving into a dark and unfamiliar world

—until a hand, as fat and moist as a chunk of beef, reached out of a door to clasp itself on her wrist.

She didn't scream. Phillipa wasn't given to screaming. But she did catch her breath when she found herself staring into the grinning face of a Eurasian.

He spoke to her gently in Javanese, and while he talked, still holding her wrist, he tried to coax the ring off her finger. Not a valuable ring, but still—a ring. She made a wild effort to wrench her arm out of his grasp; it did no good.

"Na, na," he chuckled and tugged again at the ring. "Missy give nice ring—yes?"

Phillipa gasped. "Let go!" A rush of anger drove out her fear, and she began to struggle. She was tall and quite strong, and she might have given the fellow a tussle. But he merely laughed, perhaps in mockery of her strength, and clung to her. And neither of them noticed the red-bearded man.

He came out of nowhere like a djin, on canvas shoes that made no sound. He swung with terrific power, and straight, and his fist crashed on the Eurasian's jaw. The fat figure lurched against a wall, then collapsed in a senseless heap.

And for a while there was silence.

Phillipa, dazed, gaped down at the Eurasian until a hand touched her elbow and a deep voice said, "Come on."

She found herself being hurried along the street, back the way she

had come. For a moment, in her bewilderment, she felt like a lost child being restored to its parents. Then, recovering her wits, she looked up wide-eyed at the red-bearded man.

"Thanks," she began. "I . . ."

He interrupted harshly. "What the devil are you doing in this part of the city? You ought to know enough to keep away."

"I—I wanted to see the ronggengs dance," Phillipa stammered. "I was told it would be worth . . ."

"The dance was over an hour ago—it started at twilight." He spoke brusquely, as if to tell her she had been a fool. "Where are you from—a tourist ship?"

"No, I—we live the other side of the city." Then Phillipa managed to steady herself; she regarded him more closely.

He was tall, lean. What clothes

others. He was neither broken by age nor steeped in alcohol. He strode beside her with resolution, and he was young—surely no more than thirty. Moreover, he spoke in a way that astonished her.

"Are you," she demanded, "an Englishman?"

He nodded. It was a stiff nod intended to end all discussion, and it did.

He brought her to the carriage at the foot of the twining street, lifted her into it. With a gesture in the general direction of Kali Mas, he said: "Go home. Next time you feel like coming here at night, bring a few of your men along. I won't always be around." And he turned to walk away.

But Phillipa bent forward to drop a hand on his ragged shoulder. "Are—are you going back that way again?" she asked anxiously. "I mean where you left that man."

"Yes."

She sat puzzled, vaguely disconcerted; sat watching him stride into the obliteration of the narrow black street. In the distance the muted orchestra still played, but Phillipa no longer heard it. There was a strange thudding in her chest, a persistence of excitement, and her eyes remained fixed on the spot where the red-bearded man vanished.

"Better we go 'way, missy," urged Ling.

His words brought her out of the spell. She sighed and was about to tell him to drive when she heard a cry of pain ending in a hoarse oath, the patter of running feet, and a laugh like a squeal . . .

Phillipa sat up rigid. There was no mistaking that first voice. It was the beachcomber's. And there was no mistaking the agony in its depths. When she looked up at the coolie on the driver's seat, he turned hastily to the two ponies, snatched up the reins.

But Phillipa said, "Wait!" She sprang out of the carriage. She was pale as she ran up the narrow street, and frightened, too. Yet she couldn't ignore the pain in the man's cry. Ling, rising, called to her in panic, but she didn't listen.

Just beyond the first bend in the little street she found the red-bearded derelict.

He was leaning weakly against a wall, both hands pressed to his side. His knees had begun to crumple, and his chin lay on his chest. Even in the darkness Phillipa could see he was badly hurt—stabbed.

Impulsively, to offer support, she caught his arm. He looked at her then, in a daze, blinking as if he couldn't see very clearly, and forced a twisted grin.

Please turn to Page 18

A complete short story . . .
By OSCAR SCHISGALL

he wore—a cotton shirt and duck trousers—were in rags. His beard was unkempt, and long hair dangled over the back of his neck. She recognised the signs. He was, she guessed in dismay, another of the countless derelicts washed up on the shores of Java. A man in rags, a derelict adrift. No one could see anything in Dan worth saving. But Phillipa looked on with the eyes of love, and love has second sight.

She had seen men of his kind—beachcombers—often enough since coming to Surabaya. Yet this one was somehow different from the

"Oh, but I don't want you to get into a fight because of me!" she hesitated, worried. "Can't I give you a lift somewhere, to another part of town?"

At that he laughed. It was a brief laugh, and harsh; almost contemptuous. He said, "There won't be a fight. These fellows don't fight unless they can get something out of you. What can they get out of me?"

He nodded again, in definite farewell, and strode off without another word. Apparently he had no further interest in Phillipa.

Airmailed from London
by MARY ST. CLAIRE

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Sketched by PETROV

● SCHIAPARELLI, accepted leader when it comes to introducing new and whimsical notes to fashion, now sponsors saddle-bag pockets which have taken London by storm. First of all, Paris became completely pocket-minded strictly on utilitarian grounds, and then, in traditional Paris way, pockets became big fashion news. Pendant, saddle-bag affairs, pouched "bags" or double and triple flapped sacs, are embroidered or piped to further underscore their importance.

1. TAILORED COAT in vintage velour wool, lined with natural jersey. Huge, saddle-bag pockets and wine-red accessories add further zest.

2. SCHIAPARELLI'S town coat in alerte-blue cloth with outsize triple pockets garnished with glazed black leather, to match gloves and narrow belt.

3. A CINNAMON-BROWN day coat flaunting nonsensical low-set pockets, trimmed with nigger-brown velvet to match the buttons and childish collar.

4. ON THIS grey-green woollen sports suit Schiaparelli attaches a pouch-pocket to the belt. The stocking-cap turban is of green wool.

5. ADAPTED for now—a summery red-and-white print made on "little girl" lines, with additional fillip in the huge pockets.

6. THE POCKET theme introduced to a simple turquoise frock for spectator sports. Outstanding flaps at the hip-line give a basque effect to the silhouette.

7. SOPHISTICATED black crepe dinner frock on shirtmaker lines. Semi-circles of frothy white lace form the collar and engaging pockets.



PETROV



Designers select...

EVENING SILHOUETTES

BRUYERE follows the Old-World tradition with a dance frock of sapphire-blue slipper satin with hugely full skirt and off-the-shoulder bodice.



JEAN DESSES panders to the sophisticate with finely striped black-and-white satin swathed to a bustle at the back. The "covered-up" trend is observed with long, tight sleeves and high neckline.



FRANCEVRAMANT in spring-like mood designed this pastel-pink frock in finest silk jersey, and garnished it with lilac at the neck and surmounting the low-placed hoop.



SCHIAPARELLI brings breath-taking glamor to a royal-blue silk velvet dinner suit with plastron and huge pouff of pale blue satin, embroidered in silver. (Extreme left.)



SPARKLING ACCENTS . . .

To light up Autumn Evenings

• To formalise a chalk-white evening gown, a matching jacket, tailored and nipped-in at the waist, with lavish gold and silver embroidery down the front. (Left.)

• A suavely slim black velvet dinner frock with a mannish tailored coat. It is rescued from utter starkness with elaborate sequin embroidery on revers and pockets. (Right.)

• Dream dress of white chiffon with a broad midriff, scattered with gold sequins, to minimise a dainty waist.

• Sophisticated grey crepe dinner frock in jumper suit trend. Four huge patch pockets in grey paillettes provides dramatic glitter.

• Black crepe goes exotic with the new peg-top silhouette and elaborate scroll embroidery in jet and silver bugle beads. For additional chic have gloves to match.



GEORGE III COFFEE POT 1773

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How much more gracefully does coffee put the finishing touch to the hospitality of a good dinner when it is served from a set of immaculately shining Silver! And

nothing can outshine Silver cleaned with Silvo; it brings out the full rich beauty of the metal and contains no harmful acid or mercury. For all Silver, whether servants or the housewife do the cleaning, make sure that Silvo is used, nothing else can so quickly give it a perfect polish.



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Fashion PATTERNS



F1750.—Gathered side bodice on unusual afternoon style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1775.—Youthful bolero and swing skirt, with contrasting bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1794.—Hooded jacket with flared panelled skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2yds. for jacket and 1½yds. for skirt, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1791.—Tailored ensemble for mid-winter, with weskit, skirt, and saunter coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., and 1½yds. striped contrast, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1797.—A superbly simple black frock with a huge bustle to give popular new back fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1783.—New style with unusual gathered effect and long bodice with ripped-in waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1744.—An ideal frock for the business girl. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

All patterns in this issue (except Special Concession Patterns) are obtainable from our Pattern Department and from leading stores.

Fashion PATTERNS



F1836.—Dramatic hooded evening gown, with full skirt, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1837.—Simple debutante style with soft puff sleeves, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 8½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1838.—Striped cotton with brief bodice and huge skirt, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1839.—Dainty bare or midriff style, with little jacket, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 10yds., and 1½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1840.—Sophisticated dinner frock, with stitching trim, 32 to 44 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1841.—The dirndl influence again with soft blouse and full skirt, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds. for skirt, 2½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1842.—Sleek hooded evening coat, with fullness at the hemline, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

All patterns in this issue (except Special Consignment Patterns) are obtainable from our Pattern Department and from leading stores.

Fashion PATTERNS



F1771.—Charming debutante evening style. Notice the youthful puff sleeves and shirred bodice finished with a huge velvet bow. 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1768.—Sleekly tailored sports suit with huge pockets and flattering little collar. 10-16 years. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F1843.—Simple style with yoke and full skirt. Long sleeves and high neckline make it ideal for chilly autumn days. 6-12 years. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F1844.—Trim little frock with military garnishings. Charming spectator sports style for the sub-debutante. 12-16 years. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1845.—Dainty 'kamas in delicate sheer. Your schoolgirl daughter will love them for their air of luxury. 8-14 years. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1846.—Attractive dressing-gown with contrasting revers. A young-hearted version of the popular housecoat. 10-16 years. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F1847.—Unusual tweed coat with contrast facings. The straight boxy silhouette is very flattering for young things. 1-6 years. Requires: 1½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1848.—Ideal frock for kindergarten. Contrast collar, pockets, and narrow belt accent its simplicity. 2-6 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1849.—Lad's overcoat for chilly winter days. Very simple to make, despite its tailored air. 6-12 years. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

• Fashion Patterns for these charming children's styles are available now at The Australian Women's Weekly Pattern Department and leading stores.



F1829.—Pyjama suit with dainty lace trim. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds. 36ins. wide, 1½yds. 36ins. lace. Pattern, 1/3.

F1830.—Loose-hanging bed jacket with delicate ruffles. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide, 1½yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/3.

F1831.—Jamas that combine comfort and chic. 1 to 6 years. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F1832.—Prim Victorian bodice and dirndl skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1yd. for bodice and 3½yds. for skirt and sleeves. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

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TOO! I NEVER
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IT'S THOSE
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WHOLE WASH
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Wash them over and over again with New Improved Rinso and your colours will still be shop-bright, your woolies shapely, your silks lovely.

**No Soaking Needed Now!
Amazing Rinso 2-Minute
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**TRY THESE WONDERFUL
SUDS AND SEE THE
DIFFERENCE!**



SHE ran a comb through her hair and hurried down to the front door—the door that had banged so finally that morning behind Bill's back, leaving her unknissed and hurt and furious by the breakfast-room table, with that cruel sentence, "Don't be such a dimwit!" ringing in her astonished ears. How could he? And how could she have been so mistaken in him, thought she loved him?

Marion refused to come in. "Can't stop now. I've got to get down town. I remembered that the stores close at noon on Wednesday in the summer, or my refreshments this afternoon would have been butter and milk. And that's what I'm here for, I'm giving a little bridge for Bob's sister."

I might as well accept, thought Betty. There are a few things I want to say to Bill, anyhow, that I can't do justice to on paper. "Yes, I'd love to come," she told Marion. "There's six," thought Marion. "Now who? I've got to scrape up two more if I have to stop strangers on the street. Like the man in the Bible."

She turned into the bakery where they made such simply elegant petit fours, and there was Miss Christian, Junior's teacher last year. She wouldn't add much to the gaiety of nations, but Marion remembered, from a few dutifully attended Parent-Teachers' affairs, she did play a cool and expert game of contract.

Julia Christian turned from the purchase of the special dark bread her invalid sister liked so much, and summoned up a smile. Oh dear, she thought, a parent. I wish I could leave town during summer, as the rest of the teachers do, to get a rest from them. They don't like me. They think I'm a dried-up old maid who enjoys bedevilling their children. She shivered.

Ever since the last day of school, when she had had that well-bred but deadly scene with Mrs. Newell over young Hal, she had watched the mails with cold fear in her heart, waiting for the notice that her services were no longer desired. The Newells had so much influence, and all their friends, like Mrs. Martin here, would back them.

But Mrs. Martin was being most cordial, and, if she could believe her ears, was inviting her to a party. She flushed with pleasure. "Why, thank you, Mrs. Martin, I'd like to come."

Ruth Hardy came into the office from her lunch-hour in time to answer the telephone. "Martin and Brown," she said impersonally, pulling off her hat. "Oh, Mrs. Martin, I'll put you through to Mr. Martin." "No, it's you I want to talk to," The Boss' wife sounded upset. Could she have heard? Was there talk already? But there was nothing to talk about yet. She'd have to make up her mind about Mr. Brown.

The receiver crackled. "Oh, Mrs. Martin, I don't think I can. I don't see how I can leave here this afternoon."

"Let me talk to Mr. Martin," Mrs. Martin really was upset. "After all, it's his sister," she was saying.

Oh, don't make me go, Ruth begged silently as she put her employer on the wire. Mrs. Brown will be there. I can't stand that.

Mr. Martin was hanging up. "I'm licked," he announced. "I guess you'd better go. We'll get along all right, so you trot along to that place you board and get dolled up. I know this isn't part of your job, Miss Hardy, but just this once?"

She smiled at him. He was a good boss—not exciting and romantic like Mr. Brown, but jolly and nice.

"It's all right," she lied. "I'm glad to help."

Well, things were going all right so far, Marion noted with relief, as she laid down her hand for her partner's inspection. That was a good thing about bridge. It was common ground for the most improbable collection of people.

Miss Christian looked the exposed hand over with a kindling eye. "Good, partner," she approved crisply. "That was a darn fool bid of mine in the first place, but we've got a chance of making it." She squared her neat navy-blue-and-white printed shoulders characteristically, oblivious of Marion's delighted amusement at her mild profanity. The Christian Soldier might not be such a stuffed shirt after all.

She caught the eye of Evelyn Newell, dumfry at the other table, and winked. Evelyn, remote and sophisticated in dull black linen and

A Party for Phyllis

Continued from Page 7

pearls, was gazing at Miss Christian with the air of seeing her for the first time.

Marion thought of something. "Evelyn, why in the world are you hanging around town this time of year? Aren't you usually away?"

"Too poor," said Evelyn simply. "No, I mean it. Hal is really hipped on living within one's income, and with business what it is we just can't afford to open up and staff a seaside cottage." She laughed. "I think he'd rather commit murder than draw on capital."

"My husband is just the same," broke in Lois Smith eagerly. "He talks budget all the time." She trumped her partner's ace, intoxicated by the thought that she and the aloof Mrs. Newell were sisters in distress. "How do you manage?" she asked.

Evelyn eyed her through the smoke of her cigarette. "Manage?" she asked blankly. "Why, I just don't buy things. This frock, for instance." She indicated the black linen. "This is one of last year's left-overs."

A slow red stained Lois' neck. What a narrow escape! Thank goodness Mrs. Newell hadn't understood that she meant how did she manage

OLD LETTERS

A faded heap of letters
Tied with ribbons blue,
Addressed to "darling me
With dearest love"—from
you!
I found them in the garret
In a dusty little box,
Together with some ragged
wings
Of rainbow colored frocks;
I read each tender message
Hallowed with the years,
My eyes, I thought too old
to weep
Were dim and wet with tears.
—Maureen C. Meadows.

to deceive her husband. "So is this," she said triumphantly of her own figured voile. She didn't think it necessary to add that she had planned to buy a really extravagant dress on her way to the party, but had forgotten that Wednesday was early-closing day, and so she had had to come as she was.

Evelyn smiled, a friendly smile. "Don't you feel just too self-righteous for words?" she asked. "I do."

"Oh, yes, I do," breathed Lois. And I do, too, she added to herself. Wait till I tell Fred this. If Evelyn Newell can pinch pennies, I guess I can.

At the other table Miss Christian had made her bid, and was pink-cheeked with excitement. "Good going, my gal," congratulated Marion.

"You wouldn't have done it, though, you throat-cutting pirate," announced Jody Brown bitterly. "If you hadn't deluded me into discarding my nine of spades. Of all the low-down tactics—"

MISS CHRISTIAN twinkled. This was more fun than she had had in years. They were treating her like one of themselves. They were nice women, not ogres trying to make her lose her job. She recklessly reached for a cigarette—her first ever—and lighted it inexpertly. "My deal?" she coughed.

Evelyn Newell called over to Jody. "What's this my mother is telling around about Jim? You all know Mother. She always has some tale. But this—"

Ruth Hardy dropped a card and bent over to retrieve it. Oh, was it coming out here and now? That old Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Newell's mother, had an uncanny nose for gossip and scandal. Oh, not now! She looked up into Jody's eyes, and saw that she was afraid, too. She knew, then!

Jody, too, was praying. "Not here! Not now! Not before my friends!" "I don't know," she said steadily. "What is it?"

"She claims Jim is going mad. She swears that she was going by your house last Sunday, and she heard Jim shouting out of the window that he was a good little girl. You see what Mother could make of that."

Jody's laugh pealed, spontaneous

and buoyant. She should have known she could trust Evelyn's beautiful breeding. "Oh, that," she said. "Oh, honestly!" She bent over her cards in glee. "Oh, wait till I tell him this." She laughed again.

"You can scotch that rumor," she told Evelyn. "It's this way. You know how families acquire by-words. Well, when Peggy and Anne were little they used to hate being washed in their baths, preferring to do the job themselves. So we gave in in the end, used to put them in their tubs and leave them, telling them to be good little girls. So the phrase came to have a very special meaning in our house, if you follow me."

"I remember about Sunday, Evelyn. Anne was out in the sand-pit, calling to her father, and he simply bedewed, 'Daddy can't come, dear. He's being a good little girl.'"

"Our bathroom is on the front of the house, and I thought at the time—Oh, me, isn't Jim going to be chagrined when I tell him? All his dignity gone." She chuckled in anticipation.

Ruth Hardy looked at her hand unseeing. How could this have happened to her? How could that one silly little anecdote, not very funny, not at all clever, have changed the dark, glamorous, magnetic figure she thrilled to every day to just another family man? But it had. She could never look at him again, now, without a faint, embarrassed sense of the ridiculous. She started. They were waiting for her bid. "One heart," she said hastily, and then saw that her heart suit was void.

"SPEAKING of shouting out of windows," Marion turned to silent little Mrs. Jordan. "Did you hear the Martin family yesterday morning?"

"No. I didn't. What time was that?"

"About eight. You must have been having breakfast on the other side of the house. You couldn't have missed it otherwise. It was scandalous." She laughed. "I gave an old aunt of Bob's to the Red Cross, and he was so mad when he found it out that I honestly thought he'd have apoplexy. He called on Heaven to witness that for all his sins he didn't deserve a feeble-minded wife. That was his mildest comment. It wasn't very tactful, but I couldn't help simply rearing. He was so funny. And that made him all the madder. He finally slammed out of the house. Honestly, I don't suppose you've found it out yet after two months of marriage, but men are a joy when it comes to furnishing comic relief."

A stone rolled off Betty's heart. Why, if you looked at it that way, Bill had been pretty funny, too, in his rage over the over-cooked eggs. She'd been pretty childish, and it was time she grew up and learned to take things in her stride, as Mrs. Martin did. She'd try to be like that—amused and confident and detached, and yet loving Bill all the while. It would be easy, now that she knew other women had the same problem. She could unpick and get all her things put away before Bill got home, and he'd never know.

There was a scraping of chairs as the winners rose and progressed. Marion excused herself to step into the kitchen and speak to the maid, and Miss Christian found herself alone briefly at the table with Mrs. Newell.

"Miss Christian," Evelyn was swiftly urgent. "I know this isn't the proper place to approach you, but I'd never have had the courage if I hadn't seen you here to-day, so—so human. Could you help me with my son? I know I was unspeakably rude to you last June, and I'm more sorry than I can say. Won't you forgive me and help me? You see, I've found out you were right about Hal, and I—I'm desperate about him."

Miss Christian looked at her. Why, the poor young thing! For all her poise and beauty and wealth, she was just a frightened girl, and Miss Christian had spent more than half her life straightening out bewildered and unhappy and recalcitrant boys and girls. She suddenly felt powerful and competent. She might be just an old-maid school teacher, afraid of being dismissed, but here was something she could handle.

Please turn to Page 18

GIRLS MAKE AUSTRALIA'S AMMUNITION



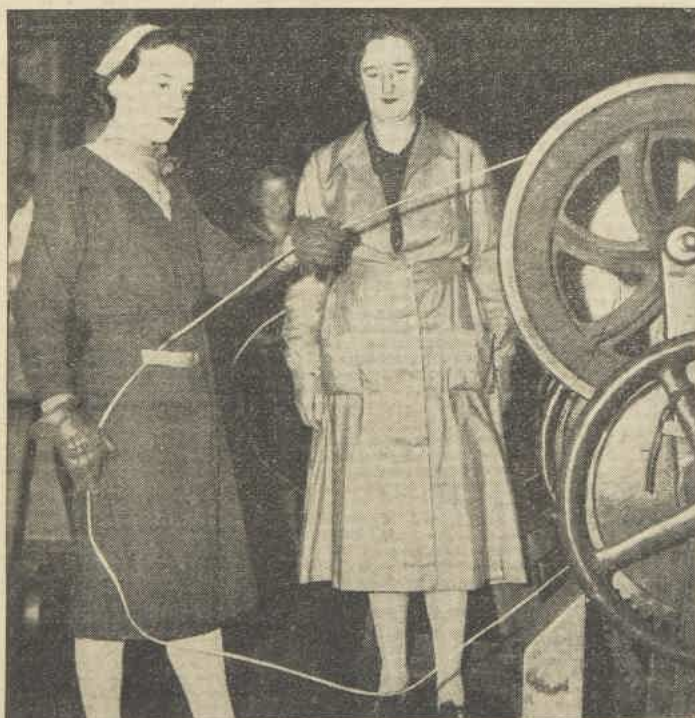
THE BULLETS are nearing completion when they pass through this machine, which checks them over for size, accuracy. This girl is one of the 700 employed at the Small Arms Factory.



ONE GIRL lines up the bullets in rows while the other feeds them to the machine, which automatically puts in the grooves necessary to make them fit securely into the cartridge cases.



SEVEN HUNDRED GIRLS employed at the Small Arms Factory volunteered to work three shifts a day when the war started. They wear a uniform of dark blue overalls, blue caps. These girls are loading ammunition belts with machine-gun bullets made in the factory.




MISS ANNE McLAREN, the overseer, has been at the factory since the last war. She watches while one of the girls under her charge feeds lead wire into a machine which cuts it to make the slugs of rifle, machine-gun bullets.



THESE GIRLS see that the cartridges are evenly placed and secured and packed into tin boxes to be despatched to the Air Force. There are 15 separate stages in the making of a bullet, 33 in making a complete cartridge.

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GIBBS?



Since my first bite!

Whatever your age, NOW is the time to use Gibbs Dentifrice, the most popular tooth cleanser for children and adults alike. Gibbs fragrant, antiseptic foam penetrates, searches, cleans, polishes — so gently that there is no risk to delicate enamel. The teeth are left sparkling white, the mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical too — lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

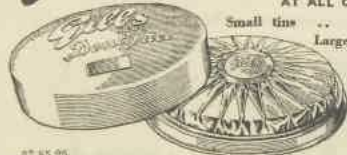
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DEFEND THEM WITH

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TO GIBBS
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Write your
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Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being punched? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called **Mendaco**. No doses, no amules, no injections, no agonies. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes **Mendaco** starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont.,

Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. **Mendaco** stopped Asthma attacks first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of **Mendaco** goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all **Mendaco** may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try **Mendaco** under an iron-clad money-back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking **Mendaco** just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get **Mendaco** from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

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Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

HOLIDAYS

Consult Your Own Bureau. Plan Well Ahead
Let Us Help You. FREE, FRIENDLY ADVICE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

"THE—the Eurasian got even, all right." He gasped out the words with sardonic amusement. "Pulled his kris—on me."

Phillipa whispered, "Can you walk?"

"Where—to?"

He laughed bitterly. "Why don't you run along? I'll be all right."

She didn't listen. Her heart pounded wildly, and her face was pallid. "Come on!" she ordered. And now it was she who pulled him along the crooked street. Her arm encircled his back. He had to lean on her heavily as they stumbled through darkness. After a while she asked, "Where do you live?"

That, too, struck him as harshly amusing. "Anywhere," he answered. "Nowhere."

"Then you're coming home with me!"

I don't know when Phillipa decided she would rehabilitate that red-bearded Englishman. I don't know what she saw in him, from the outset, that seemed worth rescuing. All I know is that two weeks later, when I returned from Macassar, he was still at the house. He lay in the spare room, a gaunt and wasted creature, his feverish eyes staring through the window at the black, smoking volcanoes that form Java's backbone.

The old doctor who descended the stairs with me shrugged at my concern. "He had blood poisoning from a kris wound," he said in Dutch. "He would have died, my dear, if your daughter had not been such a very good nurse."

Over dinner on the screened porch Phillipa herself—an exceedingly worried Phillipa—told me the details of the affair; and she added: "His name, dad, is Dan Girard. He's English-born; his father was French. I had a terrible job making him tell me anything about himself. But once I got him started, it wasn't so bad. He sort of . . . let go."

I said sharply, with no great relevance, "You're pale, Phillipa. You look exhausted. I think you've been overdoing this nursing thing."

"But the worst of it is past," she smiled in faint reassurance as she pushed back chestnut hair that needed combing. "Dan's convalescing now. He'll be all right."

"What put him on the beach? Drink?"

"No-o," she hesitated, and uneasiness came into her eyes. "He says it was . . . a girl!"

I snapped impatiently: "They all have a story like that. Something maudlin, sentimental. Something to rouse your sympathy. It's usually a lie."

"Not in Dan's case, dad." Her troubled stare fastened itself on her plate. "He—he'd been engaged to this girl in England. One day he found—well, that he wasn't the

White Magic

Continued from Page 8

only man she loved . . ." Her voice fell to a whisper. "It broke him up. Some men, I suppose, are constitutionally unfit for shocks of that kind."

"They crack," I said, "only if they're weak—or fools!"

"Dan isn't a fool, and I don't think he's weak. It hit him hard, that's all." Under the swinging oil lamp she looked at me in a narrow, searching way that sent me flinching. She seemed suddenly to have left girlhood behind. "Dad, you've got to help him," she said quietly. "What can I do?"

"Offer him a job."

"Nonsense. I'm not running a mission."

"Dad," Phillipa insisted, "you've got business all over the islands. I'm sure you can find a place for a man like Dan. He's not just riff-raff. Before he chucked up his job and came East, not caring much where he'd wind up, he used to be an engineer."

"But now he's on the beach," I said shortly. "Once they're on the beach they're no use to anybody. Why doesn't his family look after him?"

"He has no family."

She told me all the things it had taken her days to learn. Dan Girard's parents, I gathered, had been divorced when he was a youngster of six, and his mother had promptly remarried in England. She'd had another child, a daughter. But now both his parents were dead, and the only one left of the muddled family was the half-sister in London.

"He hasn't seen her since they were children," murmured Phillipa, again talking to her plate. "He says that was sixteen years ago. And Dan doesn't think she would be particularly interested in him now. He says they've corresponded now and then, but only casually, out of curiosity."

She raised her head to gaze thoughtfully through the screen at the moon in the warring trees. And she added, "Still, I wrote her the other day, just on the chance that it might help him to get a letter."

I started to reply, but she flung out on a note of despair. "The trouble with Dan Girard is he has only himself to live for! But if we can get him interested in something outside himself, in work, maybe he'll change. Offer him a job, Dad—please! You must! After all, if it hadn't been for his help that night . . ."

That was true. We were indebted to him. So I sighed heavily and promised to see what could be done.

For several days I spent a great deal of time with Phillipa at Dan Girard's bedside, talking to the red-bearded man, appraising him, I

offered to shave him, but he laughed the idea away with derision. He seemed to have no interest in his appearance. He said he regretted the trouble he was giving us, but he'd soon be up and gone, and then his beard wouldn't matter.

"Where," I asked, "do you intend to go?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

That was when Phillipa looked at me across the bed, significantly; and I cleared my throat and sat down and told Dan Girard he could have a job.

"A job?" He frowned. "Me? What for?"

"It's better than being on the beach."

"Is it?" His frown deepened. He swung his glance from Phillipa to me, then shut his eyes and said curtly, "Thanks, no."

"But look here—" I began.

"I don't want it."

Phillipa at once stepped close to him. She argued. She pleaded. She became in turn importunate and scornful and finally furious. But there was nothing she could do. Spiritually the man was lost. He showed no desire for our help, no interest in regeneration. When at last we left his room I told Phillipa in contempt, "You're just wasting your pity on him."

PITY: I was still stupid enough to talk of her feeling for him as pity.

Dan Girard said good-bye to us one morning, looked deep into Phillipa's eyes while he thanked her for his life, and walked away under the trees. He went straight back to the beach. Nothing could stop him.

We used to see him after that on the quays along the Kali Maja, a lean, lattered figure lounging in the shade of some godown, his gaze dully fixed on the shipping in the river. Sometimes he'd be eating a piece of dried fish from a pedlar's pikolan, though where he'd found the money to pay for it we couldn't guess. He would nod to us. But he never encouraged conversation. And after the first few weeks I deliberately stopped noticing him.

On another occasion, however, we were astonished to see him helping to unload the cargo of a Dutch freighter. He worked in a line of half-naked coolies — a lone white man among a hundred yellow and brown figures. He had no business doing that; not in the East. It was outrageous, and Phillipa quickly went to him.

"Dan," she demanded, "what's the idea?"

Dan Girard straightened, brushed a hand over lips almost hidden by the shapeless beard. "Got to eat," he said.

"Dad once offered you a decent job!"

"Anything indecent about this?"

"It's coolie labor!"

"I see. You think I've lost caste." His eyes became abnormally penetrating. "But this isn't a job handed out to me in charity—or in pity. See what I mean?"

Before she could answer he strode off to rejoin the line of sweating coolies.

There was something about Phillipa these days—a tenseness, an air of bafflement that verged on despair—which made her a very difficult and silent companion.

Please turn to Page 22

Uncomfortably Overweight

FAT, HEADACHY and PIMPLY

The bloated, fatulent feeling of constipation makes you very uncomfortable. People who are too fat are often victims of kidney attacks, sick headaches, bad breath and bloated, pimply skin. The fermenting poisons of food wastes become absorbed by the blood and cause these unhealthy symptoms. Good looks, good temper, health, fitness and attractiveness are lost or seriously impaired.

Get regular activity into your digestive system and liver by taking Pinkettes. These tiny, effective laxative and liver pills painlessly exercise and strengthen lazy bowels and clear away the poisonous waste accumulations in the system so you will see your unhealthily fat and pimply vanishing as you become regular in the essential daily habit. Blood attacks and sick headaches will disappear and you will feel fit, vital and good tempered again. All chemists and stores sell Pinkettes. 1/3 bottle ***

(Copyright)

Some NEW LAUGHS



"You say you love me, and yet when I ask you to fire a salute of 21 silly old guns for my birthday you refuse!"



"Mabel is going around telling lies about me."
"Don't worry now, dear. Wait till she starts telling the truth."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I put in an extra 2d, operator. If you get my number in the next five minutes you can keep the change."



"There must be visitors downstairs."
"Why?"
"I heard mummy laugh at one of daddy's jokes!"

Try THIS for STOMACH TROUBLE



The very first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder does the job—quickly and effectively. You'll be amazed to find how swiftly this modern remedy ends indigestion and all stomach troubles. Even if you have suffered for years, relief will be quick and certain. Think what it means to eat whatever you like and thoroughly enjoy every meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DINER (with very underdone steak): I said well done, waiter, well done.

Waiter: Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you very much. It is so seldom we get a word of praise in this place.

CUSTOMER (to barber): How much is a haircut?

Barber: Ninepence.

Customer: Then how much is a shave?

Barber: Sixpence.

Customer: Then shave my hair.

"THE horn on your car must be broken."

"No, it's just indifferent."

"Indifferent! What do you mean?"

"It doesn't give a hoot."

"YOU'LL have to get a nurse for baby, Fred," moaned the wife at 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Nurse, be blown," replied her husband. "What we want is a night watchman."

"MARY, did I see that soldier's arm round you?"

"Oh, mother, you know you should never discuss the movements of troops."

TELEPHONIST: It costs six shillings to speak to Bourke.

Caller: Isn't there a special rate for listeners? I want to call my wife.

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An Editorial

MARCH 2, 1940

THREE BRAVE WOMEN



NONCHALANT courage does not belong to the Anzac alone. Women in three States make our cheeks glow with pride by a display of the same bravery and the same gesture of waving it aside as hardly worth comment.

From far off Cloncurry come tidings of Mrs. Wright, living in a small mining town, 200 miles father on, who, in order to save the life of her six-year-old son, rode four days on horseback through 84 miles of wild, flooded countryside. The child lived.

"I didn't think I could make it," Mrs. Wright told reporters.

During the bushfires at Yass, New South Wales, Mrs. Ray Dunn gave birth to a baby in a lonely hut with the fires raging all round her.

On being rushed to hospital Mrs. Dunn said nonchalantly: "You've got to be tough in the bush."

An air liner caught fire in the air near Dimboola (Victoria). While the pilot strained every nerve to land the plane before the fire reached the passengers, Air Hostess Mavis Matters talked to them, reassured them, offered sweets to the passengers.

"It will steady your nerves," said the little air hostess, keeping up the morale of her plane load of passengers.

There is something grand about the courage of these three women and something typically Australian.

It's a heritage from the days of the pioneers when women met flood, fire, and disaster as part of their daily lives. With danger so close to them they learned to treat it casually—to thrust the incident aside and get on with the job.

When we find in the daily news stories that parallel anything in the past we are entitled to feel proud of this spontaneous courage and coolness in the face of danger—

Three women this week remind us that the breed holds good.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Gay-good humored

PALESTINE is delighted with the humor and lightheartedness of the Australians, says Reg. Glennie, war correspondent with the A.I.F.

An aged merchant who knew the Diggers in the last war said: "They play like kittens and fight like lions." Already the Arab youngsters know who "Mr. Bradman" is, and orchestras strike up "Waltzing Matilda" when troops come in. It's a case of the Diggers bringing their own atmosphere with them.

He knits at 99

CHEERY old South Australian Mr. A. G. Ashton, aged a mere 99 years on February 4, is doing his bit for the war. He is knitting socks.

"And very good ones, too," says his daughter, Miss Mary Ashton, who lives with him at his home in Adelaide. He uses pink needles and college-grey wool because he can see light colors best. "When he cannot see, he feels, and he always knows if he makes a mistake. He does not make many of those, I can tell you," said his daughter proudly.

Mr. Ashton began knitting when he retired after 30 years as station-master at Snowtown (S.A.).

"During the last war we counted 100 pairs of socks he made, and, well . . . then we gave up counting," says Miss Ashton.

He listens to Bradman batting while he knits. Test broadcasts are his favorites.

Younger rival

MR. ASHTON isn't the only male sock-knitter, either.

Seventy-eight-year-old Mr. T. Hawkless, of South Yarra, Melbourne, has already knitted 50 pairs of socks for the 2nd A.I.F. with wool supplied by the Prahran (Vic.) Patriotic Society.

When he lived at Goorambat during the last war he knitted 300 pairs for the local branch of the Red Cross.

Now he's at it again, knitting an average of six pairs of socks a week, a production he hopes to maintain for the duration. Let's hope he doesn't have to break his own record.

Old Favorite

THE classification of the 2nd A.I.F. by Germany as a fancy dress army is sure to revive one of the most popular marching songs of the Anzacs.

We are a Ragtime Army,
The A.N.Z.A.C.,
We cannot shoot
We won't salute,
No flamin' good are we.
But when we get to Berlin
Der Kaiser he will say,
Hoch, hoch, mein gott,
What a flamin' funny lot
Are the A.N.Z.A.C.

K.C.'s new job

ONE of the jobs Mr. Eugene Gorman, well-known Victorian K.C., will undertake when he goes overseas with the next contingent of the 2nd A.I.F. as honorary commissioner of the Australian Comforts Fund will be to see that consignments of comforts are promptly delivered to the boys.

Mr. Gorman enlisted in the last

Winnie the war winner



"Oh, Colonel. I'm just camouflaging your tent."

war as a private and came home as a captain—so he should know.

Incidentally, he also found a charming French girl in Paris, who came out here after the last war to marry him. They have a schoolboy son, Pierre.

In the purple

FASHION secrets are always jealously guarded and extravagant precautions taken against spies.

Perhaps that is why it has only just leaked out that when Mr. Chamberlain inspected the British Expeditionary Force in France some months ago he wore purple plus-fours.

Doubtless this male fashion note can be traced back to utilitarianism, but what a highlight it must have provided on the muddied fields of Flanders.

Purple plus-fours plus umbrella! Too, too gorgeous!

How Royalty faces the black-out

By Air Mail from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE

BLACKING-OUT in London has presented problems in every household, but none more than at the Royal residences, where the number and size of the windows have to be seen to be believed.

At the outbreak of war ordinary householders made all sorts of temporary black-out arrangements like painting, pasting black paper over their window-panes, or making black paper frames to fit into the windows—all very gloomy in the daytime.

By now most of us have adopted treble-thickness curtains, which not only solve the black-out problems, but also give warmth in case fuel is strictly rationed.

The Royal residences, however, have been blacked-out permanently from the beginning, with exterior and interior shutters, double-layer curtains curtaining off the complete recesses of bay windows, and using black blinds clipped close to the window frames with rods.

The King and Queen are definitely home-loving, and though there is still a great deal of ceremony at the Palace, and though they still dress for dinner every night, despite rumors to the contrary, they spend their evenings, after a dinner curtailed by one or two courses, much as any of their subjects.

Listening to the wireless, playing bridge, reading and music are all favorite pastimes.

The latter Her Majesty provides for herself, for she plays both the piano and the harp.

Queen Elizabeth enjoys every moment spent at her tapestry frame, and until the outbreak of war contrived to spend a short while at it nearly every evening. But now she knits instead—mostly service socks and mittens, which are sent out—anonymous, of course—with parcels from the Buckingham Palace working parties.

On two or three evenings a week Her Majesty telephones her daughters wherever they are.

At the moment it is Royal Lodge, Windsor, which is to be their permanent wartime home.

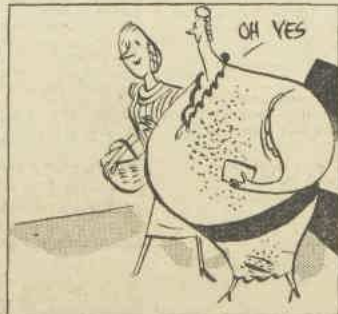
Here, under Miss Crawford's guidance, they are living as normally as possible, ordinary lessons—history, geography, arithmetic, and Latin—in the morning, while the afternoons are devoted to French conversation, music, dancing and eurythmics. Jaunts to the local shops and walks in Windsor Great Park make breaks in the routine and provide exercise.

Princess Elizabeth is an enthusiastic amateur philatelist and every evening the study table is strewn with a mass of stamps and boxes of stamp-hinges waiting to find their way into her increasingly bulky album.

Princess Margaret spends the black-out hours before bedtime, drawing. She is never so happy as when handling pencil and paints.

The war has thrown the sisters together much more than would have been possible in ordinary times, for it had already been planned that from the beginning of this year Princess Elizabeth would be gradually introduced to a more grown-up form of existence than would have been considered suitable for her younger sister.

Princess Margaret is naturally delighted with the new arrangement, as she is advanced for her age and loves sharing the activities of the much-admired elder sister.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Don't be too proper about PROPAGANDA!

But beware the false prophet...
on race days

"The importance of propaganda in wartime cannot be over estimated," says one of our public men who is always saying something. Or nothing—as the case may be.

How true! And how wise and how—But let's get the job over.

I'VE been in the propaganda business for what seems like hundreds of years, and the last bit of really juicy propaganda I wrote cost a firm twelve hundred pounds and some shillings and costs.

There are various kinds of propaganda—active, assertive, insidious,

treacherous, pernicketty, and personal!

I find the insidious variety best for general purposes. Something like this:

"I'm sure that's not right about Mrs. Murphy. Just escaped being arrested for bashing a sailor at a fan-lan game in a Chinese opium den. She wouldn't do such a thing.

By
L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Such a nice woman. Although you can never tell with some people."

"You do surprise me! Mind you, I always had an idea that she was like that. Her husband, poor man, looks as if he's never had a decent meal in his life, and her off to the pictures practically every night of the week, as you might say."

In a few hours the news will be about that Mrs. Murphy strangled five policemen who were trying to arrest her for opium smuggling, and is slowly poisoning her husband for his insurance money.

Still, that's small-time propaganda. What we're getting and giving now is the real thing.

"Butler in Berlin now costs seven pounds fifteen per half pound, and many women have been standing in queues for five days covered in snow. Those who collapse are sent to the front to fill sandbags if they can find any."

I know from a man who has a cousin whose father's brother is in the Navy that half the British Fleet has been seized by Kamiskatka and the other half is sheltering in Mexico.

Our liftdriver, George, says that he would refuse to wear a gas-mask on any account as he heard that all the available gasmasks in Australia were not ventilated.

The Government is trying to hush it up, but his girl friend—George's girl friend—is a typist in the Defence Department, and she says you'd be surprised if you knew half what she knew.

In Russia, the peasant soldiery are so ignorant that they are being issued with wooden bayonets so they won't cut themselves.

Boatloads of spies are coming out here disguised as refugees.

Cause for worry

NO wonder: the Prime Minister is worried. He said to me yesterday, "Lennie."

"Well, what is it NOW?" I asked. "Do you think there's any truth in all these rumors or is it just propaganda?"

"Listen, Menzies," I said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But—"

"Shut up! You're not in Parliament now. Do you think your tie is on straight?"

"Of course! At least, I think so. It should be."

"All right!" I said, and left him. What did he do? Went straight to a mirror and had a look at himself.

Afterwards he said to me, "What did you say that for?"

"That, my boy, is propaganda," I told him.

Anyhow, I hope the lesson has sunk in.

Mice have practically ruined the Maginot Line, but I suppose you know that.

The Allies are spending money

L. W. LOWER finds the insidious variety of propaganda the best for general purposes. Here he is shown at work.

on armaments at the rate of seven millions a minute. This is more than my wife could, and I don't believe a word of it. That's some more propaganda.

A barber I know who shaves me when he can get the time and is not listening-in to the races said, "Look at that! Empire's War Effort. Eighty Billion Pounds! Who's going to pay for that? Us! You and me. Law-abiding people just scratching for a living."

"Scratching is correct. Give that razor a couple of rubs on the strap, will you? And we're going to pay for it, eh? Where are you going to rake up forty billion quid, even if I paid the other half?"

"It's our sons and even our grandsons who'll be paying for this—all their lives."

"But you haven't got any grandsons."

"That only makes it worse. Keep your head still."

You can't argue successfully with a barber.

In England, people have been warned not to discuss troop movements with strangers. This is legitimate propaganda.

If a man comes to you and says, "Bot der time it is der troob-shib go away, yea?" You should say, "I will have no converse with you. Depart, you menace!"

That goes for us, too. So if anyone asks you the time, don't tell 'em.

In the meantime, beware of the spreader of false propaganda, especially on race days.

Have You the Figure for a Swim Suit

Just think how much nicer you will look in your new swim suit if you have a graceful, slender figure. And how much fitter and fresher you'll be if you slim the Bile Beans way. Start taking Bile Beans now to get that perfect figure for the surfing season.

Bile Beans, being purely vegetable, act gently and naturally; that is why they are so safe to take regularly. They remove surplus fat gradually but surely, and improve your health as well as your figure.

• The best way to take Bile Beans is before going to bed—just a couple nightly.



"I know how essential it is to have 'appearance' and be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times and keeps my figure slim and attractive."—Miss Dorothea Hill.

"Often when I go swimming, I am asked how I manage to keep my figure so slim and attractive. My secret is simply Bile Beans—taken regularly. They also help me to retain my youthful appearance and vitality."—Mrs. R. Doran.

BILE BEANS

Will Make You Slim & Keep You Fit

DO YOU KNOW ?

TORE LIVING BULL to pieces with BARE TEETH

Twice a year, the people of ancient Crete sacrificed a bull representing Dionysus. They tore the living bull to pieces with their bare teeth, as a tribute to their religious fervour and the strength of their teeth. Your teeth will stay strong, free from dental decay, when you use KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS cleans teeth surgically, right down to the naked white enamel.

Birds with TEETH like SNAKES!

Existing birds are toothless, but palaeontologists say that they originally had teeth like reptiles.

MAGIC BUBBLES prevent DENTAL DECAY. It bursts into a seething foam of millions of tiny bubbles. These SURGE right into every crevice & remove dangerous food deposits which cause "BACTERIAL MOUTH". KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH GLEAMING WITH NEW WHITENESS. REMEMBER KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. 12 ON TRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 and 2/6

I KNEW, of course, though it seemed inconceivable, that she'd fallen in love with the man; or, perhaps, with something in him that she alone had been able to discern. And the knowledge was harrowing. Yet I held the stubborn, defensive hope that time would change matters. And then, one evening, a strange thing happened.

Phillipa and I were on the verandah, sipping after-dinner coffee and watching the moon silhouette distant volcanoes, when suddenly she started. She sat up stiffly, put aside her cup. I followed the line of her stare and saw the faint figure of Dan Girard coming up the moonlit path under the trees.

It was his first visit since he'd been an invalid. He appeared as ragged as ever. He climbed the steps slowly, pushed the rattan screen aside. Phillipa said as quietly as if she'd seen him only that afternoon, "Good evening, Dan."

He looked at her for a while. She

White Magic

Continued from Page 18

was very pretty in the moonlight. He looked at her face, at her hair, at her hands, and drew a long breath. Then he turned to me. "I came up to ask a queer favor," he said. "We're about the same height. I wonder if—if you'd lend me a suit. I'll return it in a few days."

I stopped filling my pipe. "A suit?" I repeated, startled. "What for?"

"I'm in a hole." He hesitated, then swung accusingly to Phillipa. "While I was ill you wrote a letter to my sister in England!"

She was very calm about it. "Well?"

"She's on the way here! Some fellow from Cook's hunted me up and handed me a Marconigram. She's coming in on the Sussex the day after to-morrow. A sort of rescue mission, I suppose."

We were silent. It wasn't pleasant silence. After a time I said, "I see."

When your sister comes, you want to masquerade as a gentleman."

Dan Girard swallowed audibly. You could see the play of muscles on his throat. "All right," he replied, "put it that way."

"How long," asked Phillipa, "is she staying?"

It was another way of asking how long he thought he could deceive his sister. He answered with a touch of gruffness:

"I don't know. All she'll want, probably, is a look at me, to make sure I'm alive and healthy. I don't think she'll hang around here very long." He looked at me. "You're the only man in Surabaya I know well enough to ask a thing like this. If you'll lend me a suit—and a razor . . ."

Phillipa rose, very pale and tense. "Of course we will," she said. "Dad has a few old suits he never uses—haven't you, Dad?"

Something—perhaps innate impatience with Dan Girard—made me want to refuse. But there was a commanding light in Phillipa's eyes that forced me to clear my throat and mutter, "Oh, all right. Take him inside and give him one."

Dan Girard said stiffly, "Thanks," and followed Phillipa into the house.

Phillipa, more nervous than ever, insisted on seeing the Sussex come in with Dan's half-sister. She wanted me to come along, too, and in the carriage that rolled us to the Kali Mas she kept tugging restlessly at the edge of the seat.

The ship was already in when we reached the quay. Already pedlars were gathering in a noisy crowd, bearing their eternal baskets and pikolans. The passengers, however, had not yet begun to disembark.



Lady Margaret

proves a point

THE PIONEER BALL I shall always remember as a highlight of our Australian visit. The costumes really made history seem glamorous; though I suspect that the flair for wearing clothes beautifully (which I never cease to admire in Australian girls) had a deal to do with it. And can you imagine a more gracious courtesy than to ask me, almost a stranger, to take centre stage in the main tableau of the evening?



WHEN MORTIMER, with brotherly candour, suggested that my ravishing perfume was not in character, I sternly reproved him. "Aren't you aware," I said, "that the House of Yardley was established in the same year that Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay—in 1770, to be precise?"



NOR WAS I ALONE in my choice of the Yardley Lavender. Rodney, always a stickler for the correct, informed me approvingly that many of the "first ladies" present carried an aura of the same inimitable fragrance. If ever I write my memoirs, there'll be a chapter titled: "Notable events of 1770".

The Yardley regimen of beauty care, preferred by generations of England's fairest women, is the perfect aid to modern beauty. Lavender Soap 1/6, Face Powder (normal skin) 2/6, (dry skin) 3/9, Day and Night Creams 3/6, also Cream Rouge, Lipstick, Talc, Brillantine.

YARDLEY LAVENDER



YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY—And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON—NEW YORK—PARIS—TORONTO

PHILLIPA whispered, "There's Dan!" It was almost a gasp; and, when I turned, I, too, had to catch my breath in surprise.

He stood on the edge of the quay—a tall, trim man in white drill that transfigured him. Pedlars swarmed round him, offering their wares with strident persistence, but he waved them away as if they were so many flies. He was watching the Sussex.

Somewhere, he had acquired an old pith helmet, and he wore it jauntily. He had, moreover, raised enough money—probably by doing coolie labor—to pay for a haircut. Now, undeniably, there was handsomeness in his lean face. There, you would have sworn, stood a gentleman.

I emitted a soft whistle, and Phillipa fervently said, "I knew he'd be like that!"

The passengers came ashore. Dan Girard intently studied every young woman. And presently a girl stepped onto the quay alone. She was small and slight, and she walked with the aid of a rubber-tipped cane, limping painfully. When she saw Dan Girard she at once started for him, a Eurasian porter following with her luggage.

What they said to each other in greeting we couldn't hear. After a time, Dan drew off his helmet and awkwardly hugged the girl.

That was when Phillipa pulled me across the quay. She was flushed. She hurried to them through a bedlam of pedlars and porters. And though she smiled brilliantly, I knew the smile was forced. I knew, too, that she was wildly excited.

"So this is Ellen!" she exclaimed and held out a hand. "How do you do? I'm Phillipa Hoyt."

Dan Girard, startled by our coming, frowned in silence while the girls talked. Phillipa introduced me, then turned merrily to ask Dan, "Where are you taking her?"

"Why," he began, "I—I've made some arrangements at—"

"Nonsense!" Phillipa was incomprehensibly gay. "You're not taking her to any hotel. She's coming to our house."

I was flabbergasted; so, evidently, was Dan Girard. But there was no opposing Phillipa now. She had taken complete command. We could do nothing but follow her.

On the way home, Dan's half-sister proved to be pleasant enough; sweet, unassuming, as shy as a child. She regarded him almost with veneration, her stare seldom leaving his face. He, however, sat rigid and very uncomfortable. As for Phillipa, she had the contented expression of a kitten that has just lapped up a saucer of milk.

That evening I had to visit a Dutch official. Returning home just before midnight, I found Dan Girard waiting for me on the verandah. He was striding back and forth, his hands jammed into his pockets, his head lowered. Even in the darkness he looked pale. When I entered he straightened and said without preamble, "My sister is staying!"

It was so abrupt that I could only gape, mumbling a stupid, "Staying? What do you mean?"

"She's staying on—permanently." "Well, now!" I began and sank to a chair. "This—"

"I know," Dan Girard cut in bitterly. "You're wondering what the devil I'm going to do with her. I've been wondering myself."

Frowning he resumed pacing the porch. And as he walked he rapped out, "I was all wrong about Ellen. Since she broke her leg last year she hasn't been able to get a job. So when she found out where I was, she came—used up most of her savings for the trip, she says—with the hope that she'd be able to live with me."

In a rush of derision I all but laughed. "She expects you to take care of her? You?"

"Funny, isn't it?" He stopped pacing to peer at me. "What about that job you once mentioned? Can I have it?"

I almost rose.

"Oh, I know how you feel about it now," he said, and the bitterness persisted in his words.

"But what can I do? It's one thing starving by yourself; it's quite another letting your sister starve. How about it? Can you use me anywhere?"

I didn't immediately answer, and he went on:

"I've got a degree in engineering, if that'll do any good. And I've been knocking around these islands long enough to know something about them. I'll do anything you say. Even coolie labor."

Please turn to Page 24

Junee watches conflict of local doctors

"I know the report slates me—but my conscience is clear on the matter."



DR. WEAVER

Close-up of personalities in hospital dispute

By our Special Representative

This week I met the two feuding doctors of Junee—Dr. Cuttle and Dr. Weaver. They are the modern type of country doctor, alert, vigorous, capable. Most of the townspeople like them both and are unhappy about the long-standing Junee Hospital conflict, which is now entering a new phase.

"If the Board dismisses me there will be a great miscarriage of justice."



DR. CUTTLE

IN January last year they had a fist fight at the Junee Hospital.

Last December Dr. Weaver refused to administer an anaesthetic for the other. The patient, a Junee schoolboy named Leo Armstrong, was shifted from the Junee Hospital to Dr. Cuttle's private hospital.

Dr. Cuttle gave the anaesthetic himself and operated. Four days later the boy died.

A stipendiary magistrate has found Dr. Weaver guilty of a breach of duty. He has recommended that Dr. Cuttle be dismissed from the honorary medical staff of the hospital.

The little railway township has been stirred to the core by arguments on the merits of the case and the merits of the two doctors.

As in most country towns, the doctors are the two leading citizens. Dr. Cuttle is an ex-Mayor. Dr. Weaver the present Mayor.

In the spirited debates in the town their followers try to cap their champions' good deeds over a period of years.

Dr. Weaver refused to send a bill to a number of poor patients and bought the medicine himself—Dr. Cuttle drove two very sick children to Melbourne and paid for a specialist; and so it goes on.

I spent two hours with Dr. Cuttle. They might just as easily have been spent with Dr. Weaver or any one of half a dozen country physicians.

I submit it as a sample of the daily lives of the country doctors of 1940.

Cuttle is a big man; a doctor without frills. He does his rounds in a pair of old slacks, sandals and an open-necked short-sleeved shirt.

A stethoscope dangles from his hip pocket. He does not carry a black bag. His instruments are held in two silver boxes no larger than cigarette cases.

Accident call

TO interview him one has to keep on the move. He had just come from a dental operation and was changing his shirt when he received an accident call.

A council linesman named Herbert Muir was strapped to the top of a 30ft. light post when the rotted base collapsed.

Cuttle raced down the street in his slacks and singlet. It was a case of a broken hip.

He set the limb and then got a

summons to a patient at Springfield, eight miles away.

A surgery patient was waiting for him with an injured toe. Dr. Cuttle took him along for the ride to save time. I drove while he treated a superficial injury.

He owns a high-powered car. He is recognised as a steady 50 m.p.h. man.

At Springfield, out of Junee, 70-year-old Mrs. McCarthy was ill. Pains in the back and slightly feverish.

"I can't get alarmed about you, Granny," said Dr. Cuttle, after a minute or so with his stethoscope. "Just take it easy. Now, how about a cup of tea?"

Mrs. McCarthy's son, Charlie, owns the trotting champion, Springfield Globe. On the sideboard is the gold cup the horse got for winning a £1000 race in Tasmania last year.

New-born babies

AROUND those walls are many photographs of Charlie winning races with his string of trotting horses. He is a 16-stone man, so he does not ride but uses a gig.

Back to Dr. Cuttle's private hospital to visit three new-born babies. They arrived within two hours of each other one morning this week.

Cuttle brings June babies into the world at the rate of 60 a year. The eldest of his first year's batch are now about six and going to school. They call him "Doc."

A fast set of tennis was next on the card. He calls this his only weight-reducer. Before dinner he spends half an hour on some new labor-saving devices he has invented for his hospital.

Diamonds are white wealth of war

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Diamonds to-day are in a fair way to become the new "currency" of war-torn Europe.

BIG London diamond brokers admitted during the course of a survey that more and more people are purchasing good quality diamonds and that prices already have soared by at least 10 per cent. as a result.

The London diamond market forecasts that prices will rise still more and that the boom prices experienced in the last war and in the pre-1929 period will be equalled and possibly passed.

Amsterdam, world diamond centre, also is experiencing boom conditions, with prices between 15 and 20 per cent. up.

After dinner the nightly crowd of surgery outpatients. It is like this seven days a week, 52 weeks in the year at Junee—and most other country towns.

DR. WEAVER is also a big man, an ex-amateur heavyweight boxer. He takes just four hours off each week to play bowls. The rest of his life is spent between the Junee Hospital and his own surgery.

He is quiet and reserved in manner. Dr. Cuttle is bluff and boisterous.

Dr. Cuttle is on the naval reserve list and liable to be called up. Dr. Weaver is a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F. medical reserve corps.

Their wives have been trained to stand by in an emergency. They learned their job in days and places of restricted hospital facilities.

Each has had a turn at being Mayoress of Junee; each has found time to rear a healthy family.

This week Mrs. Cuttle was the last person in Junee to hear of the magistrate's report recommending her husband's dismissal.

She is in a delicate state of health. Friends kept the news from her until Dr. Cuttle, who was visiting a patient, could be found.

Callers who might have told her were warned at the gate by thoughtful neighbors. She was engaged in idle telephone conversation to keep her away from the radio.

Meantime the June Hospital Board will decide the dispute. It has been directed by the Minister for Health (Mr. Primrose) to hold an inquiry to ascertain whether Dr. Cuttle, or Dr. Weaver, or both, should be dismissed; or alternatively what steps should be taken to prevent similar occurrences in future.

TO COMMEMORATE THE OPENING OF

Murdoch's
BRILLIANT NEW

LADIES' KNITWEAR
and
MANTLE SECTIONS



Usly. £4'4'-
BUSINESS GIRLS' COSTUMES

70'

Wool Worsted

Now, for women—the art-sense excellence in MAM tailoring that has made Murdoch's famous for nearly 30 years. The elegant, form-fitting lines of these sophisticated suits are set off perfectly by the serviceable, stylish patterns. Check, stripes, chevrons, checks or plain. Grey, fawn, brown, navy, dark green. 88W to 100W Usual £4'4', now 70'.

INVITATION

Come in to see and marvel over Murdoch's new department—latest knitted fashions. Trim coats, costumes, and skirts, ready for service or to measure. An ultra-new because we've never sold women's wear so extensively before!

★ MAILED FREE

We pay carriage on all women's clothing. Write Desk "C76."



HERE NOW ... LADIES' FASHION DELINEATOR

Here's Mr. P. J. James, just arrived from overseas. The services of Mr. James have been secured by Murdoch's at considerable expense. The British and Continental experience of this talented fashioner is unsurpassed in Australia. As Murdoch's chief delineator and creator of its made-to-measure, his services are available to all style-conscious women.

MURDOCH'S LTD., PARK ST., SYDNEY

"If kept, the good buys are"

Getting Up Nights Often Caused By Kidney Strain

If you're getting up at night, get up at night, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Headaches, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and

hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And famous surgeons write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

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"ALL I want is enough pay to take care of Ellen until I can work out what to do."

For a few seconds I stared at Dan Girard as if I'd never before seen him. He, the irreconcilable, actually asking for a job! And if I refused it, I knew, Phillips would declare war. So I said slowly, "I could use a man in the Natuna Islands. Know them?"

"I've heard of them."
"They lie in the South China Sea, between Borneo and the Malay States. You'll have to scout for copra, buying it where and as you can. And you'll have to maintain headquarters on the mainland, where I can reach you by cable. The job doesn't pay much, but if you want to try it—"

"I'll take it," he said. "Thanks." It was as simple as that. For half an hour we discussed details. When finally he departed, I went inside in vague bewilderment, wondering how Phillips would react to the news. She and Ellen, I suppose, had long ago gone to sleep.

Yet there she stood, a tense, white-clad figure in the darkness at the foot of the stairs. She must have heard every word. She came to me quickly, eyes glowing, and hugged me tight.

"Thanks, dad!" she whispered. "You're a dear."

When I'd shaken off my surprise at finding her there, I said: "So I don't have to tell you what happened . . . Well, don't take too much credit yourself, and don't thank me. Hed never have gone to work if it weren't for this sister of his."

Phillips laughed—a tinge of hysteria in the laughter—and pulling me into a moonlit room she threw her bomb. She said: "Dad,

that girl isn't his sister! She's Dorothy Speer!"

Had she slapped me she couldn't more effectively have stunned me. I halted, gaped at her. I started to say something and let the words die on parted lips.

"Sit down," she said. Her voice, like everything else about her, was strained, dingy. She made me sit beside her on the settee, in moonlight that streamed in through the window.

"Let me get this—" I began, still dazed.

"Dad, listen. After I sent a letter to Dan's sister in England, she wrote back to me. She said she felt horribly distressed about his condition, but there was nothing she could do. She certainly couldn't leave England. She had too many responsibilities of her own."

Phillips's eyes shone into mine. "Dad, I think you know how—I felt about Dan. I haven't tried to hide it from you. And you know now I've fought to get him off the beach. It seemed to me that if only he were saddled with some sort of obligation, something that forced him to work, he'd change. If he had somebody to take care of, somebody to think of besides himself, he'd take a new grip on life. It was the only chance I could see."

"So you tricked—" "So I tried to find some way of giving him an obligation. You remember my speaking of a girl I knew in Singapore, Dorothy Speer?"

"Of course." "I'd known Dorothy quite well in London, before she came East to join her people; and I've been begging her to visit us here. A few weeks ago she fell off a horse and

White Magic

Continued from Page 22

hurt her leg. She was told she'd have to rest. And she wrote she'd be glad to spend a couple of weeks with me if I didn't mind her lounging around. That gave me the idea. "Dan had told me, you remember, that he hadn't seen Ellen since she was a child, almost sixteen years ago. So the plan seemed altogether possible. I wrote to Dorothy all about it. Told her how much depended on it. I wanted her to come and pose as Ellen."

"To her it all sounded like a great lark, and she agreed. She carried it off splendidly, too, don't you think? Anyway, Dad, it was the only way I could see of getting Dan off the beach—and so far it has worked!"

I looked at her in silent wonder. Her face was a white oval in the moonlight. And after a while I whispered, "But good heavens, Phillips, sooner or later he's bound to find out the truth about all this! Dorothy Speer can't remain here forever. What then? What's he going to think—and say—when he learns of this trick? What's going to keep him off the beach?"

At that Phillips stared thoughtfully at the floor. She said softly, "I don't know, Dad. I'm taking a chance . . ."

Dan Girard sailed for the Natunas by way of Borneo, and immediately after his departure a miraculous transformation seized our new guest. The timid, self-effacing Ellen turned into bright, merry, assertive Dorothy Speer. Despite her injured leg, she kept the house filled with gaiety. She stayed in Surabaya three weeks; and when we went to see her off on a Singapore-bound boat she told Phillips:

"REMEMBER I'm counting on you to let me know what happens. He's really very nice, I think—once you get under his skin. And by the way, I'll send you a sisterly letter for him every couple of weeks. You can post it from here."

Dan Girard, I must say, did surprisingly well in the Natunas. Something in him—maybe a dormant trading instinct—had been roused and was functioning with considerable energy. He did so well, in fact, that after two months I sent him a cable to proceed to the Holo Archipelago, on the other side of Borneo, to see what he could accomplish there in the way of opening new sources of copra.

Meanwhile, at his insistence, I deducted half his salary every month "for Ellen." Phillips was saying it.

But the time came, after four months, when his season's work was finished. I had to recall him. For Phillips's sake, however, I wrote that on his return I could offer him a new job, acting as my agent in Singapore.

He started back at once. And Phillips, knowing she would have to make a critical confession to him as soon as he appeared, became as tense as a hunted doe.

"Everything depends on how he takes it," she said again and again.

On the morning of his arrival she was too nervous to go to meet him at the Kali Mas quay. Over breakfast, which she scarcely touched, she pleaded, "I'd rather see him here. Dad, I want to . . . to be alone with him when I tell him. You won't mind going yourself, will you?"

She was inordinately pale. Every nerve in her seemed to be palpitating. Her eyes were too bright. I grunted and frowned at my eggs. Perhaps, as her father, I should have objected to this profound feeling for a man who'd been on the beach, who might go back to it. And yet, despite myself, I couldn't. She had fought too hard in her cause. She was too desperately in earnest. And besides, I'd begun to like certain things about Dan Girard . . .

So, presently, I drove to the Kali Mas myself.

But I missed meeting him. He had disembarked before I reached the waterfront and he'd rushed to take an andon home.

If I tarried a long time on the quay, engaging in needless conversations, it was to allow Phillips time to do her difficult job. At last, however, no longer able to control my own feelings, I went home myself.

Animal Antics



"LOOK AT Hippo's new bridge work!"

They didn't hear me hurry up the path under the trees. They didn't hear me mount the porch steps or move the rattan screen. They were too absorbed in each other to hear anything. Through a window I saw them, and my first glimpse of Dan Girard made me halt in amazement.

He looked splendid. Four months of work in the islands had dispelled his haggardness, had brought a healthy brown to his clean-shaven cheeks. His eyes were bright, and he seemed to have discarded a dozen years. Moreover, he was wearing a new white suit, new white shoes.

I drew a sharp breath and focused my attention on what they were saying. It was clear that Phillips had already made her strange confession. She was waiting now, tense and rigid, to see its effects. She must have been dreading, as I was, that old, bitter laugh of his—that laugh of bleak disillusionment.

It didn't come. Instead, he said in a low voice, "Did it ever occur to you that I might have known from the beginning she wasn't my sister?"

Phillips's eyes grew round, utterly confused.

"Did it ever occur to you," Dan Girard repeated, "that in her rare letters my sister might once have sent me a picture of herself? She did—a year ago. I knew the instant that girl stepped off the Sussex that she wasn't Ellen."

Phillips started to speak, but confusion overwhelmed her. Filled, she had to grip the back of a chair for support.

"It all sounds pretty much mixed up, doesn't it?" Dan asked quietly. "Well, maybe it is. The trouble began, Phillips, when I fell in love with you."

"Dan!"

"Oh, I did. I can admit it now. It happened while you were nursing me. But what was the use? I was on the beach. You were out of reach. As far as I could see, the only feeling you had for me was pity. And that didn't help—I didn't want pity. No man wants pity, Phillips; he wants either more or less. Before I met you I had nothing and was, in a way, content. But your sympathy made me see what I might have been, what I might have had. I didn't want to see that; I wanted to forget the whole impossible mess."

He stepped closer to her, slowly, with a kind of inexorable intent.

"But when you went to the trouble of bringing that girl from Singapore to drag me out of the doldrums," he went on, "I began to hope that maybe it wasn't just pity you felt. I thought the fight might be worth making, after all. So I took the chance. I played it for all it was worth." He paused, then added a bit huskily, "A man feels different when he's earning money. He—he's not afraid to hope. I love you, Phillips. Your father has offered me a pretty good job in Singapore. I'll take it—if you'll come along."

Phillips's eyes were glowing with wild incredulity; with a joy beyond all utterance. She started towards him. Then she all but lurched into his arms.

The porch seemed oppressively hot. I turned and hastened out and sat on a bench under the trees and dabbed at the perspiration on my forehead. And I wondered if Dan Girard had saved my old white suit as a sort of symbolic souvenir.

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Underwear Department — Fourth Floor.



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of stainless steel from Sheffield

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Scissors of stainless steel made by champions of Sheffield. Beautifully finished. $5''$, **3/9**, $6''$, **4/6**, $7''$, **5/6**

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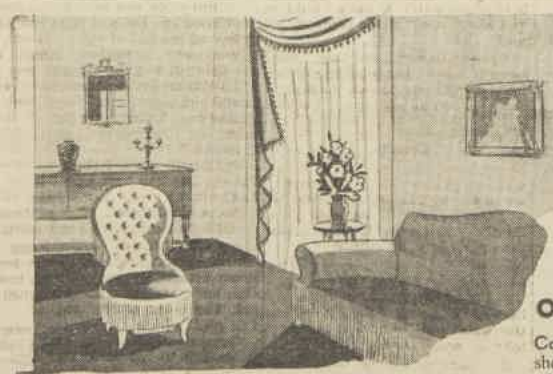


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Fruit

for vigorous health!

Autocrats of dinner table

These men play host to world celebrities



MR. POLSON, of the Cafe de Paris. Cuff links from Royalty are mixed with cuff links from strip-tease dancers in his box of knick-knacks.



ERNEST QUAGLINO, SANTARELLI, of the Melba always entertained at Quaglino's. Sassy, model of all an hotel host should be.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London.

King of all he surveys, the man at the head of each of London's famous restaurants is host to the world's elite.

Like all good hosts, he remembers the preferences, the idiosyncrasies of his guests.

QUAGLINO knows that crab souffle with lobster sauce will probably be ordered by the Duke of Kent; Mr. Young, of the Cafe Royal, that Epstein, the sculptor, always takes a Martini cocktail.

Even in the midst of war, high army officials rate being greeted by

name by Santarelli of the Savoy in the same category as being snubbed. Congratulatory glances from Mr. Abel, of The Ivy, mean more to actors and playwrights than printed praise from critics.

Presiding genius over the most popular dining place has a dual personality. There are two brothers Quaglino. Though it seems almost sacrilegious to say so, two suave

gentlemen answer to the nickname "Quag."

Tall, slim "Quag" has the Christian name Ernest. Shorter, plumper, darker and older "Quag" is John.

Kings and queens, royalties of all sorts and nationalities, rajahs, Hollywood stars, internationally famous sports folk, in fact, all the world's upper crust, have sat at Quaglino's damask-decked tables.

Parties given by Melba were red-letter dates in the early days of their enterprise. "She always entertained here," Ernest says with pride. In his office are her autographed menus.

Cabaret shows are the feature of London's Cafe de Paris. Martinus Polson is the reason why—though he neither sings, dances, nor performs acrobatics.

Polished Mr. Polson is a recognized expert on the curves that constitute the shortest distance between success and more success. If rumor has it that particularly intriguing stars are to be seen in New York, Mr. Polson picks them up via the transatlantic telephone.

Bohemian haunt

TUCKED away in an out-of-the-way triangular building is one of London's least publicised but most cherished restaurants, The Ivy. Mr. Abel, the short, plump, unobtrusive little man who greets newcomers at the door, is the owner.

Mr. Abel has a flair for friendships. Once upon a time he was an artist. Writing folk, theatre folk, and painters gathered in his studio and one of his best friends was a chef.

With the chef he started a tiny restaurant and the Bohemians came to dine. The restaurant grew till it took up two floors of the whole building, the food always excellent became luxurious, the friends still came.

Marie Tempest lunches there, Noel Coward—who dedicated a book to the owner—Cecily Courtneidge, Somerset Maugham, Michael Arlen, and others come back year after year. Mr. Abel remains their friend.

Santarelli of the Savoy is perhaps London's most famous host. His name is familiar in great marble palaces of Maharajahs, his perfect bow has many times ushered in the Queen of Spain.

If anyone needed a model of all an hotel host should be, he could not do better than copy Santarelli, manager of the Savoy Restaurant, word for word. There would be nothing to add, nothing to delete.

Santarelli is an Italian by birth, but his life has been spent in London.

He remembers the days of lavish spending prior to 1914, when Russians who had tea at the Berkeley—where he was head waiter—would leave dozens of gold sovereigns on the low armchairs in which they sat, the coins falling out of their full pockets!

Greatest night of his long career, according to his idea, was that of Armistice, 1918. "There never has been, nor will there ever be again, another like it," he says—then adds, "Till the boys come back from this war."

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The Movie World

March 2, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

**Jimmy is
proud of
JEAN**



● The most famous of the Cagneys, James, the red-headed Warner Brothers star, who for the first time is taking a hand in Jean's film life—by banning any publicity "romances" for his sister.

Little sister makes good alone

**JEAN CAGNEY WON A FILM JOB
WHEN A STUDIO HEAD CHANCED
TO LISTEN TO A RADIO PLAY**

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

JAMES CAGNEY'S pretty young sister, Jean, is the latest ingenue to win success on the screen.

Jean has just been given her first leading role in a Paramount thriller. This is also her third film in four months.

But Jimmy won't permit any "manufactured" romances to interfere with Jean's serious pursuit of a career.

As soon as Jean telephoned him of this new fortune, he telephoned her studio.

Under no circumstances, stated James, is his sister's name to be linked with that of any actor for publicity purposes.

This is the first time that James has taken a hand in Jean's film life.

No brother is prouder of his sister, or more anxious for her welfare.

But James wanted his young sister to prove her talents on her own merit.

Family likeness

INDEED, Jean herself wanted the satisfaction of making good without assistance.

This slim, grey-eyed twenty-two-year-old doesn't look in the least like Jimmy—until she smiles. Then her face lights up in the same infectious way.

And in personality Jean constantly reminds you of her brother. She has the same direct manner, poise and charm that have made

Jimmy one of the most personally popular actors in the movie colony. Born in New York, Jean is the "baby" of a family of five. She has four older brothers, Jimmy and Bill, both actors, and Harry and Edward, who are doctors.

As a little girl, she wanted to be a doctor, but Harry and Edward frowned on this. They said it was no life for a woman.

So Jean turned to acting. During her years at high school and University in New York, she appeared in every play she could.

Did radio work

EIGHTEEN months ago, as soon as she graduated from the University, she and her mother sold up their New York home, and came straight to Hollywood.

She didn't get any film work at first, but appeared in several stage plays at the Pasadena Community Theatre.

Then one night Y. Frank Freeman, vice-president of Paramount, listening-in at home, heard her in a radio play.

He arranged for her screen test, and gave her a contract.

Jean and her mother have made their home just out of Hollywood, a few minutes' walk from Jimmy's more palatial residence.

But neither Jean nor Jimmy has much time for social calls. Both are working so hard that they usually can only manage to see each other for a rushed hour over a studio lunch table.

● Recognise the Cagney smile? This lovely, dewy-eyed young thing is James Cagney's kid sister Jean, twenty-two years old and Paramount's latest starlet. You'll see her soon.



WARDROBE MISTRESS: Edith Shotwell, better known as "Shottie," responsible for the correct dressing of every player, from star to extra, in Paramount films.

STORY EDITOR: Pretty, youthful brunette Irene Lee, at Warner Bros., selects the stories to be made into films—and suggests their suitability for various stars.



EXECUTIVE SECRETARY: Ida V. Koverman, who handles the film business affairs of Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of MGM, and who has a staff of secretaries of her own.

Vast army of women who work behind the scenes

WHAT is your conception of Hollywood femininity?

You probably have a mental picture of glamorous young women swathed in mink, rolling through massive studio gates in chauffeur-driven limousines?

If you stop there you probably feel, if you're a member of the intelligentsia, that Hollywood is undoubtedly quaint, but could offer little to the woman with brains. So it's time someone publicised the little-known army of women who work inside the movie studios, year in and year out, with never a glimpse of the receiving end of a camera—women who make no pretence of glamor.

Most of them don't make as much money as the Gloriosa Glamors of the lot, it is true, but their pay is good in the average man's language, their jobs are steady and they probably have more business ability than the stars could ever hope for.

A complete list of the jobs for

TOP SALARIES GO TO WRITERS BUT A TRIP TO EUROPE CAN BE THE HAIRDRESSER'S REWARD

By **BARBARA BOURCHIER**
from Hollywood

women offered by movie studios might surprise even a Hollywood native.

At the top, financially speaking, are the writers. Some earn salaries running into four figures weekly, most of them have contracts, and they are among the few women, outside the actresses, to rate screen credit for their work.

Some of them started as readers, poring over masses of manuscripts and passing on their screen possibilities, later becoming collaborators in the scenario department. Others were famous as journalists, playwrights, or novelists before coming to Hollywood.

Best known of the writers are

Anita Loos, Zoe Akins, Lillian Hellman, Frances Goodrich, and Belia Spewack, who always collaborates with her husband Sam.

Perhaps I should have mentioned directing ahead of writing, but it's such a thoroughly masculine field it wouldn't have squeezed into this article at all but for Dorothy Arner. Dorothy crashed the movie business some 20 years ago, as a stenographer; she became a script girl, a cutter, and finally a director. For some reason she remains the only woman director in the movie business.

Dress-designing was a field monopolised by men for a considerable time. Now the girls are edging in. Tiny Edith Head designs all the smart creations for Paramount stars.

Edith was assistant to Travis Banton for some time, and took over his position when he established his own salon.

At RKO, Irene is chief creator in the wardrobe department. She did Carole Lombard's entire wardrobe for "In Name Only." Until recently Lombard demanded that Travis Banton design her screen clothes, whichever studio she happened to be working for.

Dolly Tree is another of the top designers, and now shares honors with Adrian at MGM. Speaking of honors I must tell you that these dress-designers also get screen credit.

Women have control in the wardrobe department. Edna Shotwell, known as "Shottie," is wardrobe mistress at Paramount and is always present on Cecil deMille's sets.

"Shottie's" job is concerned not so much with the stars as with the lesser players. She must see that each one is dressed in character, down to the last button. She must be able to lay her hands on a costume for an English butler, a Crusader, a bridegroom, or a French revolutionary at a minute's notice.

She must spend hours on the sets, making sure the "Romans" haven't put their togas on backwards, or the Cherokee Indians aren't wearing the shade of feather used exclusively by the Sioux.

Feminine field

WOMEN have practically complete control of the wardrobe departments.

The wardrobe mistress has a staff of assistant wardrobe girls on the set, wielding an iron when necessary, or putting in a few necessary stitches when a crisis appears to be imminent.

Then there are the dressmakers and milliners who work in the wardrobe departments, turning the designer's ideas into creations of velvet, satin and brocade.

Most of the creative movie make-



FILM CUTTER: Anne Bauchens, who has worked with Cecil B. deMille for 20 years, cutting and splicing film to make a consecutive whole.

up work is again done by men, but each set boasts a make-up girl, armed with a box of assorted paints, powders and implements, who makes repairs whenever the star calls "Make-up!" She works right through each picture, shoulder to shoulder with a set hairdresser, who dresses Miss Glamor's curls before each "take." These girls make up to twelve and fifteen pounds a week, augmented by time-and-a-half overtime (of which there is plenty) and, invariably, beautiful gifts from the stars they work with on completion of each picture and at Christmas.

Follow stars

SOME stars have favorite hairdressers and make-up girls, and demand their services on every picture.

Mariene Dietrich even took her hairdresser, Nellie Manley, to Europe with her one year, and paid all expenses. Dot Ponedel, dean of make-up girls at Paramount, is much in demand, so much so that her salary and overtime add to over thirty pounds a week.

There are a great many women in studio research departments, and frequently the research work is done exclusively by women. Gladys Percy and Hetta George head the research departments of Paramount and Warners respectively. They direct the fact-seeking activities of staffs of girls who earn about ten or twelve pounds a week.

The reading departments of these two studios are also run by women. Irene Francis at Paramount and Irene Lee at Warners. Readers make from ten to twenty pounds a week and spend their lives reading every new book, play and magazine story that comes out, giving a brief synopsis of each, and their opinion of its value as screen material.

On the technical side there are a number of women cutters and film

editors. Their job is to take the script and the mass of film shot by the director and, in collaboration with him, form it into one smooth continuous whole.

Sometimes the woman simply splices together the film as previously indicated by another editor, but in the case of Anne Bauchens and a few others the women do the actual editing.

This of course requires a good story sense—from the visual point of view—and a knowledge of the director's intentions.

Miss Bauchens has worked with deMille for twenty years and has acquired such a thorough understanding of his technique that she is able to cut his films without a word from him.

Of course, the largest group of all is in the secretarial department. Every producer, director and writer and important actor on the lot has a secretary.

The private secretary of a producer might make forty pounds a week—and dean of them all is Ida Koverman, executive secretary to Louis B. Mayer—who has a staff of secretaries of her own!

Unusual job

BUT the most unusual job is held by pretty, fit-spoken Joyce Allen, University graduate, and now superintendent of transportation for Selznick International.

Joyce is in charge of forty truck-drivers and a fleet of twenty-four trucks, cars and motor cycles! These are used for all sorts of delivery, particularly the transportation of valuable lighting and photographic equipment to distant locations. Since she's at the job, Miss Allen has handled over fifty thousand tons of assorted cargo without the loss of a single article. None of her vehicles has been behind schedule and none of her drivers has had an accident, and do they worship their boss!



DRESS DESIGNER: Dolly Tree, shown above working on a fashion sketch in her MGM studio. She designs screen wardrobes of such stars as Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce.

"GULLIVER" sets out gaily on NEW TRAVELS

PARAMOUNT STAFF
ENJOYED MAKING
FEATURE-LENGTH
COLOR CARTOON

From JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

HERO of the nursery fairy-tales for the past 200 years, "Gulliver" has just spent 18 months down in Miami, Florida.

Here, in the white, palm-shaded studios of Max Fleischer, "Gulliver" has retraced his voyage to Lilliput for the cartoon screen.

"It was a lot of work," says Dave Fleischer, who guided "Gulliver" through 77 minutes of adventure.

After the world premiere had been held in Miami, Dave came up to Hollywood for conferences with Paramount, who are releasing the film—and I was able to catch him for an interview.

"We used up a lot of pencils and pieces of paper; we got a lot of enjoyment—and a lot of headaches!"

"But," added Mr. Fleischer with a twinkle, "we think we'll please a lot of people!"

After deciding to make "Gulliver," the Fleischer brothers agreed to concentrate upon one voyage of their hero—that to the land of the tiny people Lilliput.

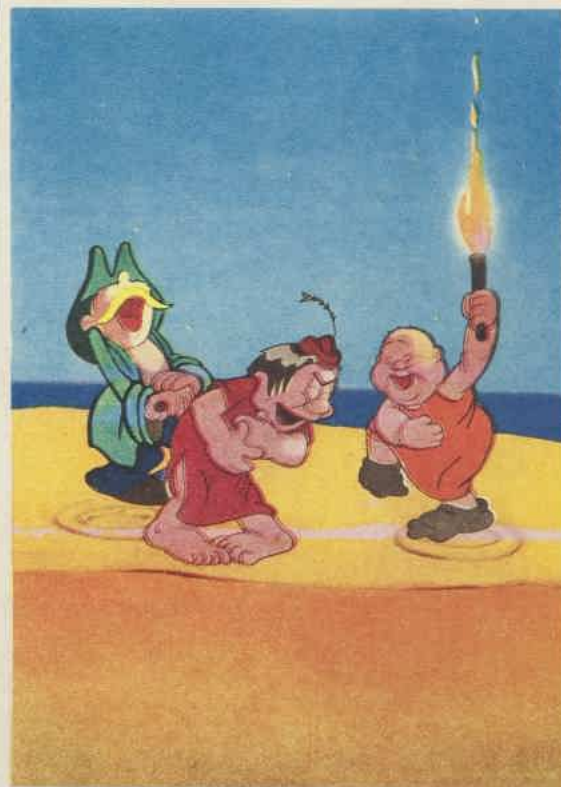
Then they engaged foremost American artists to paint water-color backgrounds for the picture. This group included a noted sea-



• Scenes from Paramount's full-length cartoon of "Gulliver's Travels." Above, the captive Gulliver is bombarded by Lilliputians.

• The hand of Gulliver assists romance, left, by bringing to tiny Princess Glory of Lilliput her lover Prince David from Blejuscus.

• Three citizens of Lilliput laugh, below, at the rumor that their land is about to be invaded by the neighboring army of Blejuscus.



scape painter, another man famous for murals, another expert in bird life, and yet another acclaimed for his studies of animals.

Living voices for the cartoon characters and models for their appearance were the next step in the Fleischer plan.

So, when Prince David sings to Princess Glory of Lilliput, you will hear the voice of radio and film favorite Lanny Ross. Eight numbers were written by the team of Robin and Rainger, which composed "Love in Bloom."

When Princess Glory answers him you will hear the sweet soprano of broadcast queen Jessica Dragonette. But the dainty figure of Princess Glory was modelled by a Florida night-club entertainer, and a young man called Cal Howard posed for the drawings of Prince David.

As for Gulliver himself—his voice

is that of radio announcer Sam Parker.

"Just as in human-actor films, we found some scene-stealers when we were making the picture," declared Mr. Fleischer.

"Into this category comes Gabby, the town crier of Lilliput. It is Gabby who first comes upon Gulliver lying exhausted on the beach, the sole survivor of a shipwreck."

Created new comedian

"WHEN we viewed the film from the scene we realised that in Gabby we had unconsciously created a comedian of unsuspected quality. So we promptly wrote him into the rest of the script—and he emerges as a star."

"We are even considering making cartoons about Lilliput with Gabby as the central character."

Like the other cartoon characters,

Gabby was chosen from the imaginative drawings of Fleischer's artists.

Each member of the staff drew his idea of what a character looked like—and submitted it to a conference. Then the ideas were pooled.

Those tropic Miami buildings were crowded for 18 months. In addition to the 200 artists on the Fleischer payroll, 100 men were brought down from Hollywood. And 400 Miami art students were hired.

You would think that after 18 months of continuous work on "Gulliver" the Fleischer brothers would like a long, long holiday. Not at all. Director Dave and producer Max are already talking over their next feature-length cartoon—which, at present, may be either "Pandora," "Robinson Crusoe," or "Mother Goose." One thing is certain: It will be ready for next Christmas holidays.



1

1 IN THE Mohawk Valley, bride Claudette Colbert entertains their pioneer neighbors.



4 THE Valley is then attacked by Indians under renegade John Carradine.



4



2

2 NEW TO FRONTIER, Claudette is terrified when Indians call on her husband Henry Fonda.



5

"Drums Along the Mohawk"

3 AFTER LIFE ROBS pair of farm and baby, they work for Edna May Oliver in the settlement.



6

5 FONDA marches off with other settlers to fight for valley homes.

6 BUT the Indians break into blockhouse sheltering women and children.

Beautiful Princess —

PRETTY SALESGIRL

H. H. Princess Priscilla Hibesco, granddaughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, has rich dark hair and brilliant dark eyes which accent the creamy fairness of her skin.



BOTH GUARD
THEIR LOVELY
COMPLEXIONS
THIS FAMOUS WAY

Miss Marjorie Koderitsch is a salesgirl at a leading city store. She's unusually attractive... fair haired, with blue eyes and a perfectly lovely complexion.



Princess Priscilla is a keen ski runner. She also skates, swims, drives her own car. When she's in town her calendar is crowded with engagements.



QUESTION TO PRINCESS PRISCILLA: You could choose any beauty preparations you wish, regardless of price. Why is it that you always use Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER: "I've always found Pond's Cold Cream perfect for cleansing my skin. I use it every night, in the morning, and to remove make-up during the day. One application gets all the dirt out."

QUESTION TO PRINCESS: Princess Priscilla, you spend a lot of time out of doors in the sun, and wind... how is it that your skin keeps so soft and smooth?

ANSWER: "I've found that when I smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face as my powder base, my skin is at once made marvelously smooth and soft, with not a trace of roughness. Besides, Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder on so long—with the perfect smoothness I like."

QUESTION TO MISS KODERITSCH: Miss Koderitsch, you haven't much time or money to spend on your complexion. How do you manage to keep it so lovely?

ANSWER: "I don't need much time or money to take care of my skin, thanks to Pond's. I use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning. It's a marvellous cleanser, and it keeps my skin free from blemishes."

QUESTION TO MISS KODERITSCH: Haven't you ever noticed that your skin gets roughened through spending so much time out of doors, Miss Koderitsch?

ANSWER: "I don't worry about that any more, because I've found that Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away any little rough flaky bits. It makes my skin smooth again in a jiffy... and it keeps my powder on for hours."

Adores dancing! Here is Miss Koderitsch with her admiring partner at a friend's birthday party. Keen on sport, Miss Koderitsch also enjoys surfing, tennis and riding.



This is how they both use Pond's Two Creams

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and to freshen up during the day. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes all dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawless.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1-1/2 tubes, 1-1/2 jars and generous 2-1/2 jars, containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much.

FREE! Mail this Coupon to-day with four 16c stamps. * is a useful exchange for many postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new improved "Glaze-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

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LIGHT CREAM	NATURAL	LIGHT NATURAL
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SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



DOLLY PORTER, PARROT IN 'CITY FOR SALE,' HAS HER OWN VOICE COACH
(IT TOOK HIM 3 DAYS TO TEACH THE BIRD HER ONE LINE OF DIALOGUE IN THE FILM.)

MICKEY ROONEY'S ONLY CONCESSION TO REALISM WHEN HE PORTRAYS THOMAS EDISON AS A BOY ON THE SCREEN WILL BE TO PART HIS HAIR ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

AUGUST TOLLAIRE, 73-YEAR-OLD EXTRA IN 'EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT,' BATHES HIS LUXURANT WHITE BEARD DAILY IN MILK.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

MICKEY ROONEY'S salary has been increased from £250 a week to £1250.

He received this tremendous increase as a result of a national poll which named him box-office star No. 1.

ONE of the happiest couples in Hollywood, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, are co-starring in "I Want a Divorce." Dick achieves his dearest wish in this picture. He will play the entire part without singing a note.

Dick has been staying out of pictures because he refused to do another musical.

JOE E. BROWN will have to wear a brace for four months as a result of the spine injury he suffered in his recent automobile accident. He won't be able to begin work until next summer.

JOHN GARFIELD and Anne Shirley may wind up on Broadway together. John is so pleased with her performance in "Saturday's Children" that he is trying to get her to join him in his next New York play, "Heavenly Express."

LIONEL BARRYMORE is off his wheel chair and feeling fine. In fact, he has reported at the studio, ready to begin work in the next "Dr. Kildare" picture.

DAVID SELZNICK'S successor to "Gone With the Wind" will be "Joan of Arc." He will star Swedish Ingrid Bergman. Now in Stockholm, Ingrid will fly



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NEW TIVOLI

Matinees at 2.15. Evenings at 8.

WILL MAHONEY DOES THE "HAT TRICK"

In this appropriately titled musical revue and the FUNNIEST SHOW, "THE TIVOLI" has offered in his two previous RECORD SEASONS at the Tivoli. He will have with him ERIC HAYES—The Velvet Voice of the Air—SCOTT SANDERS—the quaint Scottish Humourist—BENNY CHAVES—The Mystic Man from Mexico, JOHNNY HYMNEN, N.Y.—Topical T.E. BITE, PAUL SPEAR, The Genial Twisting Twister, and a new Cavalcade of International Stars.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ★ THE REAL GLORY

(Week's Best Release)
Gary Cooper, David Niven, Andrea Leeds, (United Artists.)

THIS exciting adventure gives you Gary Cooper at his best—and a really unusual dramatic plot. For its setting is an American Army outpost in the Philippine Islands, in the year 1906. Its villains are mountain tribesmen, the Moros, who threaten both camp and village.

Each character in the film is important—and lively comedy, as well as romance, leaves the speeding action. For among the Americans are David Niven and Broderick Crawford, who make a colorful contrast to the laconic, purposeful army doctor of Gary Cooper.

Andrea Leeds, visiting daughter of the army captain, falls in love with Cooper. But first she has to watch him cope with perils of all kinds—superstition, plague, death, the blockade of the river by Moros, and then, a massed attack upon the post.

The whole film is vividly presented, crammed with thrills and tingling with realism, although it hymns American sentiment. Exactly the kind of entertainment which has appeal for every person in the audience.—Regent; showing.

★ ★ THE ROARING TWENTIES

(Warners.)
James Cagney, Priscilla Lane.

NEW YORK in the brassy, fantastic days of Prohibition is the background for this story.

It is strong drama, with Cagney himself putting over a brilliant performance. You will not see Cagney as the soulless gangster killer of previous films, but as the man who wanted to get rich quickly for the sake of a girl, found easy millions in bootlegging—and found that crime went with it.

The story introduces the jazz-age motif, too. For the girl Cagney loves is a young night-club singer. It is a surprise to hear Priscilla Lane sing this role: I had forgotten that Priscilla made radio fame before the screen found her.

At any rate, here is Priscilla; here is Jeffrey Lynn, as the young lawyer she married; and here is Gladys George as the night-club hostess—modelled upon the famous Texas Guinan.

"The Roaring Twenties" is fast, tough, adult entertainment—with a special thrill for Cagney fans.—Rialto; showing.

★ ★ DISPUTED PASSAGE

(Paramount.)
Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff.

THE conflict between science and humanity is the theme of "Disputed Passage"—a theme worked out in very human and colorful drama.

Science is upheld by surgical professor Akim Tamiroff, and by his brilliant assistant, John Howard, until love comes into John's life. It is a strange love. American in race, the girl has been educated in China and regards herself as Chinese in thought.

Before the happy ending comes, the film takes its story to war-torn China, and allows you to watch one of the most sensational operations in the records of purely screen medicine.

Dorothy Lamour, in the unusual role of the Chinese girl, does conscientiously well. But the picture, as far as human interest goes, is divided between Tamiroff and John Howard.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ★ ANOTHER THIN MAN

(MGM.)
William Powell, Myrna Loy

THE third in a popular series of comedy thrillers, this film is amusing enough entertainment. It does not, however, measure up to the crisp excitement of its predecessors: the murder mystery is involved, and the comedy is at times forced.

William Powell, in the role of Detective Nick Charles, wins most of the laughter. After his long retirement from films, William looks in fine form. As wife Nora, Myrna Loy seems preoccupied. The presence of the Charles baby—played by bored William Poulson, jun.—appears to worry her.

Story opens when the Charles

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

family go down for a quiet weekend to a Long Island estate. Their host is murdered, knives are thrown as Nick Charles, and the crime-hunt is up again.—St. James; showing.

★ FOUR WIVES

(Warners.)
Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn.

TAME domestic drama, direct sequel to "Four Daughters." Pleasant, but trivial.

Broadly speaking, its theme is the settlement in their own homes of "The Four Daughters"—so that they can live happily ever after.

Iola Lane and Gale Page are content with their respective husbands, Frank McHugh and florist Dick Foran. But these girls want babies.

The third, Rosemary, sets to work in an embarrassingly direct way to get her man—quaint Eddie Albert, young doctor.

The one who presents the difficult problem is Priscilla Lane, widow of John Garfield, killed at the end of "Four Daughters." Priscilla has a new husband, the patient Jeffrey Lynn. But she can't quite forget the memory of Garfield, father of her coming child.

There is a good deal of music in the film, which helps the story along. But there's far too much talk about babies—and general mothercraft.—Century; showing.

★ MIRACLES FOR SALE

(MGM.)
Robert Young, Florence Rice.

YOU'll feel little interest in the solving of the two murders of this involved mystery thriller, but a good deal in its novelty background.

Two professional magicians are killed, various others, including a couple of mediums, are suspected. Nonchalant Robert Young, maker of modern magical apparatus, wins a place in police investigations by reason of his specialised knowledge.

Story lingers on one trick act after another as Young and the harassed police check up on bewildering clues. Florence Rice, an innocent party, adds to the confusion by sporadic flights from a mysterious assailant.

A grand setting for murder? But I would have liked to learn a few of the magician's secrets.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK

(20th Century-Fox.)
Joan Valerie, Lloyd Nolan

HERE is something different in the way of courtroom melodrama.

Given a murder, and a mystery man who refuses to talk after confessing to the crime, the problem is to find out who he is, why, and how he did it.

This film does in an interesting and logical manner.

It takes you step by step through the joint investigations of sister Joan Valerie and defence lawyer Richard Clarke.

Film permits a little dalliance with some amusing witnesses, including Eric Blore as a newly-engaged butler, and the usual jurors aching to "have done" and get back to their respective businesses. Actors are uniformly good, especially Lloyd Nolan in the title role.—Cameo and Haymarket-Clivic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★ ★ The Wizard of Oz, Judy Garland in dazzling musical fantasy in technicolor. Liberty, 14th week.

★ ★ The Housekeeper's Daughter, Joan Bennett in burlesque thriller, Mayfair, 3rd week.

★ ★ The Amazing Mr. Williams, Melvyn Douglas, Joan Blondell in amusing comedy thriller, State, 2nd week.



THE LION'S ROAR

Here he comes! Back again to his myriads of admirers and all who have enjoyed his work in the past. Back again on the screen with his perfect leading lady, back again in the sort of sure-fire entertainment that has made him so widely popular, back again!

Welcome to WILLIAM POWELL... in his reunion with MYRNA LOY... in the next and merriest laugh-fest from M-G-M—"ANOTHER THIN MAN!"

First it was their smash hit "THE Thin Man."

Then it was their second sensation "AFTER the Thin Man!"

And now they're together again for their third and funniest mystery, "ANOTHER Thin Man!"

You remember the first two successes... you remember Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles and their four-legged tree-sniffer, Asta.

Well, in "ANOTHER THIN MAN" Bill Powell and Myrna Loy are Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles again, and Asta's here too. But, in addition, there's the b-a-b-y! — Nick Charles, jr.!

And others in the great cast of this new feast of fun include Virginia Grey, Otto Kruger, C. Aubrey Smith, Ruth Hussey, Nat Pendleton, Patric Knowler and Tom Neal.

You'll love it. Don't miss it.

Yours for the best in entertainment, including "ANOTHER THIN MAN"...

LEO of M-G-M.

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LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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"THE births of all baby race-horses must be registered," says Betty Gee.

Betty's "racey" narratives

"Who's who" for our best-bred baby horses

By BETTY GEE

Did you know, my dears, that there is a registrar of births and deaths for racehorses, the same as for human beings?

WELL, there is, and it is just as meticulously enforced except that the punishment for omission is more severe in the world of the quadruped than of the biped.

Dumb Maisie said, "What's the difference between these?" and when I said, "A quadruped's a four-legged creature and the other a human being," she said, "Well, why didn't you say so first?"

Omission to register the birth of a child costs a £5 fine, I believe, but if you omit to register the birth of a foal it might cost the persons concerned tens of thousands of pounds. I found this out when I met Mr. Harry Bamber, the owner of Rivette, who won the last Caulfield and Melbourne Cups with Rivette.

When little Rivette was born he didn't know much about such breeding matters and made no return of the foaling.

It should have been formally sent along to the Keeper of the Stud Book, an officer appointed by the leading racing clubs of Australia to keep tally of all such things.

You must give this officer the names of the father and the mother of the little baby thoroughbred when foaled, its color, and other details.

If that is not done, the foal when it grows to be a racehorse cannot run in the greatest Australian racing classics, such as the Victoria and A.J.C. Derbies, the Sires' Produce Stakes at Randwick and Flemington, and the Legers.

As these races are worth a total of over £25,000, you can imagine the penalty it incurs.

Visualise yourself, for instance, with a horse as brilliant as High Castle, good enough to win these races, yet not allowed to run in them because his foaling was not officially registered.

You might declare this is a serious penalty for a minor omission.

By this means the major crimes of the turf—

"ringing-in," and false representation—are reduced to a minimum.

Otherwise you might have champions from one State "rung in" under false names in other States, thus getting the best of the handicappers, the bookies, and the public.

But let's return to Rivette and Mr. Bamber's omission to register his birth. Of course this represented no attempt to avoid his obligations in this direction, but merely ignorance of them, for she was the first thoroughbred baby he had ever helped to bring into the world.

However, the omission is being amended soon, I believe, and when Rivette retires from racing her babies will be registered in the Stud Book.

Mr. Bamber told me a romantic story of Rivette's antecedents as told him, and which he believes to be true.

Rivette's grandmother, named White River, was imported from England by a wealthy squatter, Andrew Chirnside. Her first foal was a little pony mare apparently lacking thoroughbred qualities as well as size.

Mr. Chirnside offered her to a neighbor, no less than the world-famous prima-donna, Melba, for a

Two truths

THE moral of this story is "Never look a gift horse in the mouth."

"No," says Dumb Maisie, girl friend of Betty Gee. "If you do he might bite you."

back, Melba didn't ride, but members of her house-parties at Coombe Cottage did. Melba's estate agent thought the youngster too small, and the gift was refused. Hawked for a year, she was ultimately bought for £10, and raced at the ponies, being named River View, after a village near Melba's home.

Then Mr. Bamber got her under his tuition and she won two £1000 races besides many other events, and when she became a matron she gave him Rivette, who carried him to fame and fortune as owner of a Caulfield and Melbourne Cup winner.

There are races at Mentone this Wednesday, and I have had a strong tip for Pure Gold for the Newmarket Trial Stakes.

Hopewyn is given me for the Purse. She is named after the two daughters, Hope and Wyn, of C. B. Kellow, who bred her, and, believe me, she is as good as they are nice. Also have a little on Far Trader for the San Remo Handicap.

And now for the big guns of Flemington, which begin firing on Saturday.



A NAVY tulle dress worn by Beugere. The skirt gains its fullness from the huge box pleats, and the bodice is delicately embroidered in white organza flowers to match the frilly petticoat.

day. There is a hurdle and a steeplechase on the same day. What jumping thrills! But while I was back Giant Killer in the Hurdle, I shan't dally with steeplechases. They are too risky.

Broadcaster for the Sires' Produce Stakes is the safe investment for the day. Peter Riddle, his trainer, told me last week that I could get my hotel bill out of this.

Temple Goya is another sure thing I have for the Brunswick straight from the owner.

I have already backed Chabrier for the Newmarket. I met his very handsome young owner, Mr. P. Carr, a squatter in the Riverina, and was overcome by his enthusiasm. But I shall save on Unshak if he draws on the right side of the course (from 1 to 101 so watch the barrier draw, my dears).

For the Centenary Cup, the 101 boy says, "Get on to Pageant. He's been bottled up for it!"

For Tuesday's races I have a tip for Rex Felt straight from Mr. George Call, his owner. And you'd better stick to High Castle for the Layer.

At present I am deeply considering Cooranga for the Australian Cup, but I have another week yet to find out all about her, or any other Cup candidate who crops up.

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Gothings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• MARY LUXTON, of Melbourne (left), goes to Ingleburn with Elizabeth Rabett to watch parade of 2nd A.I.F. soldiers.



• TEA FOR TWO at Romano's... Bar-rister Carroll Lynagh and his fiancée, Noreen (bushfire heroine) Donohue, who marry next Tuesday, March 5.



• LIEUTENANT and Mrs. Bert Loche at "At Home" given by officers of the Eastern Command at Rosebery racecourse.



• MRS. ALFRED HEAD dashes off a few lines to catch Canadian mail while waiting for customers at St. Andrew's canteen.

Fashion blackout...

BLACKOUT at Australia Hotel... Germaine Rocher's parade of models in aid of Red Cross.

Ninety per cent. of day, afternoon and evening frocks entirely black... so it looks like we're in for a dull winter.

If I could look as super in the same gowns as do mannequins, Noreen Fuller and Audrey Connell... well, I'd wear sackcloth and ashes and save up. But what's the use!

Bright spots among spectators... pink roses and veil trailing from Mrs. Eric Pratten's high-crowned black velvet; Bettina Macphillamy's sky-blue crepe suit, pockets decorated with flags; Margot Faviell's cluster of lily-of-the-valley, tied to her head with black ribbon to form a hat; lime-green jacket worn with pleated black skirt and colored sash by Joan Waterhouse.

Ascham old girls...

MARGARET CARY'S wedding to Ian McLaurin, March 6, promises to be like an Ascham old girls' reunion.

Bride and three maids—Barbara Cary, Diana Browne, Pat Perry—all ex-students. There will be lots more among more than 100 guests at St. Mark's, then Australia.

Parties every day this week for Margaret... green kitchen tea at Lorna Hagon's Point Piper home on Wednesday; Pat Perry's luncheon at Prince's, Thursday; on Friday another luncheon—Mary and Ina O'Keefe the hostesses—and tea at Shirley Gurton's home.

Joan and Lorraine See, Yolande Clarkson, and the bridesmaids have already entertained.

Grand finale will be spinsters' dinner this Saturday at Carlton... coinciding with bachelors' "do" at another hotel.

All set for America...

COMPLETE with luggage, children and nurse, Mrs. Dick Casey is here, en route to new home in Washington, U.S.A. Lots of farewells being said by numerous Sydney friends.

I'm told that the Casey children, Jane and Donn, were last to hear that they were leaving Australia. Parents didn't tell them till just before Mr. Casey sailed, as they were afraid it would upset them.

Young Donn is much upset at parting with his play-house at Canberra—a very grand structure—which he insisted upon everyone, including Lady Gowrie, visiting. Access was by about seven feet of ladder.

Balletomania...

DROP into "Graduation Ball" rehearsal at Theatre Royal the other day and find Mrs. Ken Wincombe and Melbourneite brunette Mrs. Marchant Penfold looking on. Such keen balletomanes... they take members of the company for picnics on Sundays.

Mrs. Penfold... d'you remember her husband was aide to Sir Dudley de Chair?... is holidaying here at Palm Beach and Bowral.

Did you know?...

JOHN (BRUNNY) BRUNSKILL, of Wagga, was married on February 9 to Christine, daughter of Mrs. K. Wain, of Manly.

Libby McFarlane, of Young, was married in Virginia, U.S.A., a month ago to John Pope.

So patriotic...

EVEN the savories are red, white, and blue at Alliance Francaise party—a cheery get-together for French and Australians.

Much hand kissing goes on, rather, methinks, to the embarrassment of a few Australian recipients.

Beautiful naval brooch of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls worn by Mrs. F. L. Cavaye with her navy frock. Another snappy ornament... Madame Degraeve's wide gold bracelet, only relief with all-white ensemble.

Mrs. Basil King wisely brings fan to cope with humidity. Olga Clarke fastens water-lilies at shoulder of black crepe. Madame Remond tops off smart wine-and-white ensemble with shallow white straw.

Party reaching tops in gaiety when I have to say au revoir to charming host and hostess, Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Urquhart, and dash off to Harold Williams' concert.

Seeing Australia...

IDA BURCHALL has already lost count of the times she had lost her way in the maze that is Canberra, but she thinks it's a grand place to live... tells me this at Canadian residents' party in honor of her parents, the High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Charles Burchall.

The Burchalls motored to Sydney for party, via Kangaroo Valley, for which they're now unofficial ambassadors.

Mrs. Halse Millett—still Canadian, says she, although 20 years resident in Australia—welcomes guests. Attractive Mrs. Rudy Mueller wears navy suit, cranberry-wine felt chapeau trailing navy ribbons.

Other smart headgear are Mrs. Eric Wilson's black felt, wings rising skywards in front... Mrs. John Roy's black felt of Foreign Legion inspiration... Mrs. M. Stirling's shallow white boater topped by perky black bow.

Likes platforms...

THREE-INCH-HIGH platform shoes are sported by Margo Thomas, attractive blonde now in Sydney with her husband, Wilfrid Thomas, a singing protegee of Melba's.

Always imagined platform soles an American idea... but she says 'tis not so. They are much more popular in London and Paris.

Margo and Wilfrid are "rather cosmopolitan"—she is half-Swedish, half-English, and speaks with slight American accent. He is of Cornish-Welsh extraction, born in England, but spent most of his life in Australia.

On arrival Wilfrid's family meet his wife for first time... not many relations for her to get to know, as he's an only child.

They catch the eye...

HEAVY silver costume jewellery—three different bracelets on one wrist—worn in Sydney by Melbourne's Lady Brookes, returning home from America.

Mrs. Alan Potter's tailored jacket of dull green and chalk-white sequins.

Powder-blue model of needlerun lace and suede crepe skirt falling from hipline... worn by Mrs. Gavin Coderfoot.

Mrs. Bill Owen's pale blue quilted satin evening jacket.



• JUST MARRIED... Walter Streatfield and his bride, Patricia Fitzsimmons, look happy as they leave St. Mary's.



• "GLAD TO BE HERE," says Mrs. Grace, wife of Rear-Admiral Grace (left), on arrival by flying boat from England.



• KATH MENZIES and Eve Sheedy on their way to G.P.O. to post 500 invitations to Leap Year party at Prince's this Thursday... in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund.



• "HERE'S LUCK"... Jean Lightfoot-Walker and Cynthia Powell at cocktail party in honor of French visitors.

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Nugget, best for EVERY White Shoe
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LUBRICATES
CLEANS
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3-IN-ONE OIL

Finnish women replace men at listening posts

Standing guard in place of sleep-weary soldiers

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE

I have just met Liisa Rahola—a Finnish girl pianist with wide blue eyes and blonde hair.

She has arrived in London, where she came by order of Sibelius, the famous Finnish composer, to take her music diploma, because Russian bombers have caused the closing down of the Finnish Academy.

SHE told me a dramatic story of the gallant stand of her country against the Reds.

Women, she said, are manning the listening posts, because the men are half dead with fatigue. Finnish girls not long left school keep night-long vigil in air-raid posts—even remaining at their posts when bombs rain round them.

Other girls are driving ambulances. The heroines of the war are the women's ski pat-

rol. They carry food on skis to isolated families and people who had fled into the country away from the Red bombs.

Like every Finnish girl, Liisa is a member of the famous Lotta Svard, the hundred-thousand-strong corps of women who work as observers, ski-runners, lineswomen, A.R.P. workers, and ambulance drivers. Twenty of them have already died in the front line.

"I'll return to Finland shortly,"

Liisa told me. "Sibelius and other artists insisted that I should come to England to take my diploma. Sibelius said to me, 'Finland must not let culture die.'"

"The noise of bombs is still in my ears, for the small town where I live—Tampere—has been repeatedly blasted from the skies."

"Like every other 'Lotta,' I joined the organisation when I was a small girl, and when I was 17 took the oath of allegiance."

"Like others, I did my share at listening posts from our highest towers, wearing a long white sheep-skin coat. It was so cold we were only able to take hourly shifts, watching the sky through binoculars, and giving the alarm by phone when we sighted enemy aircraft."

"Several of my comrades have stood at their posts while bombs rained all round them."

Brave teachers

"ONLY the other day two school teachers stood at their posts in a burning village and would not leave until ordered to do so by phone from headquarters."

"Another of our duties is to take food to the soldiers."

"We go out on skis and glide through the forests with milk, butter, and fresh vegetables."

Liisa was reluctant to tell of her own part in war work, but most anxious to tell of the splendid service of other "Lottas."

A small seaside town which must not be mentioned is now a great evacuee centre, mostly of those fleeing from the Karelian Isthmus.

"Mothers carrying their babies trudged through the snow, enveloped in white bed sheets so that they could not be seen by enemy observers."

"The 'Lottas' ski to this village daily with food, clothes, and medical supplies."

"One of the saddest things in the



SIRRIKA SALONEN, 18-year-old Finnish girl, won the title of Miss Europe. With Liisa Rahola she belongs to the ski corps.

war is that all education has ceased. Children cannot be gathered in any numbers lest bombers should find them."

"Although I am a woman, I must say that the women of Finland are wonderful."

"They are practically running the business of the country, and all of them are engaged as well in some form of war work."

"The younger, most active, women go out to the front to watch while tired soldiers sleep. Even the oldest women gather to 'hear' newspapers to interline soldiers' tunics to provide more warmth for them."

"Everybody in Finland is working day and night to win the war. The Russians are so many and we are few, but we will fight on to the very last. Finland made this decision when the Russians marched into our country, and we will stick to it, cost us what it may. We can stand anything but the bombings. They are terrible. If you saw the looks on the faces of the women and children when the air-raid warnings go you would never forget it."

"Finland will hold out to the last, but we must have help. Our worst trouble at the moment is the weariness of our soldiers who have been in action for weeks."

Talking of Sibelius, Liisa said he was a wonderful man; devoted to his country and its people, one of the true patriots of Finland.

His slogan when the war is mentioned is always the same, "We must fight hard, but we must also get on with music. Finland's culture must not die while her people live."



WOMEN Ski Corps.—They feed the starving population in Finnish outposts.

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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

TRUST LEADERS

Too many people while away their spare time in gossip and criticism of the leaders of our country in every action which is taken in the defence of our country.

I do not suggest that there should be a curtailment of free speech, but surely Australians could show some faith in the guardians of our country.

If the soldiers of the Second A.I.F. have sufficient trust in their country's policy to risk their lives, surely we who are staying at home may follow their example.

For this letter to Miss V. M. Landrigan, Haven P.O., Warrnambool, Vic.

NO CHANCE

HAVING recently returned from the U.S.A., I cannot help being struck with the great difference in the attitude of employers to job-seekers.

Across the Pacific a man is given the chance to make good in a job, even if he has had no previous experience.

But here experience seems to be everything.

There are hundreds, probably thousands, of fine men walking our streets to-day because no one will give them a trial or chance to make good.

David McIntyre, Spring St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

BUSH FREEDOM

THE front door, locked on the inside, cannot be a necessity in our suburbs!

Thank goodness we of the country may enjoy the luxury of living behind a welcoming open front door rather than behind one of those secretive doors, which gives the impression that the people inside are also suspicious and secretive.

Mrs. G. Stockwell, Tiare, N.C. Line, Qld.

BAN SHORTS

LATELY I have noticed a tendency for girls to wear grey shorts with different colored blouses to match. These are all right for the beach, but I think nothing looks as neat and cool for tennis as white shorts or divided skirts.

Joan R. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

CAR OWNERS

WITH the price and shortage of petrol to-day, now is a good time for Australians to show our steady spirit and co-operation in everyday affairs.

One sees hundreds of private cars on the roads going places, but only one odd one has more than one or two people in it.

Why not get together, save unnecessary expense, and make a happy carload?

Friends could take it in turn in using their cars, or if one preferred to own car, let the others between them give the running costs for the trip.

Mrs. J. J. Coutts, Lockington, Vic.

BOARDERS

BOARDING is a disgraceful practice, and should be stopped as soon as possible.

When war was declared people at themselves be led on with fantastic tales of "You won't be able to get this and that," and "Oh, how we'll be!"

Surely we can appeal to the readers of your paper to share and share with.

L. J. M. Mawbey, Kia-Mena, Gisborne, Tas.

So they say

Husband, parents or children— which come first?

IF a woman marries a man she loves and he is good and kind to her, Mrs. De Heiland (13/1/40), there would be no question who would come first in her life. Her husband, naturally.

Not that her love for her parents would grow any less, or that her children would not be loved—but as her life companion her husband would receive the greater love—and first place in her life.

Emmy Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

Parents last

UNDOUBTEDLY, husband first, Mrs. De Heiland. He is the man chosen by you out of all the world to share your life.

How could he possibly (provided, of course, he is good to you) ever take a second place?

My unwavering idea of the matter is: Husband indubitably first, children a close second, home third, and parents on either side absolutely last.

Mrs. Amy L. Carpenter, Trevella, Waratah St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Children first

I THINK Mrs. R. de Heiland has a wrong viewpoint. Husband, children, home, parents, all have their particular and equal right to recognition.

Husband and wife should both always bear in mind that they are responsible for bringing their children into a none-too-easy world, and consequently, both should feel that these dependent little beings should have first consideration.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

Beginning life

IN my case, my children come first. They are just beginning life, and must be built up in mind and body.

The husband is already grown, and, while requiring to be well fed and clothed, is in no way needing the training and guidance the young ones are.

Mrs. Gwen Porter, 60 Hampstead Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Lasts longer

IT is to your husband that you have to turn for companionship when the children grow up and leave home, so how can you expect such companionship if you have always placed the children first?

Although I love my children dearly, my husband has been and always will be my first consideration.

Mrs. C. Walsh, 18 Andrew St., West Ryde, N.S.W.

A slogan

I QUITE agree with Mrs. R. de Heiland that our men should come first in everything.

All too often one sees the husband neglected after the arrival of the



Husband first

first baby; this has caused many divorces.

After the arrival of baby he should be given more consideration and love than before.

How often does one see husband and wife drift apart after a few babies? As against that, they should be in mutual harmony, giving to baby a background full of love and sweetness.

Reva Hall, 3 Violet St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Plant trees, yes, but do not tax us for them

SURELY ratepayers have enough to pay without handing out additional money for trees, Mrs. Rennie (10/2/40).

Your idea is a good one, but surely it is up to the Council to provide the trees. After all, the Council should do something to beautify the city.

Why not an avenue of trees, by planting one or two outside each house?

Edith Power, 80 Queen St., Brisbane.

Not our job

TREES do undoubtedly beautify our streets, but I fail to see why householders should have the planting and looking after of them. There is quite enough work inside the fence.

After all, we pay rates and taxes, also for any improvements in the roadways, so surely we can have the trees free?

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Council's duty

MRS. RENNIE suggests that householders should undertake the upkeep of trees to beautify the district, and that the cost of their purchase should be added to their quarterly account.

I don't agree. Each householder is responsible for his own garden.

"Lucky" charms

I AM amazed at the number of intelligent women who possess, as well as believe in, "lucky charms."

I could never believe them to be luck bringers, though I do realise that the possession creates a feeling of expectancy—and the expectation of "good luck" buoy a person up.

It's delightful to anticipate good fortune, but absurd to imagine that a piece of tawdry imitation jewellery is likely to hasten its advent.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

and surely he is doing his individual duty if he keeps this neat and attractive.

It is the local Council's duty, for which they are paid, to maintain their district and to make it as attractive as possible.

Australian towns and suburbs are not half as pleasing to the eye as they should be.

Miss J. Beale, 20 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Against flats

MRS. RENNIE, of Lakemba, advocates more beautiful suburbs, by the planting of trees.

The suggestion is excellent: in so far as Mrs. Rennie recognises that the beautification of our suburbs is an individual problem—not a national one.

But would it not be a better idea to start a drive against flat builders, who make a religion of turning every piece of available space into masonry, without providing even sufficient space to house a window-box?

The householder usually has a small garden which helps to lend color to his street, but the flat builder's mania is the destruction of everything that grows.

Couldn't we have flats, which are undoubtedly needed these days, and gardens to brighten our lives as well?

Miss Lynn Barri, No. 6, Dorset House, Darling Point Rd., Edgecliff, N.S.W.

If women were to rule in Australia

RE the article in issue of January 27, "If Women Ran Australia." Give a woman control anywhere you like—but Parliament never. Women could never agree, and the



Women to rule

country would go from bad to worse while they argued about reform.

Jealousy would guide most of their actions. If Mrs. Smith had a bigger dress allowance than Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones would want to bring in a bill to prevent undue extravagance.

Give me the men any day.

Miss M. Tickle, Farm 1724, Griffith, N.S.W.

Unfair sex

IF women ran Australia instead of men, I think everything would be better.

In the long run, women are much more intelligent than the unfair sex.

Men are incapable of thinking of anything, except in terms of what they are going to get out of it.

Miss Elizabeth Rance, 11 Smith St., Christchurch, N.Z.

I wondered

I AM glad to believe there are fine and clever women who could carry on the affairs of State as well as the men do.

But, being as I am at present, staying at the beach, I've had opportunity to see some of our women-folk who seem to put all their thoughts to painting their faces and smoking cigarettes.

Mrs. M. R. Crabtree, Ceavue, Burroughbar, N.S.W.

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Why not enjoy all these extra pleasures in life—new clothes, money for holidays as you wish, more comfort in your home—by easily making money through taking up this profitable craft (not overworked). Start now! You can easily right away make these gorgeous flowers and earn extra money. We supply free pattern books and pay forwarding charges on all flowers supplied to us.

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£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

NICE PEOPLE

HOW many of us say something we do not mean at all just to be nice? A dear old lady I know who led a social life in her youth has formed this habit.

She'll say all kinds of nice things to your face which she doesn't mean. Then when she's tired of you she'll say the opposite behind your back.

The sad part is that she's quite unconscious of this weakness. Why can we not say what we mean regardless of trying to be nice?

Then other people would know where they stood. I call this "trying to be nice" hypocrisy. Don't you?

Miss Stella Grace, 7 The Parkway, Knightsbridge, S.A.

NO FAMILY LIFE

IT is a rather depressing sign of the times to realise that the modern tendency in family life is for each member to have his or her own particular way of enjoying leisure.

Often the son and daughter go to dances very different from those of "grandma's day."

Father may go to his club, mother to her bridge; or together they may go to bridge parties or the theatre.

But the night when all are together at home is a rare occasion and is likely to be accompanied by boredom.

The remedy is a return to the days of the "family circle," when each member gives some part of his or her personality to the home atmosphere.

K. G. Leach, 11 Prince St., Mosman, N.S.W.

HOSPITAL WARDS

I HAVE often thought what a wonderful difference it would make to hospitals if there were a separate ward for dying patients.

I have a friend who was recently a patient in a ward where there were people dying in beds close to where she was situated.

She told me that it took her days to recover.

Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorrold St., Woolloolun, N.S.W.

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The Case of HARVEY G.



CASE No. 2004

NAME: Harvey G. Age: 34
Occupation: Salesman.

SYMPTOMS: Chronic indigestion, no appetite, no energy, frequent headaches and biliousness. Can't concentrate on his job. Irritable with customers.

DIAGNOSIS: Underlying trouble - constipation. Irregular bowel action causing digestive disorder.

TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION PROMPTLY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally - without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere.

24 pleasant-tasting tablets... 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

Women Also Serve

Dozen pairs a day —sock output

THIRTY-SIX pairs of socks a day are made on the three knitting machines at the Comforts Depot of the Lord Mayor's Fund in Sydney.

Miss Alice Gould and Mrs. Rodney Rhoades are in charge of the machines, and they have trained twelve other helpers to use them.

Each machine is worked from 9 to 5 daily, and though they are not difficult to handle they require intense concentration to keep up the output of a dozen pairs a day from each machine.

Miss Gould immediately volunteered to learn to work the machines because she is keenly interested in things mechanical.

She has already taken one to pieces and assembled it again, so is quite competent to attend to minor repairs.

The machine also makes golf socks for wear with shorts, and it is impossible to see any difference between these and hand-made socks.

Two of the machines were donated by private owners for the duration and the other was bought by the fund. The invention dates back to the Victorian era and instruction books contain some very amusing designs for Victorian chic.

Girl cricketers stage night matches

THE single girls won when women cricketers in South Australia staged a "married versus single" players' match recently to help the soldiers.

This match was part of an exhibition of night cricket arranged by members of the South Australian Women's Electric Light Cricket Association.

Mrs. R. Miller, who is president of this association, is also honorary secretary of the South Australian Women's Cricket Association, which plays pennant matches every Saturday afternoon. She reports that all the girls bring their knitting to matches and practice games, so that they can get on with their socks while they are waiting to play.

Extra duties for hard-working nurses

NURSES off duty from the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, are usually to be found knitting.

There are nearly 300 nurses attached to the hospital, and all of them do exacting physical work over long hours and must devote much of their spare time to study. But they have no feeling of being therefore exempted from national duties. All have helped to contribute to the marvellous parcels of knitted socks, cardigans, scarves, and books that have been sent to the Army Nurses' Comforts Fund.

To make sure that the work is perfect before being sent to the fund, it has to be submitted to the judge of work, Sister Campbell, for inspection.

War service among the Alfred Hospital group doesn't stop at knitting. Every Wednesday 10 or 12 of these girls work in the Army Nurses' canteen at the Showgrounds, and they and the others have contributed £5 to buy tomato sauce to put on pies for the soldiers.

Mrs. Davis, sister in charge of the private ward at the hospital, takes charge of the canteen one night a week.



MISS ALICE GOULD using the sock-knitting machine at the Comforts Depot in Sydney.

Australian in R.A.F. nursing unit

ONE of the first Victorian nurses to serve with the British Expeditionary Forces was Sister A. Strain, of the Western District.



Sister Strain had been with the B.E.F. since war broke out. She was in England before the Munich crisis, and afterwards did A.R.P. work and Red Cross training, then joined up as a nursing sister.

This Victorian is attached to Princess Mary's Air Force nursing unit, and crossed the channel with British airmen.

There are 10 Australian nurses with the unit, which has equipment for 1200 beds, and is comprised of 80 sisters, 40 doctors, padres, and 200 orderlies.

On arrival in France they were established in an old hotel, and immediately set to work to transform it into a hospital. The building is on a high cliff, and looks straight down on to the sea. It is bitterly cold, Sister Strain said in a letter, and the sight of the sea makes it seem colder.

Sister Strain trained at MILDURA, Victoria, and was matron of Carcoar District Hospital, N.S.W., for 10 years before going abroad in 1938. She arrived in England in July, just two months before the Munich crisis.

After touring England and the Continent, Sister Strain took up nursing again. She spent some time in a military hospital at Woolwich, where soldiers from India, Egypt, Palestine, China, and Singapore come to rest and be nursed back to health.

When war broke out she was matron of a hospital at Forest Gate, and as this was in the danger zone for air raids she had to evacuate the patients.



SISTER CAMPBELL inspecting knitting done by nurses at the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne.

Shipboard comforts provided

IN less than a fortnight, 1700 canvas bags for holding soldiers' shipboard equipment were made by members of the Women's Defence Service in Adelaide.

The work was done under the direction of the Controller and Deputy-Controller of the South Australian Comforts Fund workshop, Mrs. Julian Ayres and Mrs. Stanley Varco.

The bags, which had mainly been cut out by a city firm, were sewn up by busy machinists.

At long tables nearby, nimble fingers added tapes and buttonholes.

Each bag is stocked with useful shipboard items, including sand-shoes, shirt, shorts, 3 handkerchiefs, 2 kinds of soap, 1 singlet, 1 towel, cigarettes, and cards.

Guides in S.A. help Guides of Poland

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN Girl Guides have helped Polish Girl Guides by sending them, early this year, the splendid sum of £185. Miss Audrey Morphet, Deputy State Chief Commissioner in Adelaide, said they were inspired to do this when they heard from Madame Malkowska, founder of the Girl Guides' Movement in Poland, of the gallant work done by the Polish Guides.



The Polish girls worked in hospitals as nurses, looked after children in homes, gave out food and drinks to evacuees at railway stations, where they were on duty day and night, and acted as guards in towns listening for enemy bombers.

The younger girls made bandages from old linen and fashioned homemade gas-masks. They are still working in distressed Poland.

Madame Malkowska, who barely escaped with her life from Poland, was presented by Queen Elizabeth with the Bronze Cross, highest award for bravery in Guiding.

Anzac's wife on many committees

MRS. H. PEERLESS, of Brisbane, the wife of an Anzac, and one of the keenest Queensland workers for soldiers' welfare.

The South Brisbane branch of the Australian Comforts Fund is one of her first interests now, and she is also honorary secretary for the ladies' auxiliary of the Co-operative sub-branch of the R.S.S.I.A., whose object it is to raise money to assist distressed returned soldiers' families.

She was the first hospital visitor for the Bush Children's Health Scheme.

"THANKS TO TAMPAX"

Inconvenience

IS A THING OF THE PAST!

NO BELTS
NO PADS
NO PINS
NO ODOR

TRY TAMPAX ONCE and SEE WHY!

Now you can laugh at yesterday's sanitary problems! All pin-and-belt worries are over! For Tampax—the modern sanitary protection—is worn internally—and everything has become almost unbelievably simple.

Invented by a doctor and approved by women's specialists and gynecologists, Tampax allows no "leak" or bulge to show. You can enjoy perfect freedom for business and sports. No chafing and no odor. You actually don't know you're wearing Tampax.

Tampax is safe, neat, quick and delicate—easy to use and dispose of; made of absorbent surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in patent applicator. Your hands do not even touch the Tampax. HANDY-SIZE packet of 3, only 9d.; packet of 6, 1/6; large, economical-size packet of 10, 2/-. Easy instructions enclosed. Use coupon below for free illustrated folder.

Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere—or use coupon.

Distributors: Millicent Pty. Ltd., all Capital Cities and N.Z.

TAMPAX

Sanitary Protection WORN INTERNALLY

SEND 9P

In stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax (or illustrated folder) posted from an envelope to:

MILICENT SIMPSON, Box 989 Gt. G.P.O. Sydney, Box 979, G.P.O. Melbourne, Box 1833, G.P.O. Brisbane, Box 12, P.O. Hobart, Box 1327, G.P.O. Perth.

Name _____ Address _____

Free lovely hair, FREE OFFER

2d. packet of famous Camellia Tangle Taming Salt Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

*** MEDICAL APPROVAL!**

Tampax is accepted for advertising by the Medical Journal of Australia, the British Medical Journal, and the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Your son is safe . . .

Continued from Page 4

VIC PHILAN has had an adventurous life. He enlisted in the last war when only 15 and sailed from Sydney when 18.

"Arrived England safe, Pat" — four words, and all the world to the mother of Patrick O'Brien, 32-year-old seaman rescued from the Nazi hell-ship Altmark.

Mrs. Katherine O'Brien had just received her son's cablegram when the Victorian representative of The Australian Women's Weekly called at her home in Brunswick.

Mrs. O'Brien is a tall, stately old lady with bright blue eyes which take on an indulgent smile when she speaks of her son.

"Pat is one of 17 children," she said. "I have six boys and six girls still living. Pat is the only one who ever wanted to leave home. He has always been a wanderer, and worked in the country sometimes. He never liked the city.

"When war broke out he tried to enlist, but was not tall enough. Then he went to Queensland, and the next thing we heard was a letter from Durban saying he was an able seaman on the Talroa.

"When we heard that the Talroa had been sunk we were told by the shipping company that the crew had been picked up safely.

"Then when I read that the Altmark was a prison ship I said to my daughters: I bet Pat would have the bad luck to be on that ship.

"Pat has blue Irish eyes . . . he was always placid, and it took a lot to put him out, but when he was put out—well! I guess he wasn't too easy to handle on the Altmark.

Happy home

WHEN I read the details about the Altmark the other day, I said to the girls, 'Imagine Pat with only a quart of water for drinking and washing. He always liked to be as clean as a new pin!'

A house with the best polished door-knocker and bell one would see in a day's march greeted us when our Melbourne representative then called on the parents of Trimmer Kenneth Evans.

His father, Mr. Edward Evans, a boiler attendant in the steamer Nairana, heard unconfirmed news of the capture of the Altmark on the wireless on Saturday night on a trip from Tasmania to Melbourne.

Mrs. Evans, a tiny woman with pretty, curly, greying hair and blue eyes, has collected every mention of prison ships or prisoners ever since the sinking of the Talroa.

"Kenneth is our only son," she said. "We have three daughters. One, Mrs. A. F. Sparrow, lives at Mildura, and Iris and Joan are with us.

"Ken had never been away from home before. He had his twentieth birthday in the Altmark on February 14.

"He comes of a seafaring family and we used to live at Plymouth before we came to Australia.

"His father was in the Navy last war, and served as Stoker Petty-Officer in the cruiser New Zealand at the battle of Jutland.

"Kenneth had been out of a job for eight months, so one day went to Port Melbourne to see if he could pick up a job in a ship. By night he had sailed in the Talroa . . .

Terrible Christmas

WE spent a terrible Christmas, after the news came through of its sinking, but after we heard they had been picked up we didn't worry so much, because we have such faith in the British Navy."

Word of Morris J. Hoban's rescue was the first news his mother, Mrs. M. Hoban, of Preston, Victoria, had had of him in 20 years.

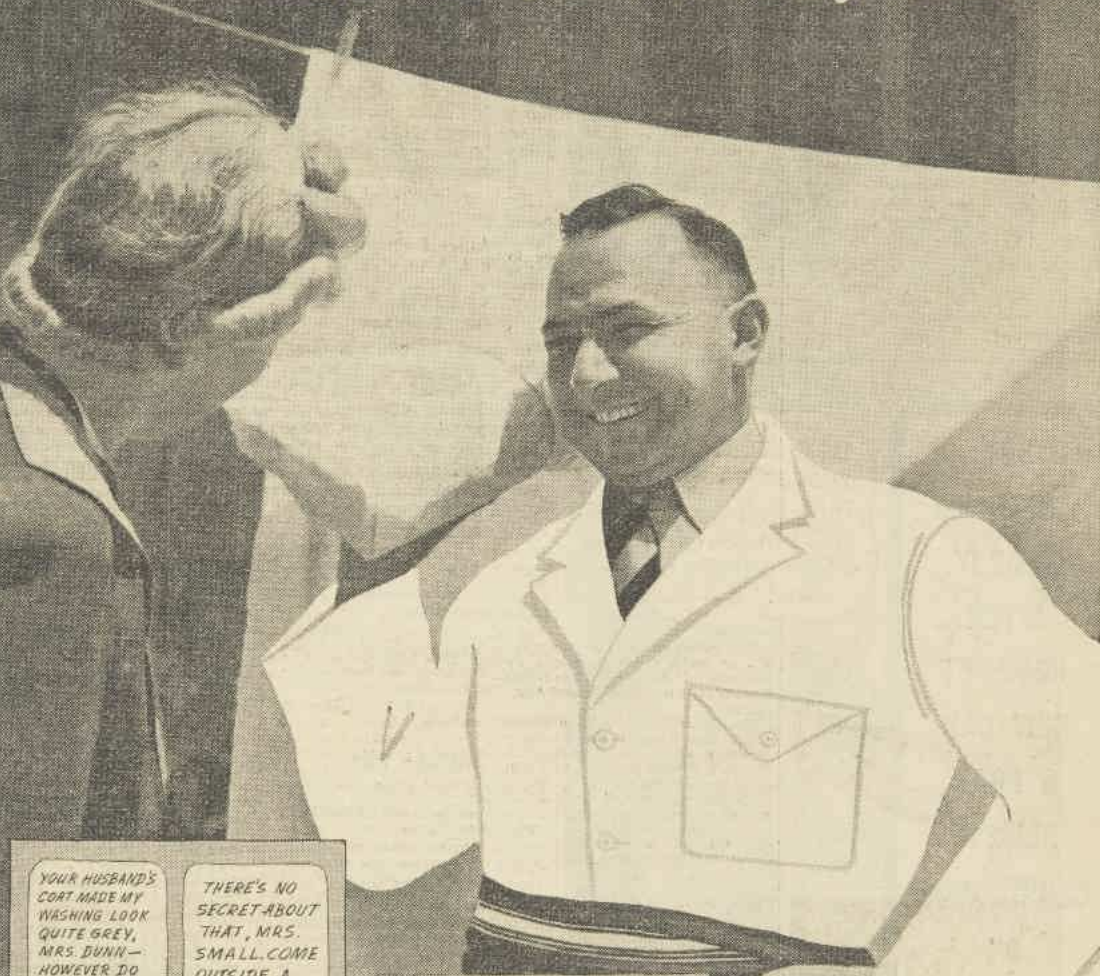
"He left home for Queensland when he was 18," said his mother, who is an invalid, and lives with her daughter, Mrs. Dowling.

"He never wrote, though we did hear he had gone to sea. It is good to know he is safe."

Mrs. Winifred Hill, of Rockhampton, Queensland, had lost her voice with excitement at the news of the safety of her son, Francis George Hill. A neighbor, who had been the bearer of the good tidings, spoke to our Brisbane representative by telephone.

"Frank has been away for 12 months," she said. "He is an only child. It's simply wonderful to know he is safe and sound."

Heavens! I thought my sheet was white . . . until I saw it against your snowy coat!



YOUR HUSBAND'S COAT MADE MY WASHING LOOK QUITE GREY, MRS. DUNN—HOWEVER DO YOU GET IT SO WHITE?

THERE'S NO SECRET ABOUT THAT, MRS. SMALL. COME OUTSIDE A MINUTE

THAT'S WHAT DOES IT, PERSIL! IT GIVES THE WHITEST WASH I'VE EVER SEEN! MIND YOU, PERSIL'S OXYGEN-CHARGED SUDS ARE BOUND TO WASH CLEANER AND WHITER. WHY NOT POP IN FOR A PACKET ON YOUR WAY HOME?

MY! AREN'T THESE SHEETS WHITE WITH PERSIL! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THE WAY ITS OXYGEN-CHARGED SUDS GET THE DIRT OUT!

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

washes whiter
because it washes cleaner

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

31.451.7

Freckles Yes-no jackpots—radio's latest thrill

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintio—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintio from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintio, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.***

FACIAL HAIRS

KILLED BY
ELECTROLYSIS
AT HOME
the Only Permanent Way

Unusually hair may now be removed permanently in the privacy of your home by using ELECTROLYSIS. No discomfort. No chemicals. Contains own electricity. Results obtainable cheaply at any hairdressing salon. This safe, simple, easy method never fails. Import restrictions may cause rise in price, which at present is only £1. POST FREE with full directions. SEND NOW. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **F. MAHER** 317 O'CONNELL ST., SYDNEY.



JACK DAVEY, 2GB's popular announcer, conducts "Yes-No Jackpots," the latest addition to 2GB's popular series of audience participation programmes.

Davey strikes another winner in quizzes

"She didn't say yes, and she didn't say no"—so runs a line in a popular song hit of a few years back.

If that lady is still about, she would be a certain winner in "Yes-No Jackpots," the latest addition to 2GB's popular series of audience participation programmes.

BASED on the old, old game which most people have at some time played, "Yes-No Jackpots" come from the fertile brain of Jack Davey.

He is the inquisitor in the broadcast who puts to the contestants all sorts of tricky questions which must be answered correctly and truthfully, but without the use of the words "Yes" and "No."

It sounds simple, but faced with a barrage of questions such as: "What did you have for breakfast?", "Did you enjoy it?", "Are you married?", "Does your husband love you?", "Have you many children?", "Do you think it's going to rain?", "Is this your first appearance on the air?", there are few people quick-witted enough not to answer either "Yes" or "No" to one or other of these questions.

At the same time, the efforts of the contestants to avoid the use of these words frequently lead to unintentionally humorous answers which add to the enjoyment of listeners in their homes.

Nimble wits

IN such a session much depends on the questioner, and there is no one in Australian radio more nimble witted and nimble tongued than Jack Davey, and it is a clever person who does not fall for one or other of the verbal traps which he sets.

Each session is divided among the winning competitors, that is, if there are any winners. Six competitors are invited to attend the 2GB studios each Monday night at 9.40.

In addition, an audience is invited to witness the broadcast, and should one of the competitors not turn up a member of the audience is invited to take his place.

In turn, competitors are called on

to answer questions for the maximum of one minute. Those who survive without using either "Yes" or "No" are still in the race.

Prizemoney is awarded to each successful competitor.

When the six competitors have faced Jack Davey's "third degree," those who still survive are invited to face a second cross-examination. This may last anything from 45 seconds to two minutes. Prizemoney is awarded on the same basis as before.

If when the game is finished prizemoney still remains unearned, it is jackpotted to the following week.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 28. —Special Session—"Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, February 29.—June Marsden—"Special Astrology Playlets" for boys and girls.

FRIDAY, March 1.—Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party—Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, March 2.—"Swinging Round the World."

SUNDAY, March 3.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folk; Special Amusing Feature—"I Still Likes Me."

MONDAY, March 4.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, March 5.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.



THERE IS NEVER any dearth of competitors for jackpot sessions. Prizemoney is good, and the contestants have a lot of fun. Jack Davey always endeavors to make them feel at home with the microphone.

so that over a period quite substantial prizes may be built up.

Experience with other jackpot sessions shows that there is no dearth of listeners willing to participate.

Some of the jackpot sessions which have been running for many months have a waiting-list still of many hundreds.

Competitors come from all suburbs, all types of people. The prizemoney is good, and constitutes one lure. Besides, it's an entertaining way of filling in an evening, and, invariably, losers as well as winners enjoy themselves.

Try to get answers

THOUSANDS of people, too, listen in at home, and try to answer the questions without saying "Yes" or "No." But it's certainly easier to do at home than it is in the strange surroundings of a broadcasting studio.

This willingness of listeners to submit themselves to the pains of being halted before the microphone and cross-examined may seem strange.

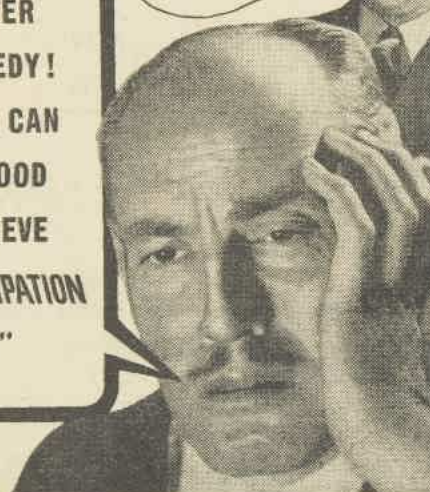
However experienced an announcer may be, he always remembers his first ordeal at the microphone, and Jack Davey would be the last to exploit it.

"The secret of my success as 'Jackpot' Davey," he says, "I really believe, lies in the fact that I do everything in my power to make contestants feel at home. And from long experience I know that there is nothing better for that than to get them all laughing."

And no one who has listened to Jack Davey conduct a session such as "Yes-No Jackpots" will doubt his ability not only to get contestants laughing, but also the wide audience that finds these sessions such ideal entertainment.

"BUT I'VE TRIED REMEDY AFTER REMEDY! HOW CAN A FOOD RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?"

IT'S A MEDICALLY PROVED FACT THAT IT DOES—WHAT'S MORE, IT'S A SAFE NATURAL WAY!



By eating this crisp breakfast cereal regularly you can get relief from constipation without harsh purges or medicines.

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED? Do you have to take strong cathartics and purges to keep yourself regular? If so, it's more than likely the trouble is your food.

You see, to keep regular, we must have what doctors call "bulk". But most of our daily staples—white bread, potatoes, milk, eggs and fish—contain practically no bulk at all. They get almost entirely absorbed into the system without leaving enough residue for the bowel muscles to "take hold of". And so you can't help getting constipated.

It's no use trying to correct this condition with harsh purgatives. The one sure way to obtain permanent relief is to eat food that provides "bulk". That's why doctors recommend fruit and vegetables.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran, the crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in exactly the same way as fruit and vegetables—but much

more surely, much more thoroughly. It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively aids elimination. When you eat All-Bran regularly you need no harsh medicines!

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this daily, drink plenty of fluids and you will no longer be troubled with irregularity. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss a day."

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT VINEGAR
BREWED FROM Malted Grain
THE VINEGAR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA
SYDNEY NEW
1 PINT & FLUID OUNCES

For a Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS



TEL AVIV—Palestine's city of dreams

Diggers will surf on beach like the ones back home

By RICHARD DAVIDSON

Holiday leave for the Second A.I.F. will permit them to visit the cities of Palestine. They will want to see Tel Aviv, the city the Jews built for themselves from the desert.

PALESTINE'S greatest industrial city, Tel Aviv, is a town of gracious buildings and wide tree-lined streets. There is a splendid beach which will remind the Diggers of Manly or Bondi. The surf is good, but there is a treacherous undertow.

The beach is crowded every morning at 6 o'clock by business people taking a swim.

As the sun rises the beach becomes almost deserted. The beach is owned by the city and is free to all-comers.

In 29 years Tel Aviv has grown from a village among the sand dunes on the shores of the Mediterranean to a great city and holiday resort, the Lido of the Near East.

Tel Aviv is the most Jewish city in the world.

Out of a population of 150,000 people 99 per cent. are Jews.

The city is thoroughly modern in appearance. Tall, clean buildings, wonderful homes with glorious gardens, cafes, cinemas, dance-halls give it a resemblance to the more exclusive suburbs of Australian cities.

Every language is heard in the streets. The city has been called the new Tower of Babel.

Because of its 1500 factories and 10,000 factory workers, Tel Aviv is the industrial centre of Palestine.

Turning from this modern city Diggers will find Jerusalem rich in historic association.

To Christians the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built by Constantine the Great on the spot where Christ was crucified, is the holiest place in the world.

The Mohammedans claim that the Mosque of Omar is built over the rock from which Mohammed ascended to Heaven.

And the Jews venerate the Wailing Wall, the last remnant of the ancient Temple of Solomon.

Old Jerusalem is ringed with mouldering and lichen walls that are sunk in history.

The most important entrance to the old city is the Jaffa Gate.

This is the direct entrance from the pilgrim port of Jaffa on the Mediterranean coast.

Lining the road and clustered

MODERN AND TREE LINED

BEAUTIFUL Tel Aviv, shown in the picture above, is the most modern city in Palestine.

Diggers who visit it will remark on its resemblance to Sydney and Melbourne. It has a wonderful beach, and surfing is popular, but you must get up early owing to the heat.

round the gate are beggars and salesmen of every nation.

Armenians jostle with fezzed Turks; Syrians mingle with Spaniards; negroes rub shoulders with Galician Jews; they are all selling sacred images and lucky charms.

Inside the gate the visitor walks the streets in awe and speaks in whispers. These streets have changed but little since Christ walked them.

The Street called Straight, David Street, Christian Street are the most colorful thoroughfares in the world. The high baked houses and bazaars admit bars of sunshine.

Walking the streets are Russian Jews with corkscrew curls, Greek priests in tall black hats, Turks in feses and balloon-shaped trousers; fierce desert Bedouins clad the same as they were in the days of Moses; veiled girls from some silent harem.

Occasionally a high-caste Arab passes by, wearing the agal, kuffieh, and abba, such as are only worn by the Princes of Mecca.

In the bazaars the Turks sell dates and Turkish Delight. The Arabs sell the best coffee in the world.

The Jews sell everything to everybody.

Voices drop again... there is the Via Dolorosa! Along that narrow ancient street Christ carried His cross to Calvary.

Colorful bazaars

OUTSIDE the walls is the greater area of Jerusalem. It is a modern city of fine streets, big parks, wonderful homes, and electric tramcars.

The town of Beersheba will always be associated with Abraham's Well, and the story of Hagar and Ishmael. The Well has been improved and modernised. An oil engine drives it. The water flows into huge cement containers.

During the last war, Beersheba was the headquarters of the Turkish Army.

The Allies took it on October 31, 1917. As the Turks retreated they tried to blow up the Well, and the water tanks.

This was prevented by a brilliant charge of the Australian Light Horse.

The little town of Hebron lies 20 miles south-west of Jerusalem.

It is populated by 16,000 Mohammedans and 400 Jews.

The town was used as a holiday resort by King David. The Crusaders built a church there, but the Moslems have turned it into a mosque.

Many Arabs have accustomed themselves to living in towns. They are in the minority. The wild country still attracts thousands of these desert nomads.

They wander the thirsty deserts of Syria, Iraq, and Palestine, as their ancestors have done since time immemorial.

Jaffa is a very busy port. Each year at least 400 ships carrying pilgrims arrive there.

BON MARCHE

It's Here!...

The New, Improved, Modernised,
1940 "BARKLY"
SEWING MACHINE

The "Barkly" carries
our
Written Guarantee.



Trade in that OLD Machine as part
payment on a New 1940 "BARKLY"

Fitted in a new style Cabinet in a range of Maple or Walnut Veneers. The 1940 "Barkly" is complete in every detail, fitted with vibrating shuttle, simplified tension, heavy balance-wheel, automatic bobbin-winder, sews both ways without the removal of material and is complete with set of handy attachments.

CASH PRICE

£19/19/-

Or take advantage of our Easy Terms.

10/- DEPOSIT, 2/6 WEEKLY.

Bon Marche Ltd., No. 1 Broadway, Sydney.

A HOLIDAY IN MAY

Here is an Exceptional Opportunity
for an Economic Trip to the Mecca
of Sun Worshippers

JUST when winter is getting all set to put a tang in the air which will make you dream of a warming sun, that's the ideal time to start Northward. For May 25 the Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau is arranging a splendid holiday, which will last thirteen full days, each crowded with interest.

Beginning with a motor tour that for three days will take you through the most beautiful country in N.S.W.—passing through historic Port Macquarie, crossing the Northern Rivers, traversing lovely green valleys, skirting mountainous and ocean, we come at last to Coolangatta, on the Queensland Riviera.

Here we locale a full week. At Coolangatta they surf all the year round. It is always spring. And from this beautiful resort we will, daily, provide sight-seeing trips which will give food for conversation for months. Murrumbidgee, the chateau at Razorback, the lakes and hills of Terranora, Springbrook, 3106 feet above sea-level! A visit to Brisbane and Mt. Ootho and a call at Surfers' Paradise! And there will be some nights to remember!

Returning to Sydney, we will take the New England route through pastoral and mountain country, glimpsing the strange Burning Mountain, climbing the Moobill Ranges, and calling at many fine inland towns before we reach Newcastle, the Hawkesbury, and Sydney at 5.30 p.m. on the last day.

The whole thirteen days, with everything provided, will cost only £15/10/-. This, remember, includes all the transport, all the sightseeing trips, and accommodation and meals throughout. There are no extras.

Accommodation is limited, and it is necessary to make early application if you wish to join this party. A deposit of £1 will ensure you a place if sent promptly addressed The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney (Tel. MA4496). Newcastle residents could join at that city at midday on May 25th.

Other Coolangatta Holidays

MEANWHILE the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau is arranging each week, the year round, other Coolangatta holidays. These include fifteen days for £25/5/ (train each way), 16 days; £10 (boat and car each way), and an especially fine holiday of twelve days with a four-day car trip return in Orange, car and boat. This costs only £12/12/-. Remember, all of these prices include full accommodation.

Eight Day Holiday for £5-5-0

THIS is a bargain for those who would like to see the beautiful and thriving town of Orange. It provides car each way (through Katoomba), seven days' accommodation in Orange, car trips while in Orange to Fairbridge Farm and the Canobolas, and car return. You should book well ahead for this splendid eight days.

The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau arranges holidays anywhere, and will help you plan any trip you have in mind. There are no fees.

Pain YOU CAN'T 'EXPLAIN'

Blessed New Relief for Girls
who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping".

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is Myzone's amazing active (anti-spasm) compound... science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little Myzone tablets, with a cup of tea... with your very next "pain". 2/- box. — All Chemists.

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples!" — Miss M.P.



A SINGLE FLY MEANT . . . TRAGEDY IN THIS HOME



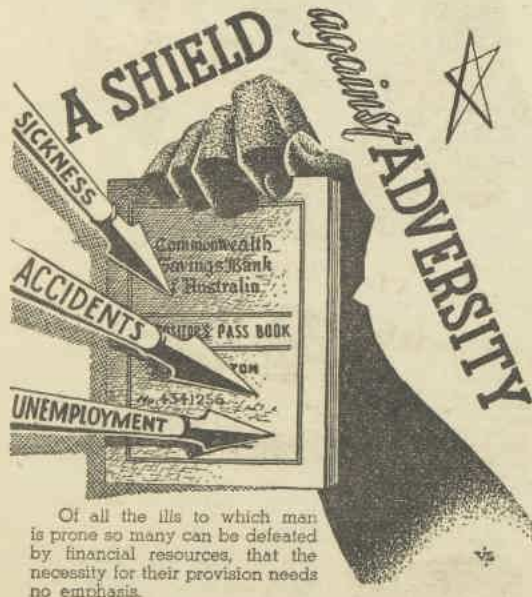
PROTECT your FAMILY WITH FLY-TOX

Experimenting with cheap inferior sprays is dangerous—Get back to Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox is not only more economical, but it is safer, because every fly, every mosquito—in fact, every insect which is sprayed with Fly-Tox must die. Don't dare the danger of dreaded fly infection by using inefficient sprays. Get back to Fly-Tox—a spray to kill!

Stop Gambling—get back to Fly-Tox—it is certain death to all insects.

Back to . . . FLY-TOX IT KILLS all INSECTS

A SHIELD



Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

ACCIDENTS VISITOR'S PASS BOOK

UNEMPLOYMENT

ADVERSITY

Of all the ills to which man is prone so many can be defeated by financial resources, that the necessity for their provision needs no emphasis.

Few of us can build, inherit, or even fortuitously acquire fortunes but all can provide against misfortune. The Savings Bank way is the easiest, safest, surest way of all.

Open your Savings Account to-day.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

Worth the risk

Continued from Page 5

DISTANT was the word, he realised, as his own eyes met hers. Hostile. Distinctly hostile.

For the first time it occurred to Jeff that the whole trouble had really been his fault, that he might have not through the gate without a ticket, caught the noon train and paid cash fare to Boston. He'd been in too much of a hurry to consider that at the time.

It was always best to forgive and forget, Jeff reflected.

"Fancy meeting you here!" he said brightly. "I see we're to be travelling companions."

Her eyes bored straight through him.

"I want to apologise—" Jeff began.

She swung herself around with a jerk, her back turned toward him. Jeff grinned. "It isn't polite to turn your back," he reminded her. No answer.

That was that. Perhaps she'd relent later. Jeff tried to immerse himself in his paper, but he kept trying to think out a way to overcome her dislike of him. It seemed important now. As important as getting to Boston to see Mr. Chester. There were other advertising agencies—but not other girls like this one.

Suddenly the conductor appeared, collecting tickets.

Jeff reached into his pocket and made a ghastly discovery. His billfold was gone!

He went through all his pockets as the conductor approached, then got up, inspected the seat and the floor around it, and frantically searched his pockets again. The billfold had contained his ticket, all his money and every means of identification he possessed.

"Tickets, please." The conductor was a cranky individual who looked as if he lived on sour milk.

"I—I seem to have mislaid my ticket," Jeff said confusedly.

The conductor did not reply. He merely stood there, suspiciously.

"I can't imagine what became of it," Jeff said.

"You'll have to pay cash fare, then."

"But—but I haven't any money. I've lost my billfold."

"Then you'll have to get off, mister."

"I can't do that. I've got to get to Boston."

"I can't help that," said the conductor stonily.

"Look here," Jeff said furiously.

"I'm not trying to beat your darned railroad out of a ride. Why, I work for the Hardwick-Crimley advertising agency in New York."

That magic name made no impression on the conductor.

"Mister," he said, "I don't care if you work for the Interstate Commerce Commission. My orders are to collect a ticket from everyone on this train."

"I bought a ticket and showed it at the gate in Grand Central. I must have lost the billfold somewhere between there and the train, because I looked at my reservation on the way in to find the car and seat numbers."

"Don't remember seeing you at the gate," the trainman said calmly.

"I can prove it. This young lady saw me buy a ticket for Boston."

The conductor glanced inquiringly at the girl. She stared unsmilingly at Jeff.

"I never saw this man before in my life," she said. Was that the flicker of a triumphant smirk on her face?

"Conductor," said Jeff, with a bitter look at her, "it's of vital importance that I get to Boston this afternoon. I'll give you my name and address and send full fare to the company when I get there."

"That won't do," the conductor said flatly. "I'll give you until we get to New Haven. If you can't pay your fare then, off you go!"

As he went down the aisle, Jeff turned desperately to the girl.

"Can't you act like a human being?" he said to the back of her head. "My whole future depends on my getting to Boston to-day."

Silence.

Jeff tried again. "You saw me buy that ticket," he pleaded. "Please!"

It was no use.

Jeff sat back in his seat, his brow corrugated. He had to stay on that train. Then it occurred to him that possibly there might be someone he knew aboard and he jumped up and walked through all the cars, gazing anxiously at the passengers' faces. He recognised no one.

It was 1.30. The Limited was due in New Haven at 2.23. An hour to think of something. He searched his pockets again, produced nothing but some small change—not even enough to pay the fare to New Haven, let alone Boston.

His resentment flared as he looked at the back of the girl's head. It didn't seem possible that such a beautiful girl could be so defeatable.

The Limited silted through Bridgeport. Jeff's brain was numb. He gave up trying to think and fell to glancing through his newspaper.

It may have been the sudden slackening of the train's pace as it reached the New Haven city limits that jarred his scattered wits together and made him sit bolt upright, discarding his paper. He took a notebook from his pocket and began to scribble in it furiously.

When the train stopped, Jeff got up and started for the rear vestibule. The girl looked up.

"Leaving us?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh, no," said Jeff just as airily. "Just going to stretch my legs a bit. I'm the chap who's going to Boston—remember?"

"I hope you'll enjoy the walk," she retorted.

"I never walk when I can ride," Jeff replied. "And listen, my proud beauty, if you tell that conductor I'm coming back—I won't marry you!"

That seemed to stun the girl and she sat there glowering at him as he made his way out of the car.

The conductor's arm was raised in signal when Jeff returned to the train platform and swung aboard just as the Limited jerked into motion.

The girl pretended not to see him as he sat down and waited for the inevitable reckoning with Nemesis in brass buttons.

The conductor displayed symptoms of apoplexy when he discovered that Jeff was still on his train.

"What're you doing here?" he demanded. "I thought I saw you getting off in New Haven."

"I was just taking a stroll," said Jeff cheerily. "Gets tiresome, doesn't it, just sitting?"

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1. There'd be no great fuss if you or I decided to take a trip abroad, yet the whole world is sitting up taking notice of Mr. Sumner Welles' little jaunt to Europe. Certainly, he occupies a proud position in the U.S.A. being—
Secretary to the President—a leading newspaper editor—one of the most popular fiction writers—Under-Secretary of State.
2. Every good Australian should know that a horse's toes number—
Four—eight—twelve—sixteen—twenty.
3. What relation am I to my first cousin's child?
Second cousin—second cousin once removed—first cousin once removed—just plain cousin.
4. Which poet said that "Life is real: Life is earnest!"
Longfellow—Tennyson—Browning—Keats—Wordsworth.
5. Talking of poets, did you know that our own Henry Kendall was born in—
Parramatta—Forbes—Lord

Answers on Page 42

The conductor made a noise like escaping steam.

"You'll have a long time to sit when we get to New London. I'm going to turn you over to the police!"

Jeff shrugged. The conductor hesitated, apparently considering the advisability of stopping the train then and there to dispose of his unwelcome passenger, thought better of it and continued on his rounds.

Jeff appealed to the girl again. "Would you sit there and let an innocent man be—be railroaded to gaol?" he asked.

He saw the reluctant smile on her half-averted face.

"Any man who makes puns like that couldn't be innocent," she said. Jeff sighed. "When I saw you coming into this car in New York I could have thrown myself under the wheels for making you miss that train—except that if I hadn't made you miss it I'd never have known how beautiful you are. If I'd half looked at you there at the ticket window I'd rather have missed a

hundred trains than make you miss one."

"That's a very pretty speech," she told him, "but I'm not interested, really."

Already the train was slowing for New London.

"I hope they have a nice girl here," the girl said.

"Will you have dinner with me to-night in Boston?" Jeff asked. "That is, if I can borrow money from my friends there?"

"If you're in Boston to-night I'll take you to dinner."

"Mr. Jeffrey Somers accepts with pleasure the kind invitation extended by Miss—" Jeff began and paused hopefully.

The girl laughed in spite of herself.

"Wanda Kendall," she said. "As if it could possibly matter! This is New London, you know, where you get off. Here comes someone to remind you."

Please turn Page 42

Join the EASTER & VINTAGE ESCORTED TOURS TO ADELAIDE!



Two Programmes—

FROM MELBOURNE:

1. ADELAIDE AND THE GREAT EASTERN STEPLIFES, MARCH 21-24. Rail journey, Melbourne to Adelaide and return with reserved seats, transfers to and from hotel, hotel accommodation, scenic tours, Oakbank, etc. Inclusive Cost from £8.
2. ADELAIDE—GREAT EASTERN—AND VINTAGE TOUR, MARCH 21-30. Programme as Tour No. 1. PLUS three days in the Barossa Winegrowing District, etc. Inclusive Cost from £13.

(Costs quoted are exclusive of meals en route between Melbourne and Adelaide.)

FROM SYDNEY:

- Tour No. 1 (March 20-31 from Sydney), Inclusive Cost from £11/12/6.
- Tour No. 2 (March 30-31 from Sydney), Inclusive Cost from £13/12/6.

(Costs quoted are exclusive of meals en route between Sydney and Adelaide.)

FROM OTHER PLACES:

- Tour No. 1, Inclusive Cost £4/2/6 PLUS fares to Adelaide.
- Tour No. 2, Inclusive Cost £8/5/6 PLUS fares to Adelaide.

For further Information & Bookings consult S.A. REPRESENTATIVE GOVT. TOURIST BUREAUX, MELBOURNE & SYDNEY or SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVT. TOURIST BUREAU, ADELAIDE.

Real Life Stories

Baby was born as Germans attacked

BATTLEFIELD DRAMA OF YOUNG FRENCH MOTHER

DURING the fighting at Ypres in March, 1915, we the 1st Canadian Division occupied a position in front of a small farmhouse.

The position becoming untenable, nightfall saw us ordered to retire on a stronger position some half-mile to the west.

The farm had been in the possession of the family for several generations. The present occupants were an old man and his wife, with a young married daughter whose husband was with the French troops.

They had steadfastly refused to abandon it. In very bad luck, the French said they could stay, "Germans or no."

Our argument proved futile, our company officer decided it was time

to make our own departure. But barely had we commenced to withdraw from the farm buildings when our platoon sergeant shouted and beckoned us back.

Madam's young daughter, who was in a delicate condition, had, owing to the general commotion and excitement, been unexpectedly brought to bed.

Here was a nice "to do." The Germans were now a mere fifty yards away. There was only one thing to be done.

Keeping under cover as best we could, a steady fire was opened up through the front windows, while our company officer and young madam's mother attended the young woman in a room at the rear.

The Germans managed to effect an entry . . . somehow we drove them out again.

Then followed a nightmare withdrawal from the scene of operations. Madam and babe were placed on a wire mattress in the front. The remainder with the wounded and the old French couple trailed along behind.



"We fired through the windows . . . the mother and our officer attended to the girl."

The going was slow, and the old grandmere became hysterical. At Hooze we turned over our charges to the R.A.M.C.

I don't think anyone there will forget it.

2/1/- to Christopher C. Soden, Upper Ferntree Gully, Vic.

Short and Snappy

THOSE OLD HENS

TWO elderly unmarried ladies came to visit me. Just as I had seated them comfortably on my sofa, my husband came storming into the house.

Those old hens in the place, you're always inside here, don't you do something to keep me away from the house?"

I rushed out and found two hens sitting at the bread which the old man had put in through the window. I had a lot of explaining to do.

2/6 to Regina Grace, c/o P.O. Box 10, Qld.

KEPT HORSE QUIET

SOME years ago, at a livery stable, a woman came to hire a horse. She wanted to know if the horse was quiet. "It's very quiet," the man assured her, "but let the rein get under its tail."

A few hours later I was going to the road. It had come on to rain very heavily. Pulled up on the side of the road was the woman, holding a large umbrella over the horse's tail. She thought the man meant "rain."

2/6 to L. Hirwin, Captain's Flat, N.W.

NEW BRUSH FOR OLD

A MAN in a city store was purchasing a toothbrush. "How many do you want, sir—one for you and your wife?" suggested the assistant. "No thanks," the customer replied. "When I buy a new one, I shall give her the old one." He then added: "She uses it twice her shoes."

2/6 to D. Walter, Ramsgate St., N.W., S.A.

DIDN'T NEED IT

WHILE staying with a friend at Cootamundra I called for him at his butcher's shop. He was very busy and when the telephone rang asked me to answer it for him. A voice said: "Please tell the other not to send the cat's meat ordered, as pussy has caught a flea."

2/6 to Miss Lois M. Row, Darley, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Captured by pirates

MY aunt, a missionary in China, and a friend, also a missionary, were returning to Kwelun, near Canton, and were travelling in a houseboat. When they tied up at the river bank in the evening, soldiers came to guard them from the river pirates, who had killed several people the night before.

Soon after they left next morning, two pirates, armed with revolvers, boarded the houseboat, took their possessions, and made the two ladies accompany them to the hills. Finding my aunt could not walk fast enough, they released her, telling her to raise ransom for her friend. Although soldiers tried for weeks to rescue her, the missionary had to be ransomed. She was ill for weeks after her captivity.

2/6 to Miss B. Watkins, Maramba, S.A.

In Spanish war

DURING the Spanish war while the ship on which I was travelling to England was nearing the Straits of Gibraltar, I witnessed a small battle between the Spanish Government and the Rebels.

A small grey boat came zig-zagging across the water to avoid being hit by shells that were bursting all around it. Then it turned and steered straight for us, intending to take cover behind us.

Immediately the British flag was hoisted and our ship turned and steered clear. Shortly afterwards a British destroyer came up. The ship which had been escaping the gunfire from the land was a rebel ship carrying food. The firing had been from the Spanish Government forces.

2/6 to Enid Leggett, Rickard St., Ryde, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 2.

Dogs to the rescue

WHEN crossing the Wellandilly River on horseback, followed by a sheep dog, Collie, and two four-month-old pups, Nip and Tiger, my horse reared over and fell on one of my legs, pinning me by the ankle.

Only my head was above the fast-running water, and the dogs had reached the other side before they discovered my plight.

Collie swam out to me, and, catching the collar of my overcoat in his teeth, pulled frantically in a vain endeavor to free me.

Tiger and Nip also came to the rescue, but were unable to reach my collar. Each time they were washed downstream, and eventually they sat on the bank and howled dismally.

Exhaustion then compelled Collie to give up his hold, and he joined the pups on the bank in a howling competition.

Several times they swam out to me and returned to the bank, and when, finally, I freed my leg, I struggled to the bank with the three dogs pulling hard on my coat-tails.

2/6 to V. J. Carlon, Barrallier, N.S.W.

Deathbed conscience

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother and I were travelling through South Africa to join her brother. There were few bridges and the 16-horse coach was either dragged across streams or floated over on a raft.

We slept at wayside inns, and there was always a bustle as the horses were harnessed at daybreak. One morning, soon after we left, mother discovered she had left her purse. An English passenger unharnessed a coach horse and rode back for it, but the innkeeper said he had not seen it. The passengers helped us with money until we met my uncle.

Later we went to England, then returned to Australia. Years afterwards we received a letter containing £56 from the Austrian Consul at Kimberley. The man who had stolen the money had confessed on his deathbed, but the matter had been reported to the Austrian Consul in mistake for Australian officials, and we had been traced through the English passenger.

2/6 to Mrs. T. J. K. Gray, Anson Bay, Norfolk Island.

Your complexion stays fresher . . . lovelier all day long . . .



when you tone up your skin with

Pear's Tonic Action

A daily morning process removes all hardness, gives Pear's that unique transparency which is the outward sign of its mellowness, its absolute purity.



Drawn, tired skin can't take make-up well. Your skin must first be made firm and smooth . . . refreshed. So the first step to a perfect make-up is a soothing wash with Pear's For Pear's tonic action tones up your skin and gives it that dewy freshness over which make-up looks so much lovelier.



ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pear's Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

A. & F. PEAR'S LIMITED

10, 190, 36

Worth the risk

Continued from Page 40

THE conductor looked more like Mr. Vesuvius than a man, but before he could reach Jeff's side the porter hailed him from the vestibule and he went away again.

"Why don't you duck while you have the chance?" Wanda Kendall suggested. "He'll be back in a minute with a policeman."

But the conductor did not return with a policeman. He did not return at all until the Limited was well out of New London and in the meantime his attitude had undergone a strange alteration. There was something of awe in his demeanor as he stopped at Jeff's chair.

"It'll be all right, young fellow," he said. His voice trembled slightly and he looked a little pale. "I'm going to let you go through to Boston. You can take care of the fare later."

When he had gone the girl turned around and stared at Jeff in dumb astonishment.

"When you order dinner to-night, don't forget to tell the waiter I like my steak underdone," Jeff said blandly.

"I'll bet," Wanda retorted. "If you made that conductor a good offer for the Brooklyn Bridge he'd jump at the chance. What did you do to make him change his mind—hypnotise him?"

"We're old pals—in the same class up at Sing Sing, but he left before graduation. Didn't tell a soul he was going. Don't mention that, by the way. I promised not to talk if he'd let me ride free."

"You idiot!"

"You're not so bad at whoppers yourself. That one you told him about never having seen me before—"

"Well," Wanda said, "I was furious with you."

"And now?" Jeff pursued.

"What did you do to make the conductor change his mind?"

"Tell you later. At dinner to-night."

"Tell me now."

"Later. You might duck away, you know. No dinner, no story."

"If you think," Wanda assuaged, "that my feminine curiosity's going to be patient until dinner, time you don't know my brand of it. No story, no forgiveness. Not even friendly enmity."

She didn't quite keep that promise, though. By the time the Bunker Hill Limited reached Providence Jeff had established what might at least have been termed a belligerent friendship with her.

A few minutes out of Providence, Wanda said: "You might tell the conductor not to worry so much about you. He just looked in here again. That's twenty times if it's once since we left New London. He seems to think you're going to vanish, like a ghost. It's giving me the creeps."

Jeff did seem to have a strange fascination for the man. He kept peering into the car every few minutes all the way to Boston.

He was nowhere in sight, however, when Wanda said Jeff left the train at South Station. They walked through the station together, Jeff carrying Wanda's bag and his own. Outside, Jeff hailed a cab.

"Don't look now," Wanda cautioned, "but there's a man following us. I saw the conductor talking to him as we came through the station and he pointed at you. He looks like a detective."

"Oh-oh!" said Jeff. "This thing's working out a little too well."

"What did you say?"

"I said of course he's a detective. The chief always sends a bodyguard down from headquarters when I come to Boston."

"This," said Wanda firmly, "seems to be where I come in. I'll leave you

at this point with your bodyguard, if you don't mind. Good-bye!"

"But what about our dinner?"

Jeff protested. "Where'll I meet you?"

Wanda laughed guilelessly. "Oh, that!" she said. "Did you actually think I meant it? Why, I don't know who you are—or what you are. You may even be a Bluebeard, or something. Really, Mr. Somers!"

The cab shot away from the curb, leaving Jeff standing there muttering to himself.

"So that," he said disgustedly, "is a sample of women's curiosity! And I thought she was interested!"

Jeff had a dismal walk uptown to the Chester Advertising Agency on Boylston Street. All his satisfaction at reaching Boston against all odds had evaporated. He had a premonition of disaster in his forthcoming interview.

Mr. Chester eyed Jeff with disfavor when he was ushered into the private office.

"You're a bit late, Somers," he said. "I've got to leave here in half an hour. I'm afraid our conference will have to be short."

Jeff considered telling him of the day's misadventures, but gave up the idea. Mr. Chester would probably think he was crazy.

"We were interested in your advertisement because it showed such originality," the advertising executive continued. "The account I mentioned needs a copy writer with ideas. Let's see some samples of your advertisements you wrote that made you buy the stuff yourself!"

Jeff blushed. "Mr. Chester," he said, "that ad. I put in 'Advertising World' wasn't strictly true. The only accounts I've worked on were the Hardwick-Grimley ones. They're not the kind that call for bright ideas. But I know I could write copy that would make me want to buy the merchandise."

MR. CHESTER frowned. "I'm afraid you wouldn't fit in," he said. "This account's a big one and we can't afford to experiment. We thought from your advertisement you'd had experience with that type of copy. I'm sorry, Somers."

And that, Jeff realised, was the end of Act III. He wondered if there was any possibility that G. K. Grimley would take him back. Thinking it over, he knew perfectly well there wasn't.

Someone knocked at the door of the office.

"Yes, what is it?" Mr. Chester called.

The door opened and Wanda Kendall walked in.

"Oh, hello, Wanda!" said Mr. Chester. "Just get back? This is Mr. Somers, the young man who wrote that ad. in 'Advertising World.' Mr. Somers, this is Miss Kendall, one of our account executives."

"We've met before," Wanda smiled. "He'll do for that account, Mr. Chester. He's a man with ideas, all right!"

And she told Mr. Chester about Jeff's trip to Boston without any money.

"Well," said Mr. Chester, "if Miss Kendall says you're the man for the job, I know you are. She's got plenty of ideas herself and she knows what this account needs. But she didn't say how you managed it—getting here without any money."

"That," Wanda interrupted, "is a story I have first option on. You'll have to wait, Mr. Chester."

"I can't. I'm due at the station in ten minutes. But I'll leave it to you to decide whether he'll do."

THERE was something mentioned then about salary—a figure that made Jeff gasp—and Mr. Chester made a hasty exit for his train and the Pacific Coast.

Wanda said: "Come along to dinner. You see, I do pay my bets."

Things had happened so fast that Jeff felt a little groggy. He had taken big risks to-day—but it had been worth the risk!

They went to a fashionable restaurant.

"I feel pretty low, letting you take me to dinner," Jeff told her.

"It's easy to say that," said Wanda mockingly, "without any money in your pocket."

"I'd say the same thing if I had plenty of money," Jeff replied.

Wanda reached into her handbag and held out Jeff's missing wallet.

"Say it then," she challenged.

Jeff was too flabbergasted to do more than stare at her.

"I saw it on the train platform at Grand Central," she explained, "and when I picked it up and looked inside I found the copy you'd made of the telegram from Mr. Chester. Then I saw you just ahead of me and I knew you must have dropped it."

"But why," Jeff managed to say, "why didn't you give it back to me on the train?"

"I was furious at you for making me miss that train. Besides, the wire said Mr. Chester wanted a man with ideas. I thought I'd see if you'd have any ideas for staying aboard the train without any money. Of course, if they'd really started to put you off, I'd have returned it."

She stopped abruptly and put her hand on his arm.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Look! It's that man again!"

Jeff turned and looked. The man Wanda had seen following them out

The answer is—

- 1.—Under-Secretary of State.
- 2.—Four. (One to each foot.)
- 3.—First cousin once removed.
- 4.—Longfellow.
- 5.—Uladulla.
- 6.—Joseph Priestley.
- 7.—Flight-Lieutenant is higher.
- 8.—Denmark.
- 9.—Mineral. (A whitish, fibrous mineral that is woven into an incombustible fabric.)
- 10.—A kind of portrait.

Questions on Page 40

of the station had come in and was sitting in plain view of Jeff.

Jeff smiled sheepishly. "I don't know just what it means," he said. "But I may land in jail yet."

A newsboy making the rounds of the restaurant stopped at the table and displayed an evening edition with a screaming black banner:

G-MEN NAB KIDNAPPER WITH BOSTON TOTT

"Read all about it!" the boy cried. "Paper, sir?"

"Here you are, son," said Jeff, tossing the lad a coin. "Give the paper to that man over there, will you? Don't tell him who sent it."

The mysterious man took the paper the boy handed him, looked at the front page and his face grew very red.

"I don't think," Jeff observed, "that we'll be bothered with our friend much longer."

As if the man had overheard what Jeff had said, he got up abruptly and left the restaurant.

"That takes a load off my mind," Jeff told Wanda. "That conductor must have taken things altogether too seriously. He probably tipped off the station detectives."

"Jeffrey Somers," said Wanda, "if you don't tell me this instant what this is all about I'll scream!"

"Well," Jeff grinned, "the conductor didn't want me on his train. I decided the only way to stay on was to make him want me to stay. Then I saw a piece in the paper that gave me an idea. So I sent a wire to him at New London from New Haven. I had just enough change in my pocket to pay for it."

He tore from his notebook the piece of paper he had scribbled on as the Limited approached New Haven, and handed it to Wanda.

"Conductor, Train No. 87, New London, Conn.," it said. "Please watch for suspected kidnapper of four-year-old Paul Oaksmith, of Boston, believed on your train." There followed a faithful description of Jeff himself. The wire concluded, "Do not notify local police unless man attempts to leave train before arrival at Boston. Believe he will lead detectives there to kidnapped child. You will share 25,000 dollars reward if child is found. Caution: man is dangerous, may be armed. O'Toole, Detective Division, New Haven Police Dept."

The proper procedure in bidding a beautiful girl good night after taking her dining and dancing for the first time has puzzled many a man. But Jeff was a man with ideas and in this particular case they seemed acceptable to Wanda Kendall later that evening. In fact, she kissed him, too.

(Copyright)

Nearly lost the man she loves...but hot weather hint saves romance

BUT JIM, I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DANCE AFTER DINNER

ON A SWeltering NIGHT LIKE THIS! I'D RATHER BE OUTSIDE WHERE IT'S COOL

SHE THINKS: THAT'S FUNNY. I KNOW HE LIKES TO DANCE. HE'S BEEN SO DISTANT LATELY, I WONDER?

HELLO! DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME LAST NIGHT?

NO! JIM'S ACTING VERY STRANGELY LATELY, RUTH. ANYONE WOULD THINK I HAD "B.O."

WELL, IT'S EASY FOR ANYONE TO OFFEND, ESPECIALLY IN HOT WEATHER. I ALWAYS PLAY SAFE WITH A DAILY LIFEBOUOY BATH

RUTH! IF YOU REALLY THINK... I'LL START USING LIFEBOUOY TODAY!

LATER

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL RING! I'M SURE YOU AND JIM WILL BE VERY HAPPY

RUTH, I NEARLY LOST HIM! A GIRL'S SO FOOLISH TO RISK "B.O."

Beat the heat with LIFEBOUOY

Warm weather brings added risks. So be sure you're not offending. Guard yourself with Lifebuoy's rich, deep-cleansing lather. The special, refreshing health ingredient not only makes Lifebuoy so very mild—but it helps protect you safely as well as thoroughly. Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains.

Protect that Precious Life!

Precious lives—mother and baby—everything must be done to protect them. Above all be careful what antiseptic you use. 'Dettol', the new modern antiseptic, is perfectly safe at childbirth. Many maternity hospitals use it. Take no risks—get 'Dettol'. Ask your doctor or nurse—they use it.

Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.) Sydney

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

LIFEBOUOY NOW IN 2 FORMS Regular and Super-milled

A LEVER PRODUCT

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are staying at the
 southern estate of wealthy
COLONEL RICH: A cotton-planter, whose daughter,
DOT RICH: Has been falsely referred to in the Press as
 Mandrake's sweetheart. After effectively allaying the
 jealousy of

JEFF: Dot's sweetheart since childhood, Mandrake goes on
 a tour of the plantation and becomes interested in
 a story of a one-time pirates' hide-out by the river,
 and a pirate ghost.

OL' JEAN: Who is said to haunt the place. **NOW READ
 ON:**



Ease the agony of SPRAINS

The dull, throbbing ache of sprains is greatly eased when you massage gently with Rexona Ointment. Stiffness and swelling are taken out by Rexona's healing medications, and soon the strained ligaments grow strong and well again. Keep your skin always healthy and clear by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same healing medications as Rexona Ointment.



9.321.52



VI-LACTOGEN RESEMBLES BREAST MILK

Vi-Lactogen so closely resembles breast milk that baby enjoys the advantages generally regarded as exclusive to natural feeding—a complete absence of digestive troubles, a normal rate of growth and weight gain, the formation of sound teeth and good bone, and a general condition of contentment and well-being.

HOW IT IS 'HUMANISED'... Special milk from dairy farms under Nestlé's control is analysed. Sufficient fresh cream and milk-sugar are added to give the same composition as breast milk. Then follows Pasteurisation and then homogenisation, which reduces the large fat-globules to the small size of those in human milk. This makes Vi-Lactogen so readily digestible that even delicate babies experience no difficulty when fed on it.



PHILIP LOMBARD said laconically: "It might be."

Blore went on: "But the other! So neat and prim, wrapped up in that apron—Mrs. Rogers' apron, I suppose—saying: 'Breakfast will be ready in half an hour or so.' If you ask me, that woman's as mad as a hatter! Lots of elderly spinsters go that way. I don't mean go in for homicide on the grand scale, but go queer in their heads."

"Unfortunately, it's taken her this way. Religious mania—thinks she's God's instrument—something of that kind! She sits in her room, you know, reading her Bible."

Philip Lombard sighed and said: "That's hardly proof positive of an unbalanced mentality, Blore."

But Blore went on, ploddingly, perceiving: "And then she was out—in her mackintosh. Said she'd been down to look at the sea."

The other shook his head. He said: "Rogers was killed as he was chopping firewood—that is to say, first thing when he got up. The Brent woman wouldn't have needed to wander about outside for hours afterwards. If you ask me, the murderer of Rogers would take jolly good care to be rolled up in bed snoring."

Blore said: "You're missing the point, Mr. Lombard. If the woman was innocent, she'd be too dead scared to go wandering about by herself. She'd only do that if she knew that she had nothing to fear. That's to say, she herself is the criminal."

Philip Lombard said: "That's a good point. Yes, I hadn't thought of that." He added with a faint grin: "Glad you don't still suspect me."

Blore said rather shamefacedly: "I did start by thinking of you—that revolver, and the queer story you told—or didn't tell. But I've realised now that that was really a bit too obvious." He paused and said: "Hope you feel the same about me."

Philip said thoughtfully: "I may be wrong, of course, but I can't feel

that you've got enough imagination for this job. All I can say is, if you're the criminal, you're a jolly fine actor and I take my hat off to you."

He lowered his voice: "Just between ourselves, Blore, and taking into account that we'll probably both be a couple of stiff before another day is out, you did indulge in that spot of perjury, I suppose?"

Blore shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He said at last: "Doesn't seem to make much odds now. Oh, well, here goes. Landor was innocent right enough, and between us we got him put away for a stretch. Mind you, I wouldn't admit this—"

"If there were any witnesses," finished Lombard with a grin. "It's just between you and me. Well, I hope you made a tidy bit out of it."

"Didn't make what I should have done. Mean crowd, the Purcell gang. I got my promotion though." And Landor got penal servitude and died in prison.

"I couldn't know he was going to die, could I?" demanded Blore.

"No, that was your bad luck."

"Mine? His, you mean?"

"Yours, too. Because, as a result of it, it looks as though your own life is going to be cut unpleasantly short."

"ME?" Blore stared at him. "Do you think I'm going to go the way of Rogers and the rest of them? Not me! I'm watching out for myself pretty carefully. I can tell you."

Lombard said: "Oh, well, I'm not a betting man. And, anyway, if you were dead I wouldn't get paid."

"Look here, Mr. Lombard; what do you mean?"

Philip Lombard showed his teeth. He said: "I mean, my dear Blore, that in my opinion you haven't got a chance."

"What?"

"Your lack of imagination is going

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 6

to make you absolutely a sitting target. A criminal of the imagination of U. N. Owen can make rings round you any time he, or she, wants to."

Blore's face went crimson. He demanded angrily: "And what about you?"

Philip Lombard's face went hard and dangerous. He said: "I've a pretty good imagination of my own. I've been in tight places before now and got out of them! I think—I won't say more than that, but I think I'll get out of this one."

The eggs were in the frying-pan. Vera, toasting bread, thought to herself: Why did I make a hysterical fool of myself? That was a mistake. Keep calm, my girl, keep calm.

After all, she'd always prided herself on her level-headedness! "Miss Claythorne was wonderful—kept her head—started off swimming after Cyril at once."

Why think of that now? All that was over—over. Cyril had disappeared long before she got near the rock. She had felt the current take her, sweeping her out to sea. She had let herself go with it—swimming quietly, floating—till the boat arrived at last.

They had praised her courage and her sang-froid. But not Hugo, Hugo had just—looked at her.

How it hurt, even now, to think of Hugo. Where was he? What was he doing? Was he engaged—married?

Emily Brent said sharply: "Vera, that toast is burning."

"Oh, sorry, Miss Brent; so it is. How stupid of me."

Emily Brent lifted out the last egg from the sizzling fat.

Vera, putting a fresh piece of bread on the toasting fork, said curiously: "You're wonderfully calm, Miss Brent."

Emily Brent said, pressing her lips together: "I was brought up to keep my head and never to make a fuss."

Vera thought mechanically: Repressed as a child. That accounts for a lot. She said: "Aren't you afraid?" She paused, and then added: "Or don't you mind dying?"

DYING! It was as though a sharp little gimlet had run into the solid congealed mass of Emily Brent's brain. Dying? But she wasn't going to die! The others would die, yes, but not she, Emily Brent. This girl didn't understand!

Emily wasn't afraid, naturally; none of the Brents were afraid. All her people were Service people. They faced death unflinchingly. They led upright lives, just as she, Emily Brent, had led an upright life. She had never done anything to be ashamed of. And so, naturally, she wasn't going to die.

"The Lord is mindful of his own. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." It was daylight now; there was no terror. "We shall none of us leave this island." Who had said that? General MacArthur, of course, whose cousin had married Elsie MacPherson. He hadn't seemed to care. He had seemed, actually, to welcome the ideal! Wicked! Almost impious to feel that way.

Some people thought so little of death that they actually took their own lives. Beatrice Taylor. Last night she had dreamed of Beatrice—dreamed that she was outside, pressing her face against the window and moaning, asking to be let in. But Emily Brent hadn't wanted to let her in. Because, if she did, something terrible would happen.

Emily came to herself with a start. That girl was looking at her very strangely. She said in a brisk voice: "Everything's ready, isn't it? We'll take the breakfast in."

Breakfast was a curious meal. Everyone was very polite.

"May I get you some more coffee, Miss Brent?"

"Miss Claythorne, a slice of ham?"

"Another piece of toast?"

Six people, all outwardly self-possessed and normal.

And within? Thoughts that ran round in a circle like squirrels in a cage.

What next? What next? Who?

Which?

Would it work? I wonder. It's worth trying. If there's time, if only there's time!

RELIGIOUS mania, that's the ticket. Looking at her, though, you can hardly believe it. Suppose I'm wrong.

It's crazy—everything's crazy. I'm going crazy. Wool disappearing—red silk curtains—it doesn't make sense. I can't get the hang of it.

The fool, he believed every word I said to him. It was easy. . . . I must be careful, though, very careful.

Six of those little china figures—only six. How many will there be by to-night?

"Who'll have the last egg?"

"Marmalade?"

"Thanks. Can I cut you some bread?"

Six people, behaving normally at breakfast.

The meal was over.

Mr. Justice Wargrave cleared his throat. He said in a small, authoritative voice: "It would be advisable, I think, if we met to discuss the situation. Shall we say in half an hour's time in the drawing-room?"

Everyone made a sound suggestive of agreement.

Vera began to pile plates together. She said: "I'll clear away and wash up."

Philip Lombard said: "We'll bring the stuff out to the pantry for you."

"Thanks."

Emily Brent, rising to her feet, sat down again. She said: "Oh, dear."

The judge said: "Anything the matter, Miss Brent?"

Emily said apologetically: "I'm sorry. I'd like to help Miss Claythorne, but I don't know how it is. I feel just a little giddy."

"Giddy, eh?" Doctor Armstrong came towards her. "Quite natural. Delayed shock. I can give you something to—"

"No!" The word burst from her lips like an exploding shell.

It took everyone aback. Doctor Armstrong flushed a deep red.

There was no mistaking the fear and suspicion in her face. He said stiffly: "Just as you please, Miss Brent."

She said: "I don't wish to take anything—anything at all. I will just sit here quietly till the giddiness passes off."

They finished clearing away the breakfast things.

Blore said: "I'm a domestic sort of man. I'll give you a hand, Miss Claythorne."

Vera said: "Thank you."

Emily Brent was left alone, sitting in the dining-room. For a while she heard a faint murmur of voices from the pantry. The giddiness was passing. She felt drowsy now, as though she could easily go to sleep. There was a buzzing in her ears—or was it a real buzzing in the room?

She thought: It's like a bee—a bumblebee.

Presently she saw the bee. It was crawling up the windowpane.

Vera Claythorne had talked about bees this morning. Bees and honey. She liked honey. Honey in the comb, and strain it yourself through a muslin bag. Drip, drip, drip.

There was somebody in the room—somebody all wet and dripping—Beatrice Taylor come from the river. She had only to turn her head and she would see her. But she couldn't turn her head.

If she were to call out—But she couldn't call out. There was no one else in the house. She was all alone. She heard footsteps—not, dragging footsteps coming up behind her. The stumbling footsteps of the drowned girl.

There was a wet, dank smell in her nostrils. On the windowpane the bee was buzzing, bumping. And then she felt the prick. The bee sting on the side of her neck.

In the drawing-room they were waiting for Emily Brent.

Vera Claythorne said: "Shall I go and fetch her?"

Blore said, quickly: "Just a minute."

Vera sat down again. Everyone looked inquiringly at Blore.

He said: "Look here, everybody. My opinion's this: We needn't look farther for the author of these deaths than the dining-room at this minute. I'd take my oath that woman's the one we're after!"

Armstrong said: "And the motive?"

"Religious mania. . . . What do you say, doctor?"

Armstrong said: "It's perfectly possible. I've nothing to say against it. But of course we've no proof."

Please turn to Page 46

VI-LACTOGEN
contains
everything
to make and
KEEP HIM
HEALTHY

EXTRA VITAMINS 'A' AND 'D' REPLACE EMULSIONS
Extra Vitamins 'A' and 'D,' drawn from rich, natural sources, are added to Vi-Lactogen. Unpleasant, oily emulsions are thus replaced. Vitamin 'A' is the protective vitamin, guarding against infection and promoting growth. Vitamin 'D' helps to prevent rickets and bone or teeth deficiencies.

EXTRA ORGANIC IRON, TOO. . . . Organic iron, of which there is little in cow's milk, is added to Vi-Lactogen in the exact proportion equivalent to that in breast milk. Baby is then safer from the risk of anaemia.

Now you can see why Vi-Lactogen babies are so well nourished and healthy. Vi-Lactogen is next best to breast milk. So easy to prepare, too; all you do is add hot (boiled) water.

VI-LACTOGEN
THE READY MODIFIED OR 'HUMANISED' INFANT FOOD

A FAIRY TALE for To-day

Modern Prince Charming finds Sleeping Beauty

Stella Gibbons' new book, "My American," is a modern romance with all the elements of a fairy story—Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty combined.

Amy Lee, a timid, secretive little English girl, orphaned at the age of twelve, is her Cinderella-Sleeping Beauty.

Bob Vorst, a stalwart blond young American, is her Prince Charming.

MRS. BEEDING, the baker's wife, who gives Amy a home, Miss Lathom, her sympathetic schoolteacher, and Lord Welwoodham, owner of an old-fashioned boys' paper, who gives Amy a job as office girl, are her good fairies.

And the ogres are old Mr. Porteous, her father's bibulous friend, Miss Grace, the sour typist in "The Prize" office, and a gang of bootleggers who nearly remove Bob from the fairy story.

Amy first meets Bob, when they are both twelve, in a London museum, and she asks him to lend her a picture to get home.

The only person Amy loves, her mother, had died a year before, and Amy lives a lonely existence. She is a prolific secret writer, the dream people in her stories more real to her than her father or Mrs. Beeding and the Beeding children.

Timid and secretive, she is deeply conscious of her mother's presence, and even talks to her aloud at times.

When her father dies Amy is befriended by the Beedings, but keeps her secret world, the characters in her stories, to herself until she confesses to Good Fairy Lathom that she is an "author" and is joined an old school-room to write in.

When she leaves school, Amy becomes office-girl at "The Prize."

She has been there four years when, fired by the success of an old author who has been writing boys' stories for forty years, she submits a story under an assumed name.

Lord Welwoodham realises he has discovered a genius—Cinderella's pumpkin coach has arrived.

A few years later the Cinderella-Sleeping Beauty is installed in a sumptuous flat with the padded, luxurious quietness that only money can buy.

She is elegantly groomed and dressed. She has met all London's celebrities. Her name is blazed on



Heroine, introduced as orphan school-girl.



STELLA GIBBONS, whose new book, "My American," is a fairy tale romance.

neon signs as the author of books that have been screened.

But she is unhappy. She cannot make friends with people, and no man has asked her to marry him.

"It is commonly admitted," says Stella Gibbons, "that money is delightful, but it must also be admitted that money is not much use if you happen to want things which money cannot buy. There is no extraordinary merit in wanting such things; to want them does not give you the right to despise other people who want the things that money can buy; it only means that your money, though useful, will not be more important to you than anything else in the world."

"... when she was a child she had been able to retreat from loneliness and fear into her secret world; and now, when she was grown up and famous and rich, her secret world was becoming unreal to her. Outside was the real world, covered with millions of people with homes and families, with their work troubles and their money troubles. . . . And she knew nothing about any of these people, nor about the things they cared for. . . .

"The power to love that had slept in her nature since the death of her mother, and fed in its trance upon the beings in her dream-world, moved in its slumber and wept."

In the manner of all good fairy stories, the story of Amy and her Prince Charming switches back and forth across the Atlantic, recording their separate histories.

Bob is now a medical student but he becomes associated with a gangster and disappears from his home.

Through the years there has been a visionary link between the Sleeping Beauty and Prince Charming.

"Tender and true"

SHE has dreamed of a young man who resembles the little boy she had met in her childhood.

He dreams of a dark-haired nymph whose identity always eludes him. And he, too, like Amy, is unhappy.

"If he could find a girl who was brave yet tender, like Jo in 'Little Women.' That was the kind of girl he wanted, but American girls, lovely and grand as they were, were not like Jo—and would they laugh at the ideal?

"A girl who did not want a man to give up everything for her, a girl who would do as she was told. . . . a girl who was 'tender and true,' as the old song said. . . ."

When Amy's literary agent suggests a lecture tour in America she suddenly remembers the little boy at the museum and the American coin he gave her, which she still treasures wrapped in a scrap of paper with his address on it.

In America Amy meets his sister Lou, and learns that her visions of him, in which he seemed to be in

danger, were substantially true.

When Prince Charming awakens the Sleeping Beauty he is by no means the Prince Charming of an orthodox fairy story.

He is a weary, unkempt young man who has had nothing to eat and slept on park benches for several nights in his flight from the gangsters.

But Prince Charming has been transformed by a bath and a shave, a new suit, and a meal by the time they have identified each other with the visions that have haunted them for twelve years.

When he kissed her, "they lived happily ever after" came into her mind; the lovely ending to all the fears of the fairy tale, the desire of the world."

And this being a right-and-proper fairy story—they did.

Stella Gibbons has forsaken the kindly satire of "Cold Comfort Farm" and "Nightingale Wood," but her ironic humor and human understanding intrude in this twentieth century fantasy to give it depth and plausibility.

"My American," by Stella Gibbons (Longmans).

Wealth and fame transform the heroine—and she finds romance.



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

Beware the "tough" Piscean! He may prove troublesome

MOST Pisceans—people born between February 19 and March 21—find it rather difficult to choose careers and go steadily, without deviation, toward the goals of that vocation. Still others are too modest about their own abilities.

The wise Piscean, therefore, will learn to overcome the self-doubt, indecision, and diffidence in his nature, and cultivate determination, consistency, and self-assurance.

Mothers will do well to make note of these things in their children, and try to equip them for later life by developing strong characteristics.

When the Piscean baby proves too modest and shy, or too ready to accept imposition or domination on the part of his playmates, he should be encouraged to assert himself and to take pride in his own accomplishments.

Similarly, when the child seems too changeable, wanting to do two things at once, or to start on one, only to drop it in favor of the other, he should be shown that only by making up his own mind in the first place and keeping to plan can he hope to reach the goals he is seeking.

Parents' responsibility

UPON the shoulders of parents rests much of the responsibility of seeing that their children are well trained for the battle of life; and according to their efforts, so can they expect satisfaction and happiness.

Children of this sign should also be encouraged, early in life, to give consideration to the vocation they would like to follow. This early forethought may save them many dissatisfied and fruitless years of struggle along one line of endeavor when all the time they are better fitted for an entirely different one.

In the choice of a career, too, it should never be forgotten that the Piscean is usually a rather emotional, trustful, kindly person, who has within himself an inherent desire for entire or partial seclusion as the background for his most sincere and worthwhile efforts at self-expression.

That is one reason why so many Pisceans (men and women both) are found working in hospitals and other humane institutions. Many others are found in religious fields and in research laboratories.

There is an element in them which makes them thrive best in such environments—an element which strongly attracts them to the unceasing and spiritual.

Of course, all Pisceans do not belong to the more dreamy and charitable type of their sign. There is another type which seems to develop exceptional strength of will and keen business acumen, a person who may in public deride the more spiritual and mystic side of existence, and strive to show the world how hard and clever he can be in outwitting his fellows in the "tough" business world.

Such Pisceans will bear watching, either as likely trouble-makers or as objects of respect and admiration.

It all depends upon his ideals and his degree of natural kindness.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair for you. Routine best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Quite fair for you on March 3 and 4.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Wise Geminians will get back and let the other chap be aggressive at this time. The Geminians are anything but helpful, especially on March 9, 20 and 30 (full moon).

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Clever Cancerians can turn March 3, 4, and 19 (new moon) to good account. Their stars favor changes, promotions, favors, new ventures, and confident action. Keep busy.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Plan ahead, for your stars are on their way. Meanwhile, complete outstanding routine tasks and be ready for action.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Downy Virgians can get themselves into trouble, especially on March 3, 4, and 10. Avoid arguments, upsets, changes, losses and partings.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Not spectacular, but you must get all urgent matters under way unless they can wait some weeks. Plan now.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): If you are awake to your opportunities and abilities, you can turn the present period to good account. Many Scorpians can benefit considerably, especially on March 3, 4, and 10 (early). Go after advancement, favors, begin new enterprises and make changes.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Many Sagittarians will find themselves their own worst enemies at this time. Be particularly cautious and wise on March 3 and 9. Better times ahead.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Quite fair on March 3, 4, and 5 (early).

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Unpredictable. March 3, 4, and 7 just fair.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): A good time can be had by many Pisceans just now, provided they are diligent and optimistic. Do not waste the planetary relations along you on March 3 and 9. Seek promotion and favors.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUTH can be yours QUICKLY!

Nature—and medicine—have a remedy for premature Old Age. Don't feel that life has ended for you—your days and nights need no longer be wrecked by lack of sparkle, vigour and vitality. The first glass of WINCARNIS—the "No Waiting Tonic"—will give the alertness of youth to your entire system. WINCARNIS is a rich, nourishing blend of the choicest wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. It does you good immediately—your brain, heart and nerves feel the benefit of the first glass. This is not just a vague claim, but a statement supported by over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. Start a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day. Your Chemist stocks it. Your health needs it. You will like it—WINCARNIS is the most pleasant way of regaining quickly the vigour and vitality of youth.

LIPS THAT MEN

Love

TO KISS

Women the world over have learned that MICHEL LIPSTICK keeps their lips kiss-inviting. That's because MICHEL is a balanced lipstick that intensifies the natural lip color, blends perfectly with delicate skin tones, protects and keeps your mouth soft as a baby's. Michel really does triple duty. It gives your lips rapturous color, frees and protects them from chapping and parching, keeps them supple in all weathers. 7 appealing shades: Blonde, Brunette, Vivid, Raspberry, Capucine, Cherry, Scarlet. Price 2/- Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.



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MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE





YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

Spend 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of **Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture** (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hacking cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Hard, burning, achy

CORNS

Lift right out

one drop does it

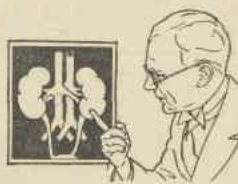
● Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of **Frozol-ice**, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain in 3 seconds. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. **FROZOL-ICE** is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists and stores sell **Frozol-ice** for 1/6***

Blame Kidney Weakness for your agonising BACKACHE

Here is where your Backache starts—in your kidneys. Directly your kidneys weaken and fail to do their work of cleansing your bloodstream, poisons accumulate and give rise to that never-ending pain in the back. It is no use saying: "The pain will go off." It is bound to come back again and again, worse each time, until you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys with **De Witt's Pills**, the remedy specially prepared to end Kidney Trouble.

The cleansing effect of **De Witt's Pills** will be obvious to you within 24 hours after the first dose. In a very short while your kidneys will be working properly. Backache will be a thing of the past.

Get a supply of **De Witt's Pills** and start to end Backache now.



Mrs. Rhoda R. Wall, of 94, Wells Street, Newtown, Sydney, writes: — "Your wonderful pills have done me a lot of good. I have been a sufferer for years with my back and always had a headache. A friend recommended me to try **De Witt's Pills**, and before I had finished the first bottle my pains had vanished like magic. I feel 20 years younger and can get about and do my housework quite easily — a thing that has been a trouble to me for years."

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 44

VERA said: "She was very odd in the kitchen when we were getting breakfast. Her eyes..." She shivered.

Lombard said: "You can't judge her by that. We're all a bit off our heads by now."

Blore said: "There's another thing. She's the only one who wouldn't give an explanation after that gramophone record. Why? Because she hadn't any to give."

Vera stirred in her chair. She said: "That's not quite true. She told me afterwards."

Wargrave said: "What did she tell you, Miss Claythorne?"

Vera repeated the story of Beatrice Taylor.

Mr. Justice Wargrave observed: "A perfectly straightforward story. I personally should have no difficulty in accepting it. Tell me, Miss Claythorne, did she appear to be troubled by a sense of guilt or a feeling of remorse for her attitude in the matter?"

"None whatever," said Vera. "She was completely unmoved."

Blore said: "Hearts as hard as flint, these righteous spinsters! Envy, mostly!"

Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "It is now five minutes to eleven. I think we should summon Miss Brent to join our convalescence."

Blore said: "Aren't you going to take any action?"

The Judge said: "I fail to see what action we can take. Our suspicions are, at the moment, only suspicions. I will, however, ask Doctor Armstrong to observe Miss Brent's demeanour very carefully. Let us now go into the dining-room."

They found Emily Brent sitting in the chair in which they had left her. From behind they saw nothing amiss, except that she did not seem to hear their entrance into the room.

And then they saw her face—suffused with blood, with blue lips and staring eyes.

Blore said: "Good heavens, she's dead!"

The small, quiet voice of Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "One more of us acquitted—too late!"

Armstrong was bent over the dead woman. He sniffed the lips, shook his head, peered into the eyelids.

Lombard said impatiently: "How did she die, doctor? She was all right when we left her here!"

Armstrong's attention was riveted on a mark on the right side of the neck.

He said: "That's the mark of a hypodermic syringe."

There was a buzzing sound from the window. Vera cried: "Look, a bee—a bumblebee! Remember what I said this morning!"

Armstrong said grimly: "It wasn't that bee that stung her! A human hand held the syringe."

The Judge asked: "What poison was injected?"

Armstrong answered: "At a guess, one of the cyanides. Probably potassium cyanide, same as Anthony Marston. She must have died almost immediately by asphyxiation."

Vera cried: "But that bee? It can't be coincidence?"

Lombard said grimly: "Oh, no, it isn't coincidence! It's our murderer's touch of local color! He's a playful beast. Likes to stick to his accursed nursery jingle as closely as possible!"

For the first time his voice was uneven, almost shrill. It was as though even his nerves, seasoned by a long career of hazards and dangerous undertakings, had given out at last.

He said violently: "It's mad—absolutely mad—we're all mad!"

The Judge said calmly: "We have still, I hope, our reasoning powers. Did anyone bring a hypodermic syringe to this house?"

Doctor Armstrong, straightening himself, said, in a voice that was not too well assured: "Yes, I did."

FOUR pairs of eyes fastened on him. He braced himself against the deep hostile suspicion of those eyes.

He said: "Always travel with one. Most doctors do."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said calmly: "Quite so. Will you tell us, doctor, where that syringe is now?"

"In the suitcase in my room," Wargrave said: "We might, perhaps, verify that fact."

The five of them went upstairs, a silent procession.

The contents of the suitcase were turned out on the floor. The hypodermic syringe was not there.

Armstrong said violently: "Somebody must have taken it!"

There was silence in the room.

Armstrong stood with his back to the window. Four pairs of eyes were on him, black with suspicion and accusation. He looked from Wargrave to Vera, and repeated helplessly, weakly: "I tell you someone must have taken it."

Blore was looking at Lombard, who returned his gaze.

The Judge said: "There are five of us here in this room. One of us is a murderer. The position is fraught with grave danger. Everything must be done in order to safeguard the four of us who are innocent. I will now ask you, Doctor Armstrong, what drugs you have in your possession?"

Armstrong replied: "I have a small medicine case here. You can examine it. You will find some sleeping stuff—trional and sulphonal tablets—a packet of bromide, bicarbonate of soda, aspirin. Nothing else. I have no cyanide in my possession."

The Judge said: "I have, myself, some sleeping tablets—sulphonal, I think they are. I presume they would be lethal if a sufficiently large dose were given. . . . You, Mr. Lombard, have in your possession a revolver."

Philip Lombard said sharply: "What if I have?"

"Only this: I propose that the doctor's supply of drugs, my own sulphonal tablets, your revolver and anything else of the nature of drugs or firearms should be collected together and put in a safe place. That, after this is done, we should each of us submit to a search—both of our persons and of our effects."

Lombard said: "I'm hanged if I'll give up my revolver!"

Wargrave said sharply: "Mr. Lombard, you are a very strongly built and powerful young man, but Inspector Blore is also a man of powerful physique. I do not know what the outcome of a struggle between you would be, but I can tell you this: On Blore's side, assisting him to the best of our ability, will be myself, Doctor Armstrong and Miss Claythorne. You will appreciate, therefore, that the odds against you, if you choose to resist, will be somewhat heavy."

Lombard threw his head back. His teeth showed in what was almost a snarl. "Oh, very well then. Since you've got it all taped out."

Mr. Justice Wargrave nodded his head. "You are a sensible young man. Where is this revolver of yours?"

"In the drawer of the table by my bed."

"Good."

"I'll fetch it."

"I think it would be desirable if we went with you."

Philip said, with a smile that was still nearer a snarl: "Suspicious devil, aren't you?"

They went along the corridor to Lombard's room. Philip strode across to the bed table and jerked open the drawer. Then he recoiled with an oath. The drawer of the bed table was empty.

"Satisfied?" asked Lombard.

He had stripped to the skin and he and his room had been meticulously searched by the three other men. Vera Claythorne was outside in the corridor. The search proceeded methodically. In turn Armstrong, the Judge and Blore submitted to the same test.

The four men emerged from Blore's room and approached Vera. It was the Judge who spoke: "I hope you will understand, Miss Claythorne, that we can make no exceptions. That revolver must be found. You have, I presume, a bathing dress with you?"

Vera nodded.

"Then I will ask you to go into your room and put it on, and then come out to us here."

Vera went into her room and shut the door. She reappeared in under a minute, dressed in a tight-fitting, silk ruffled bathing dress.

Wargrave nodded approval. "Thank you, Miss Claythorne. Now, if you will remain here, we will search your room."

Vera waited patiently in the corridor until they emerged. Then she went in, dressed, and came out to where they were waiting.

The Judge said: "We are now assured of one thing. There are no lethal weapons or drugs in the possession of any one of us five. That is one point to the good. We will now place the drugs in a safe place. There is, I think, a silver chest, is there not, in the pantry?"

Blore said: "That's all very well, but who's to have the key? You, I suppose."

Mr. Justice Wargrave made no reply.

He went down to the pantry and the others followed him. There was a small case there designed for the purpose of holding silver and plate. By the judge's directions, the various drugs were placed in this and it was locked. Then, still on Wargrave's instructions, the chest was lifted into the plate cupboard and this in turn was locked. The Judge then gave the key of the chest to Philip Lombard and the key of the cupboard to Blore.

HE said: "You two are the strongest physically. It would be difficult for either of you to get the key from the other. It would be impossible for any of us three to do so. To break open the cupboard, or the plate chest, would be a noisy and cumbersome proceeding, and one which could hardly be carried out without attention being attracted to what was going on."

He paused, then went on: "We are still faced by one very grave problem: What has become of Mr. Lombard's revolver?"

Blore said: "Seems to me its owner is the most likely person to know that."

A white dint showed in Philip Lombard's nostrils. He said: "You pig-headed fool! I tell you it's been stolen from me!"

Wargrave asked: "When did you see it last?"

"Last night. It was in the drawer when I went to bed—ready in case anything happened."

The Judge nodded. He said: "It must have been taken this morning during the confusion of searching for Rogers or after his dead body was discovered."

Vera said: "It must be hidden about the house. We must look for it."

Mr. Justice Wargrave's finger was stroking his chin. He said: "I doubt if our search will result in anything. Our murderer has had plenty of time to devise a hiding place. I do not fancy we shall find that revolver easily."

Blore said forcefully: "I don't know where the revolver is, but I'll bet I know where something else is—that hypodermic syringe. Follow me."

He opened the front door and led the way round the house.

A little distance away from the dining-room window he found the syringe. Beside it was a smashed china figure—a broken nigger boy.

Blore said in a satisfied voice: "Only place it could be. After he'd killed her, he opened the window and threw out the syringe and picked up the china figure from the table and followed on with that."

There were no prints on the syringe. It had been carefully wiped.

Vera said in a determined voice: "Now let us look for the revolver."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "By all means. But in doing so let us be careful to keep together. Remember, if we separate, the murderer gets his chance."

They searched the house carefully from attic to cellar, but without result. The revolver was still missing.

To be continued



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Medium & Standard Sizes

Only the art of the true perfumer can produce such fragrances as those of Morny Toilet Soaps—only the finest materials can give that soft, luxurious lather so soothing to the most delicate skins.

MORNAY, REGENT ST., LONDON
The Home of British Perfumery.

THE HOMEMAKER

March 2, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

CURVES ARE IN . . .

BUSTLINES and softly curving hips are in vogue again . . . pencil-slim silhouettes have no place in the new season's fashions . . . No need to be a slave to diet charts if you follow these rules.

A LITTLE bit of fat, properly distributed, of course, is in fashion. This may sound like rank heresy to those of you who have been following every diet fad for the past several years. But I'm not fooling.

You can relax and eat at last. For the clothes of this past season—clothes that show off your figure—have made it the fashion to have some figure to show off!

You've no idea how good it will make you feel to put on a few pounds of weight. For with those added pounds will come a little rise in your reservoir of vital energy that makes a vast difference in your outlook on life.

You take on surprisingly more physical and nervous endurance.

And a little added weight will improve your looks enormously. Just as reducing shows first in your face, in hollow eyes and deepened lines, so adding weight brings roundness and smoothness first of all to your cheeks. Little lines and wrinkles fill out. You look younger, rested.

If you are fortyish, you may have to smack and knead at your under-chin a little harder, to keep the added fat from settling there. And you may have to walk more every day, or do floor exercises more faithfully, to keep the pounds from piling up on your hips.

But it is quite possible to put on

By JANETTE



RELAXATION is the secret of gaining weight. Betty Grable, RKO starlet, once lost nearly a stone during the production of one picture, but since then has mastered the art of complete relaxation.



A YOUTHFUL FIGURE, with plenty of feminine curves, won 19-year-old Brenda Joyce her big chance with 20th Century-Fox.



A CRISPLY browned waffle piled with butter and honey for a quick lunch on the set. Anne Shirley has no figure problems.

five pounds or more of weight without increasing your hip measurements.

You gain weight when you eat more food day by day than you really need, more than your body uses up, so that there is some left over for storage in the form of fat. The fat will settle down in various muscular tissues.

You can use exercise or massage to send it on its way to find rest elsewhere, if it piles up excessively on your stomach or hips.

How much food your system uses up in a day depends on how much energy you spend in work or exercise or worry.

Work and exercise use up food

energy by their physical activity. Mental work and worry use up food energy just as surely. To gain weight, therefore, you have to eat more, and work and worry less, so as to leave a surplus of food energy for fat storage.

It is the women who are worriers who will find this hardest to do.

They are the very ones who have no appetite to eat more, and who find it hardest to spend less energy, for their very dispositions are nervously energetic. So they may find these suggestions helpful.

Instead of trying to eat three heartier meals, try eating five or six light meals. After the family have gone off to school and work, and you've cleaned up the kitchen and made all the beds, sit down for ten minutes with a second light breakfast before you tackle the ironing or whatever your morning's work is to be.

Have a glass of milk and a sandwich.

Many housewives don't bother to get themselves lunch, unless they have youngsters coming home from school. You must, if you want to put on weight. And a plate of salad isn't enough, either, unless it

is a salad made hearty by the addition of substantial vegetables like potatoes, cauliflower, peas, beans, carrots, beets.

There are dozens of cheese dishes, and dozens of ways to prepare macaroni, spaghetti, or rice, for lunches that will supply rich energy for your afternoon's work.

And then, along about four o'clock, have another snack. Some fruit, or a glass of fruit juice. A sandwich and tea, or a glass of milk and a few biscuits.

Have a snack at bedtime. Just for the "plus" it gives to your day's intake. Hot milk or a hot food drink is perfect to make you sleep soundly, to nourish you without taxing your digestive system when you are tired.

Eating more, in the form of five or six light meals a day, will in itself help you relax and be less nervous and tired.

School yourself to habits that conserve your energy. Never stand when you can sit; use a high kitchen stool, for example, when you iron, wash dishes, and prepare vegetables. Never sit when you can lie down. Treat yourself to being lazy. It will give you the "figure" for new autumn clothes.



Eating



Smoking



Swimming



Kissing

POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

REALLY *Stays on!*

Now, Pond's bring you a really indelible lipstick that stays on—if you eat, smoke, swim or kiss. Pond's Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It's everything you've ever hoped for in a lipstick . . . smooth but firm, natural looking, lasting and constant in colour.

Pond's lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright sunlight or under the glare of electric lights. Imagine that! A new kind of lipstick that is as alluring by night as it is by day. Six smart new shades to choose from, and the price is only 2/- and 1/-.

Day and night use

pond's INDELIBLE lipstick





ABOVE: Fruit salad in a scooped-out pineapple case makes a tempting summer sweet.
RIGHT: Ideal for the picnic meal is this appetising ham-and-egg pie.

For a picnic meal try these TASTY COLD DISHES

PIQUANT recipes that will bring new zest to jaded summer appetites. And best of all they are quickly and easily made.



*Deliciously
Satisfying!*



FIRST FAVORITE WITH THE WHOLE FAMILY



Everybody loves Swallow and Ariell Plum Pudding. No wonder! They're mixed to a treasured "Olde English" recipe—cooked to perfection, and expertly packed in hermetically sealed tins to retain all their purity and goodness. Serve Swallow's Plum Pudding often—its economy will amaze you! In handy sizes, 1½ lb. for 3 serves to 3 lb. for 18 serves.

Swallow & Ariell
THE UNEEDA BAKERS

GET your full quota of fresh air these balmy summer days and serve meals out-of-doors. Kiddies adore the excitement of a picnic—and so do most grown-ups—but even if you can't spare the time to pack a dainty hamper and steal away for the day you can surprise the family with tempting luncheons and teas served camp-fashion on a shady porch or on the lawn.

SALMON AND MACARONI TART

One large tin salmon, 4oz. cooked macaroni, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, squeeze lemon, salt and cayenne to taste, 1lb. shortcrust pastry.

Flake salmon and add to cooked macaroni and cheese. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, mix well, and pour on the milk. Cook until thickened. Add parsley and lemon juice, then fold salmon and macaroni into sauce.

Line a large tart plate with the pastry. Fill with salmon and macaroni sauce. Cover with pastry, glaze with yolk of egg, and cook in hot oven for 12 minutes to brown pastry, then decrease heat and cook 15 minutes. Allow to cool before packing.

JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

One tablespoon powdered gelatine, 1 pint clear, well-flavored stock, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup cold cooked chicken (or other white meat), 1 cup salad dressing, few capers and gherkins, lettuce leaves and tomato rings.

Soak gelatine in a little of the cold stock. Heat remainder, add soaked gelatine, stir till dissolved, and leave to cool. When it begins to thicken add salad dressing, celery and chicken, mix well and pour into wet individual moulds and leave till firmly set.

Turn out onto a crisp lettuce leaf and garnish with capers, sliced gherkin, and tomato rings. Serve very cold.

BALMORAL TARTLETS

Two ounces butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. cake crumbs, 1oz. crystallized cherries (diced), 1oz. candied peel, 1oz. rice flour, 2 eggs, 1lb. shortcrust pastry.

Make shortcrust, roll out thinly, cut into rounds, and line buttered patty tins with it. Cream butter and sugar. Stir in yolks of eggs, add cake crumbs, chopped peel, cherries, and rice flour. Whip egg-whites stiffly, stir in lightly and fill cases with mixture. Cross two narrow strips of pastry on each tartlet and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes.

COFFEE PICNIC LOAF

One scant cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2oz. almonds (blanched and chopped), 1 tablespoon each of melted butter, brown sugar, and cinnamon.

Beat eggs well, cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, then milk gradually, and, lastly, flour, cream of tartar and carbonate of soda sifted together. Mix well and pour into a well-greased flat baking dish. Sprinkle almonds on top.

Bake in a moderate oven 4 hour, turn out, while hot brush with melted butter, sprinkle cinnamon and sugar thickly over. Cut in slices, butter evenly, and serve with coffee.

FRUIT SALAD IN PINEAPPLE CASE

One large pineapple, cherries, peaches, bananas, oranges, castor sugar, lemon butter dressing.

Cut top off pineapple, remove the pulp, being careful not to break the case. Dice pineapple, add other fruits cut up roughly, sprinkle well with sugar. Fill pineapple case ready to serve.

LEMON BUTTER DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALAD

One egg, juice 1 large lemon, 1 tablespoon crystal sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 gill whipped cream.

Beat egg to a froth, add gradually the lemon juice, sugar and melted

CHEESE LOAF

Half-pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, 1 gill milk, 1 egg, 3oz. cheese.

Warm the milk and add cheese. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and rub in butter. Beat egg and add to milk and cheese, then mix with dry ingredients. Shape into loaf with twist on top or place in a loaf tin. Cook in hot oven (425deg. F.) for half an hour. When cool cut into slices and serve with butter.

PEACH AND PRUNE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

To decorate bottom of cake tin; Quarter cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, stewed sliced peaches, stewed prunes, stoned and halved.

Melt butter in a round or square cake tin, 8 inches in diameter, add brown sugar and mix well. On top of butter and sugar arrange peaches and peach slices.

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter, 5oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 gill milk, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs gradually, then milk and soda, beating until smooth and creamy. Add sifted flour and cream of tartar and mix lightly. Pour over fruit and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. Test with skewer and when cooked remove from oven and leave two minutes before turning out to allow caramel on bottom to set.

HAM-AND-EGG PIE

Shortcrust Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 6oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Filling for Pie: Half-pound ham cut into fairly thick slices, 6 to 8 eggs, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix yolk of egg, lemon juice and water together and sift in flour and salt. Rub butter lightly into flour until free from lumps. Add water gradually, and make into a very dry dough. Lift onto a floured slab, make into a smooth round shape, and cut into two pieces. Roll one piece out large enough to line the tart plate. Press pastry well into the shape of the plate.

Place in a layer of ham. Break eggs separately into a saucer, and pour onto ham, arranging them at equal distances, until ham is well covered with eggs. Sprinkle with pepper and a little salt (ham is salted), cover with remaining ham. Roll out the other piece of pastry and cover tart. Pinch edges together. Glaze with white of egg and place in hot oven (450deg. F.) until pastry has browned, then reduce heat and cook half an hour longer. Serve hot or cold. Sufficient for eight persons.

By
MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

butter. Cook in double saucepan over boiling water until thickened, cool and fold in the whipped cream.

SAVORY SCONES

Scone Mixture: 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 gill milk, 1 teaspoon salt.

Make into a scone dough. Roll out rather thinly, spread savory mixture on one piece, cover with another, and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven.

Savory Mixture: Chop finely 2 hard-boiled eggs, melt 1 tablespoon each of butter and anchovy paste, a good pinch cayenne and a squeeze lemon juice. Mix well together and place a small quantity on each scone.

PEANUT BUTTER DATES

Quarter pound pitted dates, peanut butter, savory spikes.

Place a small quantity of peanut butter in middle of date, fold over and thread on savory spike.

Pile in small dishes and serve as after-luncheon savory.

They're never late for meals



A SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD



BIXIES
8 oz., 1 point.
24 oz., 3 points.

WHEN BIXIES ARE SERVED

Here's a cereal that puts an edge on the laziest early-morning appetite. Youngsters—grown-ups—and in-betweens all applaud this crunchy-crisp and golden cereal.

It's because of the rich persuasive flavour that's packed into every flake of Bixies. It's because of the special way, which Sanitarium have, of releasing the true inner taste of pure, whole wheat, and sealing it for breakfast table enjoyment. And there's a mighty good supply of balanced nourishment in every plate of Bixies. Make it a habit . . . "BIXIES FOR BREAKFAST".

BIXIE FEATURES

- (1) Bixies contain all the rich nutriment of whole wheat—mineral salts, vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, roughage—in ideal proportions and easily digestible forms.
- (2) With cream or milk, honey, fresh or stewed fruit, there's no more delectable breakfast than a plate of Bixies. And when you're baking you'll find a hundred ways to add food value and variety with these crisp, flavourful flakes.



SAVE COUPONS FROM THESE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS ALSO

- BETTA PEANUT BUTTER
Points: 4 oz. (1); 8 oz. (2); 12 oz. (3).
- MARMITE
Points: 1 oz. (1); 2 oz. (2); 4 oz. (4); 8 oz. (8); 16 oz. (16).
- KWIC-BRU
Points: 4 oz. (2); 8 oz. (4); 16 oz. (8).
- WEET BIX
Points: 12 oz. (1); 24 oz. (2).
- SAN BRAN
Points: 8 oz. (2).
- GRANOSE
Points: 12 oz. (1); 24 oz. (2).
- CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
Points: 8 oz. (1); 16 oz. (2).
- CERIX PUFFED RICE
Points: 8 oz. (1).

ALL COUPONS ARE INTERCHANGEABLE

WHAT TO DO

All gifts are available at the following addresses—
 SYDNEY: 17 Hunter Street.
 MELBOURNE: York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade.
 PERTH: 444 Hay Street.
 HOBART: 41 Elizabeth Street.
 LAUNCESTON: 62 Charles Street.
 NEWCASTLE: Cnr. Tenter Street and Parkway Avenue, Hamilton.
 If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.
 This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia or Queensland.

SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS

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Free quick gift coupons from Bixies combine with coupons from other Sanitarium Health Foods for any of the many useful and valuable gifts that are offered. The more Sanitarium Health Foods you use the quicker you collect your free gifts.



Sanitarium

HEALTH FOODS

Don't delay—help the Red Cross to-day!

Bring blossom to arid areas with a

CHEMICAL GARDEN—Says **THE OLD GARDENER**

WHEN passengers by Pacific Clipper airships reach Wake Island, a small strip of pure sand in the North Pacific, they are fed on fresh vegetables, much to their surprise.

Ripe tomatoes, peas, crisp lettuce, cool cucumbers, and

cantaloupe melons are served or sold to them by the few people occupying this tiny island.

Travellers look around amazed, for they see no gardens. The island has no soil, other than pure sea sand, yet they are assured that these

fresh vegetables and vine fruits are grown on the spot.

When they visit the homes of officials the secret comes out, for they see tanks and troughs containing vegetable plants and many flowers, all growing luxuriantly—in liquid chemicals.

For several years chemists in different parts of the world have been working on this new method of plant production, which is known to science as hydroponics, or soilless growth.

On present appearances, hydroponics seem to offer a solution of the difficulty of growing certain classes of food in regions or districts where absence of suitable soil or other local conditions ordinarily limit production.

Railwaymen and miners whose families have to live for long periods in arid or semi-arid country have already found soilless growth the answer to their constant appeals for some method whereby they could

YOU CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!



Breakfast was a problem in the Potter family. Betty just would not eat. Mother coaxed and threatened—but it was no use. Betty began to lose weight. Mother was desperate.



"What can I do?" Mother asked her next door neighbour. "Try Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. My kiddies can't resist the funny little Snap! Crackle! and Pop! when you pour on the milk."



Now Betty sits down happily to a big bowl of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morning . . . and she's looking much better for it already. Remember, Rice Bubbles are such a nourishing, easily digested food, they're just the breakfast every growing child should have.



READY IN A JIFFY! No cooking needed with Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. You just pour them straight out of the packet on to your plate. Your grocer sells Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

R12



CINERARIAS BRING a riot of color. Although rather difficult to cultivate, experiments show these plants to thrive when grown by this new method.

obtain the fresh vegetables so necessary for the maintenance of health.

Some months ago on this page I gave particulars of work conducted by people in different parts of the Commonwealth with soilless growth, and the story created wide interest.

Since then hydroponic societies have sprung up in various States, and companies have marketed the chemicals in either liquid or powder form, ready for use.

The writer has tried various plants (flowers and vegetables) with varying success in tanks under the liquid or water culture system, but experience has shown that the sand or gravel culture system will probably be found the most practical in the end.

Water culture

BRIEFLY, I can say that the growing of plants by this method can be carried out by obtaining concrete or wooden troughs that have been painted inside with asphalt derived from asphalt base petroleum.

The troughs have to be about 1 ft. deep. Wire mesh trays are then fitted into the top of the tank. These are covered with wood wool and a final layer of peat moss, or coconut fibre alone.

The plants, in most cases, are grown first in the soil, then when big enough to handle they are lifted and their roots washed free of soil, and placed through the mesh in the wire trays until they reach the chemical nutrient.

The plants grow rapidly and suffer from no soil-borne diseases,

and the quality of vegetables is said to be much improved.

In the sand or gravel system the chemicals are mixed up and added to sand or gravel which is placed in the bottom of the tank. The plants are then embedded in the sand and the chemical nutrient is pumped in and kept to a certain level by the pump.

This system overcomes weeding, digging, and many other difficulties associated with gardening, and can be carried out equally well by flat-dwellers, owners of very small blocks of land, or those living in sandy, arid areas where manure and good soil are absent.

Much has yet to be learned in Australia regarding this system, but it can be said that experimenters have had considerable success with a wide range of plants.

Chemists in Sydney have explored the commercial possibilities of soilless growth, and officially the system has been described as "a good hobby, but impossible under present conditions of being made a commercial success."

Russians, Americans, and West Australians have, however, shown that under very favorable conditions, and given separate formulae for certain plants, soilless growth can be successfully utilised commercially.

A formula has been drawn up, based on small experiments, by the Chemists' Branch of the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture.

This is for sand culture, and sufficient to make up 100 gallons.

The hydroponic (the name given



GRACEFUL, long-stemmed lilies are film-star Jane Bryan's favorite flower. Because of soilless growth these beautiful flowers are now cultivated in many districts where they could not formerly be grown.

to those adopting soilless growth must mix up 6oz. of superphosphate, 5oz. of nitrate of soda, 7oz. of magnesium sulphate crystal (epsom salts), and 3oz. of muriate of potash.

Iron has to be added to this solution every 10 or 14 days to keep the solution in proper order, and this is prepared by making a stock solution by dissolving 1 teaspoonful of crystallised sulphate of iron in 1 quart of water. One pint of this solution must be added to each 100 gallons of the nutrient solution before use.

Minor elements also have to be added to the stock solution, and these are added by mixing 1 teaspoonful of boracic acid, the same amount of manganese sulphate, 1 teaspoonful of zinc sulphate and just as much copper sulphate crystal as will rest on the point of a penknife. These chemicals should be dissolved in half a gallon of water and 5 tablespoonfuls should be added to each 100 gallons of the nutrient solution.

Greater output

THE chemicals are then pumped into the troughs or tanks containing sand or gravel, and the plants set out in position.

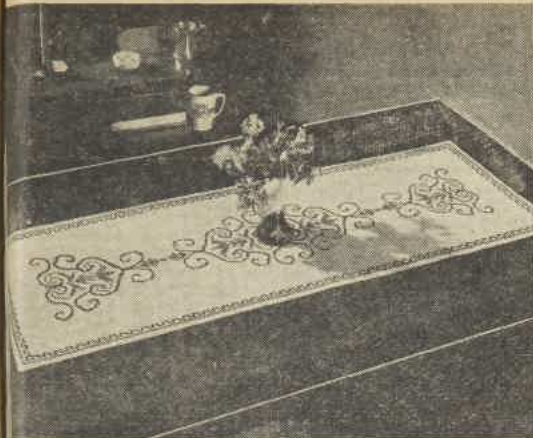
Unlike the water culture system, in which the plants grow in fibre above the solution, the plants need no staking or tying.

A large number of books and pamphlets has been published on the subject, based mostly on overseas work, but local men are now publishing the results of their experiments.

Sufficient has been seen of hydroponics in Australia to suggest that when compared with normal soil culture the use of the chemical gardening process results in a greater output of a better product at a reduced cost.

Chemical gardening or soilless growth will not result in a revolution of agricultural or horticultural practice, but it is possible that home-growers will find in this method an easy and feasible solution to many of their most costly and vexing problems.

While the sellers of the chemicals give no guarantee that the results will please everybody, and no formula has been found that will prove satisfactory for every sort of plant, they do say that with improving technique the results will be most gratifying and profitable.



NEEDLEWORK otions

Make this...

CROSS-STITCH TABLE-RUNNER

IT'S in such an unusual design, this cross-stitch table-runner . . . you will surely want to work one straight away for your dining table.

Patterns ready for working are obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on pure quality crash in a natural color, or on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green pure Irish linen, or on Cessarine in shades of cream, blue, or green.

AN UNUSUAL cross-stitch design has been used for this graceful table-runner, which is obtainable traced ready for working from our Needlework Department.

The runners measure 12 inches by 36 inches. Cross-stitch is so effective when done in gay colors, it will require the following Anchor stranded cottons working:—Ten skeins P. 510 (dark marine-blue), skeins P. 777 (mid. shamrock), and five skeins 548 (dark russet-green). These may be obtained

from our Needlework Department, price 2d per skein. When the embroidery is finished, turn a small hem and slip-stitch on the wrong side to the back of the cross-stitch border.

Prices for the runner are 3/6 in linen or crash, 2/9 in Cessarine. Post free.

Pastel georgette BED JACKET

A LOVELY bed jacket in pastel ripple georgette, which is obtainable from our Needlework Department, with the pattern and embroidery design traced on the material, ready for you to embroider and make up.

It is obtainable in sizes of 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch waists. The pattern and embroidered design are traced on white, cream, blue, pink, green, or turquoise pastel-quality georgette.

The graceful embroidery can be done in lazy daisy or stem-stitch, and should be worked in pastel shades to harmonise with the particular color of georgette chosen. Stranded cottons may be obtained, 2d per skein extra, from our Needlework Department. You will require about 4 skeins for working.



The easiest way to clean false teeth is to put them with 'Steradent' powder in water, as directed on the tin. This action penetrates every crevice, removes film and stains, and sterilizes your dentures. You may put your dentures in 'Steradent' overnight or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress. Chemists sell it in 2/- and 3/6 tins.

Steradent
REDUCED TRADE MARK
and sterilizes false teeth
(See Box) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

Too Fat For Comfort

Reducing treatment is by far the most and most effective for the majority of cases, and having only health and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It not only affects the heart and can have no effects and on getting down in normal condition desired, one does not immediately gain weight again as in the case of action by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Signs, Pharmaceutical chemist, of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties for many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Pills at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each box. The Reducing Massage Cream sets absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Sea-salt slimming Bath Salts are used as a rub for drastic reduction, 2/- each, post 6d. for 6 pkts., post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Consult with all over Commonwealth. Write him.

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THIS EXQUISITE bed jacket in pastel ripple georgette is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced ready to embroider and cut out.

Mexican design Traymobile Set

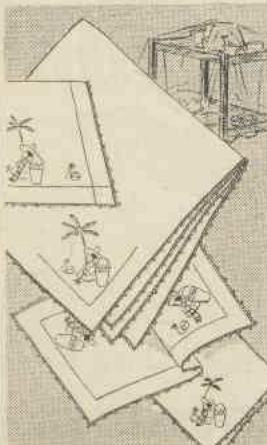
HERE the "Sleepy Mexican" design has been applied to an exquisite traymobile set, consisting of throwover, tea-cosy, traycloth, and serviettes.

You can order the complete set, or separate pieces, as you prefer, from our Needlework Department.

They are traced ready for working on fine-quality organdie in colors of white, blue, yellow, or green. Edges either spoke-stitched or plain. Kindly state which you require when ordering.

The design is worked in satin-stitch in bright peasant shades.

Prices are: Throwover, 36 x 36 inches, 2/11 each; traymobile cloth, 14 x 25 inches, 3/3 each; tea-cosy, 13 x 10 inches, 2/9 each; serviettes, 11 x 11 inches, 9d. each. Or the complete set, 8/6, post free.



YOU'LL surely want one of these charming traymobile sets worked in a picturesque Mexican design on pure quality organdie.



A CLOSE-UP of the "Sleepy Mexican" design, which is worked in bright peasant colors.



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Mothers! Cut out that daily tedious scrubbing. Use Solvol for your children's hands and knees. The soft, plentiful penetrating lather gets out even ground-in dirt in a jiffy. So easy for you . . . so much gentler to their sensitive skin.



-whenever you wash your hands
... use **SOLVOL**

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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The heat and sting of sunburn are cooled and soothed when you apply Hinds Cream. This rich, creamy liquid soaks into the dry, drawn skin, easing the tenderness, making the dry, rough skin soft and supple again. Hinds Cream acts quicker and last longer because it is liquid and extra creamy. Be faithful to Hinds and Hinds will be faithful to your loveliness.

1/- and 2/- everywhere.
The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of the 1/- size.
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Honey & Almond CREAM

Free Offer—To put moisture in your hair, send this Hinds Honey and Almond Cream advertisement, with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 180-GO G.P.O., Sydney, and a 3d. packet of Hinds Hairspray will be sent free.



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Worry Wrecked Her Nerves

A TIRED-OUT, COLOURLESS
GIRL

"I have a responsible position where
I am employed and business worries made
my nerves a wreck," states Miss N.B., of
Thornbury, Melbourne. "I got very run-
down, nervous and tired out."

"At last I decided to try Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills. Since taking these pills I have
made wonderful improvement. I have
a very good appetite, my nerves are fine,
and I have regained colour in my cheeks
which wasn't there before I took these
pills. I have never felt better."

Women and girls who take Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills enjoy such sparkling
spirits and fitness that they never tire of
praising the merits of this famous old
preparation. These pills always help to
create new rich, red blood which restores
the nerves, gives brightness to eyes and
spirits and a translucent, delicious colour-
ful glow to cheeks and lips. Get a 2-
bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day
and discover what it is to be youthful,
colourful, and fit. As chemists and
stores.

What is Rheumatism?

PATIENT: I have been
suffering from rheu-
matism for many
months, yet though I have
tried many recommended
"cures" I have not received
any relief.

Doctor: When you read in the
papers or hear over the wireless
that somebody has invented a cure
for rheumatism, you should first
certify the exact type of rheumatism
for which a cure has been dis-
covered.

Rheumatism is a vague word,
applied in a vague way to a number
of different aches and pains that
are in no way related.

Rheumatic fever

IF we say that a child is suffering
from rheumatism, and that its
heart is damaged as a result, then
the word is a label for acute rheu-
matic fever, often a serious disease;
but that rheumatic fever is not even
a remote relation of the numerous
aches and pains we group together
under the title, "rheumatism" or
"the rheumatics," which afflicts
adults so commonly.

The acute rheumatism of young
adults and children then is a special
disease, due to a special germ, and
responding to certain special treat-
ment, and mainly attacking the
joints and the heart of the patient;
but the ordinary "rheumatism" which
prevents a woman from polishing the
linoleum, or a man from running
for the 8.20 train to town, is a dif-
ferent affair altogether.

It is generally an affliction which
attacks the tough, fibrous tissue
round muscles, nerves or joints;
many of these attacks of neuralgia,
or lumbago, or sciatica are all pretty
much the same thing, but have
nothing to do with rheumatoid arth-
ritis, for instance, or with gout.

We know that rheumatism is not
common in very hot climates, yet,
strangely enough, while it is certain
that warmth in various forms—

[WHAT MY PATIENTS] [ASK ME . . . By a Doctor]

either ordinary hot fomentations, or
the heat produced by modern forms
of electrical treatment, often cures
the patient—still people who wear
heavy clothing and otherwise coddle
themselves are just as liable to the
"rheumatics" as those who are
scarcely clad.

In the body there is a vast amount
of fibrous tissue. It is a sort of
wrapping paper, and neatly enfolds
almost everything inside us. It
forms delicate little scabbards in
which the nerves run; it covers all
the bones; and a membrane of
fibrous tissue covers the brain. And
since in this there are little nerves,
our bodies can ache badly when the
fibrous tissue becomes inflamed.

One chief cause of all these
sciaticas and lumbagos and painful
backs and "rheumatic headaches"
is an upset in our digestive machin-
ery, something that interferes with
the complete absorption of our food.
Certain products are left over, and
become poisons in the body before
the body rids itself of them; it is
then they attack the fibrous tissues.
Such poisons are produced, and
do their venomous work, after the
too-free eating of meaty foods, it
may be, or after too liberal helpings
of fermented and spirituous liquors.
And cold or damp weather and
sudden atmospheric changes of any
kind are powerful allies of "the
rheumatics."

I have noticed that changes in
weather are especially likely to
bring on aching in muscles or joints
(or, rather, in the fibrous tissues
round muscles and joints) that have
been damaged or overworked in
some way or other.

Strained joints

"RHEUMATICS" of this kind often
settle round a joint that has
been sprained. That is the reason
why we hear a good deal about
"writer's cramp" and "tennis elbow"
and "golfer's shoulder." The joint on
which the biggest strain is put—
whether it be the wrist-joint or
the elbow or shoulder—is the one
which suffers most severely.

Lumbago, I should judge, is so
common because the back muscles
have the tremendous job of keeping
us in an upright position every day
of our lives. Strong though these
muscles are, they are continuously
strained for hours on end.

Every doctor has had patients,
too, who have said that the pain
in the back of the neck or in the
lower part of the spine has gripped
them while under a cold shower, or
in a cold plunge bath.

More than once I've read of
swimmers who have uttered a
sudden cry of pain, have thrown
up their arms, and have sunk for
good. I believe that many of those



ENTHUSIASTIC GOLFERS are often troubled with what is known
as "golfer's shoulder." This is a form of rheumatism which settles
round a joint on which great strain has been put.

unfortunates have had a sudden
attack of these "rheumatics," a
twinge of acute pain which rendered
them powerless. I believe that
many drowning accidents which we
read of as due to "cramps" can be
attributed to the same cause.

A strict eye should be kept on
diet. The patient must not have
an over supply of meaty foods,
should be careful about his drinks.
To cleanse the intestinal tract with
calomel in suitable doses is a good
idea, for this will rid the system
of accumulated poisons.

Many people with this particular
kind of "rheumatism" (this fibrositis
as it's called) have lower tempera-
tures than ordinary people. That
is why any treatment which helps
to bring the temperature of the
painful joints up to a normal height,
or even above it, is very likely to
give comfort. So heat baths, light
baths, electrical treatment, and even
the plain, homely hot bath are use-
ful. But this heat treatment should
be given at once, as soon as the
pain begins, and continued as long
as the pain lasts.



The Successor to "The
Grand Parade," pre-
sented by the Rural
Bank of New South
Wales.

You are Invited...

To stroll through lovely gardens; to wander through
spacious old rooms, alive with the interest of old
furniture and memories of another day; to see
splendid estates emerge from the wilderness; to
share the hopes, sorrows, romances, the setbacks
and triumphs of those men and women who built

"THESE OLD HOMES"

The dramas of historic homes and families through-
out New South Wales from early colonial times to
the present day.

2GB

SUNDAY AT 9.40 p.m.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The Importance of Milk in the Diet

MILK is a natural food, and
nature has made provision that
every mammal—the highest order
of animals, including man—can
provide its offspring with a food
just suited for its proper growth and
development until it can fend for
itself.

The milk of every animal is in-
tended for its own particular young.

Very interesting statistics are now
available on the composition of
various milks, which prove that the
different food-components are
found in varying amounts in dif-
ferent milks, to suit the development
and growth of the particular animal
for which nature intended it.

Milk can be a dangerous food if it
is used for the young of another
animal (such as cow's milk for the
human young), if it is not properly
modified to suit the individual baby's
needs.

In summer time, particular care
must be exercised in modifying and
keeping baby's milk mixture. A
special leaflet on this subject has
been prepared by The Australian
Women's Weekly Mothercraft Ser-
vice Bureau. Any reader interested
in this subject can obtain this leaflet
free of charge by sending her re-
quest, with a stamped, addressed
envelope, to The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O. Sydney.
Please endorse your envelope
"Mothercraft."

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE soap



Renders
coarse red
skin smooth
and supple
as velvet

..and avoid BLEMISHED SKIN

Gives the skin
a thorough
Antiseptic
Cleansing

Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL
and TOILET Soap, it does two
essential things to your skin. It main-
tains radiant skin health in spite of
frequent exposure to the weather; and
it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin
the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In
Cuticura Soap the unique soothing,
healing and antiseptic medicaments
of Cuticura are combined with the
most exquisitely refining and beauti-

fying ingredients ever devised. The
result is a soap with a superlative
cleansing and beautifying action. To
relieve sore, rough skin, also to heal
pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura
Ointment. After the bath enjoy the
cooling, refreshing fragrance of super-
fine Cuticura Talcum.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS



MISS STOPPERS have a way of getting fixed in the necks of bottles, and if forced the necks may break. Stand the bottle in water, adding a little warmer until it stands near the neck. Then drop with a feather a few drops of olive oil on to the rim—soon the stopper will move.

Miss Precious Minutes

SHE does her housework in double quick time . . . the reason being that our Miss Precious Minutes knows all those little tricks that save time and trouble. And on this page each week she passes her handy hints on, so that you can do the same.

TO hang up your cleaning brushes, wash-up mops, egg-slices, and other frequently-used household articles, have hooks nailed into the end of the handles to fit on to hooks in your kitchen cupboards.

Don't hang them up by loops of string. Besides tangling and being much more trouble to hang up, string loops become dirty very quickly, whereas metal screws remain clean and tidy for as long as you require them.

GOOD way to get rid temporarily of callosities and hard corns on the feet is to use cuticle remover. You let it remain a minute or so, rinse off, then rub away with a rough towel. This will make a hard callous less painful—but remember this is only a temporary measure. To remove the callosities permanently you must remove the fundamental cause.

FOR those children who have to be persuaded into drinking their daily milk, try this for their evening meal. Scald but don't boil the milk. Add a dash of salt, a touch of sugar, a little nutmeg or cinnamon, and beat it all up hard. Chill it well.

WHEN storing summer clothes away during the winter months, clean all articles thoroughly before putting them away. Carefully remove all grease spots and dust. Clothing that is not washable should be dry-cleaned, and washable articles left rough-dry. White articles that are usually starched should be left rough-dry and unstarched.

GREASE spots on kalsomined or distempered walls should be scraped off and then the mark cleaned with a rag soaked in carbon-tetrachloride, petrol, or strong soda. After the grease has been removed the wall should be lightly brushed over with a hard, dry brush.

TO keep butter fresh and sweet, don't cover it up too closely or it is liable to go rancid. If you haven't a refrigerator, there are lots of very efficient and inexpensive butter coolers now on the market.

THE glass of picture frames can be easily cleaned with a moistened flannel tied round some powdered blue.

CLEAN wooden picture frames with ordinary furniture polish. For those white enamel frames use hot, soapy water, a clear rinse, and a dry duster for polishing.

A BED should not be made for at least an hour after you have stripped it. Let it air thoroughly by stripping bedclothes right off the bed, and arch the mattress so that both sides get a good airing. The windows should first be opened top and bottom and the door left open.

FLOORS need plenty of care . . . The strongest and best materials can't be expected to give good service if dust and grit are left to be trodden in day after day. When you are moving heavy furniture about, don't drag it along, straining the floor surface and perhaps digging grooves right into the wood. Always get someone to help you lift furniture.

COIR MATTING can be best cleaned by beating it hard to remove the dust, then scrubbing with warm water and salt in the proportion of 2 tablespoons of salt to



TO MAKE a polished table really look nice, give a rub over with a liquid paste and finish off with a perfectly clean duster and you will find it giving a very fine gloss.

every 2 quarts of water. Rinse afterwards in cold water and dry out of doors.

HAIR BROOMS should be washed from time to time in soapy water and hung out to dry at once. Of course you will never stand a broom on its bristles, but upside down—preferably hung up in a special broom rack.

WHEN kalsomining walls it is advisable to retain a small quantity of the original wash in a tightly-stoppered bottle or airtight tin, so that damaged patches, dirty marks, etc., may be covered with new distemper. It is difficult and almost impossible to match the exact tint of the original wash if this is not done.



Every Little Rabbit, whether young or old—Is better far with "GRAVOX" In PIE or STEW or MOULD.

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GRAVOX THE IDEAL GRavy MAKER FOR ALL MEATS

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How I got rid of UNDERARM HAIR



more razors or smelly pastes

Never does it appear in bathing suit or evening dress. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and legs. I had tried every razor—electric, safety, and straight razor. Nothing made the hair grow faster and more. It was so dense and it was so hard to get rid of. I tried "VEET" and it was a relief. This dainty cream removed the hair every time of hair in 9 minutes. Left the skin soft and velvety-smooth. No nicks, no irritation like the razor leaves. "VEET" is a young woman's hair trouble for ever. Send 4/- (for 4 weeks) to all Chemists and Stores.

WARRIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains reliable information and advice. Copies of it are sent for postage to Department of Social Affairs, 45 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 158-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



146,776
New A.M.P. Policies
were taken out by Australians last year

A.M.P. POLICIES:—

- (1) Increase a man's self-respect.
- (2) Give him peace of mind.
- (3) Preserve his home and his home life.
- (4) Feed and clothe widows and children.
- (5) Help young couples to marry.
- (6) Provide cash in emergencies.

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LATEST RECIPES . . . from our readers

● More fascinating recipes for you to try on the family . . . all prizewinners in our weekly best recipe competition. Anybody can enter this interesting contest, so why not send us your favorite recipe?

A RECIPE for the homely scone in an appetising new guise wins first prize of £1 this week. And there are lots of other tempting dishes—sweet and savory—which have received a consolation prize of 2/6 each.

To enter this competition all you have to do is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

HONEY AND CINNAMON SCONES

Half pound self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons caster sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 beaten egg, about 2/3 cup milk.

Sift flour with caster sugar, salt, and cinnamon. Rub in butter with fingertips. Mix into scone dough with honey and enough slightly warm milk to make about 1 cup with half beaten-up egg. After slightly kneading dough and pressing out, cut into rounds, and glaze tops with rest of beaten egg. Bake in very hot oven about 6 or 8 minutes. Turn on to sieve to cool and cover with clean towel. When cold, split and spread lavishly with butter creamed and mixed with honey.

These scones are eaten cold and are delicious.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. L. Honeysett, Alt Crescent, Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T.

ALMOND AND CHERRY PANCAKES

Two eggs, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 pint cream, 1 teaspoonful caster sugar, 2oz. ground almonds, 1oz. finely chopped glace cherries. Make a batter by beating eggs and

cream well, and adding sifted flour, and lastly sugar. Let this stand for 30 minutes. Then add chopped cherries and ground almonds.

Pour a small quantity of the batter in hot fat in a frying-pan. Brown on both sides.

Serve with lemon and sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Mullinger, Sackville St., Balmoral, Brisbane.

BANANA MERINGUE

Three bananas, 1 tablespoon jam, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2oz. sugar, 1oz. butter, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 lemon, 1oz. caster sugar.

Mash 2 bananas with jam and put into a greased pie-dish. Boil together the milk, sugar, butter, breadcrumbs, and lemon rind. Let them cool for a minute or so and then stir in the slightly-beaten egg-yolks. Pour the mixture over the bananas and bake for 30 minutes.

Beat the egg-whites stiffly and stir in the caster sugar. Heap with meringue and brown it in the oven. Decorate with sliced banana.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Richardson, Kent St., Coorparoo, Qld.

TOMATO PUDDING

Six ounces breadcrumbs, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4 tomatoes.

Grease a pie-dish and arrange a layer of sliced tomato in the dish. Heat the milk in a saucepan, stir in the breadcrumbs, and continue to stir over gentle heat till the mixture thickens. Add the cheese and yolk of egg, whisk the white stiffly and stir into the contents of saucepan. Pour on top of tomatoes and bake in a brisk oven until risen and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Stevens, 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

LITTLE CAKES.

feather-light and cunningly iced, are popular favorites. You will love the recipe given her for Rummy Cakes.

2

APPLE HEDGEHOGS

Large cooking apples of the same size, white of egg, caster sugar, blackberry or red currant jelly, blanched almonds, apple syrup.

Pare and core apples. Roll up apple parings into piles and place one in the centre of each apple. Brush over with white of egg and put the apples aside until quite dry, then brush over again with white of egg and sprinkle with caster sugar.

Put the apples neatly into a pie-dish, cover with greased paper, and bake them in a slow oven until tender, but not broken.

Remove apple paring and fill the cavity with blackberry, black currant or red currant jelly, and let it set. Have ready some blanched almonds cut into thin spikes and stick the apples over with these. Serve cold with apple syrup.

APPLE SYRUP

Cook a large apple in well-sweetened water flavored with lemon juice and a clove. Strain it before serving with apple hedgehogs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Klenke, Melaleuca, Woodchester, S.A.

LITTLE RUMMY CAKES

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1lb. butter, pinch salt, 4 dessertspoons milk, 1 cup mixed fruit (if liked), 1 dessertspoon rum.

Cream butter with half the sugar. Beat egg-whites to stiff froth. Add rest of sugar, then egg-yolks one by one, beating well. Add to creamed butter and sugar, add salt, milk, and flour, and bake in cake containers. The cakes may be iced with warm icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Stockwell, Tiaro, N.C. Line, Qld.

DELICIOUS DATE CAKE

Three tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1lb. dates, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2



cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Soak dates, soda, golden syrup, and milk for 1 hour.

Beat butter and sugar to cream. Add eggs separately. Beat well. Then add date mixture, and lastly flour and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Lomax, 81 Roderick St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

GINGER ALE CAKE

One pint bottle of ginger ale, 10oz. butter, 1lb. sugar, 12oz. flour, 6 eggs, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. peel, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. almonds, 1 tablespoon glycerine, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1 grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch of salt.

Cut up fruit, and soak all night in ginger ale. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add fruit, spice, flour, brandy, and glycerine last. Bake 3½ to 4 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Healey, 13 Manilla St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

One bottle white wine, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, rind of 1 pineapple, 1lb. loaf sugar, 6 passionfruit, 1 bottle soda water.

Thinly pare oranges and lemons. Wash well rind of a pineapple, and pour white wine over these. Allow to stand all day.

Two hours before serving, add loaf sugar, juice of oranges and lemons, and passionfruit juice (strained). Place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Then add a bottle of soda water or lemonade and serve with crushed ice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McGregor, 1 Hampden Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

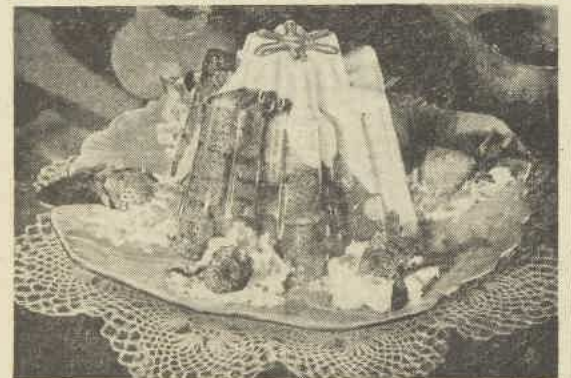
BAKED MARROW AND TOMATO

One medium-sized peeled vegetable marrow, 6 sliced, peeled tomatoes, 2 sliced, medium-sized onions, salt and pepper.

Wash the marrow. Cut in halves lengthwise, and remove seeds. Place halves side by side in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange the tomato and onion slices in an overlapping layer in each half. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Dab each slice with a tablespoon of butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven from three-quarters to one hour or till marrow is tender.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Todd, Coonalpyn South-East, S.A.

DAVIS DAINTY DISHES



HAVE YOU MADE ONE LATELY?

TRY THIS NEW DAVIS RECIPE CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

5 SERVINGS

Mix 1 dessertspoon of cocoa to a smooth paste with a little cold water, make up to 1 cup with hot water added gradually; boil for a few minutes. Separate the yolks and whites of 2 eggs, beat yolks with 1 cup of sugar over boiling water until thickening. Remove from fire, add chocolate mixture. Cool, add 1 cup of cream and 11 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons of hot water. Chill until thickening. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Add vanilla to taste. Place in serving bowl.

Write for a copy of our beautiful recipe book, illustrated in colour. Enclose 2d stamp for postage.

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THE BEST SUMMER DRINK YET

Rescued from the past ...

PLUSH sofas, gilt frames and marble-topped washstands were all as modern as the day after to-morrow — once. But fashion has long-since turned them out of comfortable rooms, though their sound materials and stout honest workmanship stand up to Time. So let us see what we can make of these outcasts of society!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



REMEMBER those old-fashioned "occasional" tables with double extensions? They make unusual dressing-tables if they are painted to harmonise with the wall against which they are to stand.

My chief criticism of modern dressing-tables is that they have so little "top." A sofa table offers a wide and gracious surface upon which to arrange toilet accessories.

You may have a few of those Victorian chairs with sloping, curved

backs and loose squab seats. You can modernise them perfectly with pale matt-green paint, the color of old jade, and mulberry-and-grey striped linen seats.

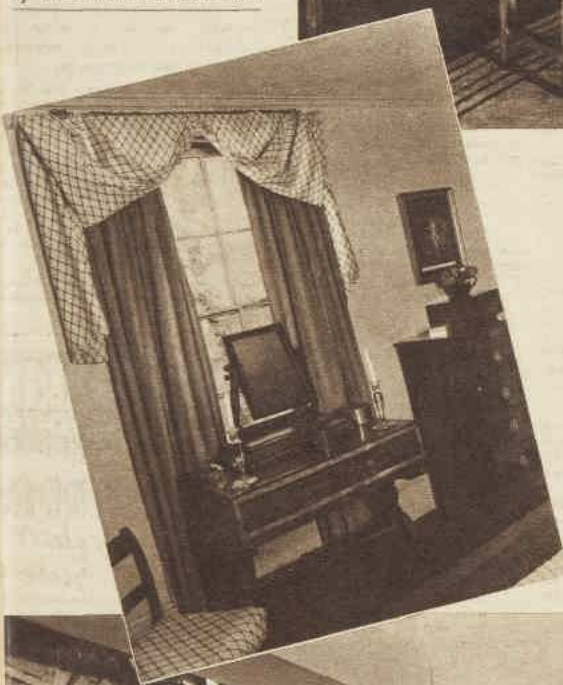
Who hasn't looked at the marble-topped washstand in the guest-room and wondered what to do about it.

A petticoat of stiffened chintz or artificial taffeta threaded on to a spring curtain-rod and stretched round the washstand will transform its looks and give you a table

which is proof against lotions, powder and cream.

Rich red mahogany polishes are "out" except in matched rooms. Have your mahogany table stripped of all its varnish.

It will then be pale and faintly pink. You may be so enchanted with it that you are tempted to leave it like that. Don't. It will show every finger mark and hold grease for ever. Paint it instead. A silvery french-grey, for instance, or a pearly off-white.



LEFT: This charming dressing-table has been made from an old early Victorian sofa-table and a separate mirror. Notice the drapery instead of a pelmet for the window-curtains.



IN OLD COLONIAL STYLE is this picturesque cottage kitchen in Carole Lombard's home. Blue and white are the predominating colors. Old copper pots, a maple cupboard and steeple clock are some of the features of this quaint kitchen.

ANNE STEWART'S LATEST SMASH HIT **IT'S FREE** "HARMONY IN THE KITCHEN!"



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A27

Star Turn for LENTEN MENUS

KRAFT SAVOURY CASSEROLE

2 cups hot mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 cup hot milk, 1 cup shredded Old English Cheese, 1 cup flaked salmon, 1 cup cheese sauce, 1 stiffly beaten egg white, 2 teaspoons of finely chopped chives or onion (if liked). Salt, pepper.

Mash potatoes with the butter and milk, add salt and pepper to taste and half the shredded cheese. Put a remaining cheese into one cup of white sauce. Put a layer of mashed potatoes in casserole, a layer of flaked salmon, then the cheese sauce sprinkled with chives. Add the stiffly beaten egg white to the other half of potatoes and spread over the top. Brush over with melted butter. Stand the casserole in a pan of water and bake in a hot oven (450°F) for 10 to 15 minutes until the top is golden brown. This recipe serves 4.

A piping hot casserole, fluffy with delicious creamed potatoes and tasty salmon, golden with melted cheese . . . and what a grand dish this is to set before the family for lunch or dinner any day in Lent!

Star Kraft on your Lenten menus—for variety! There are dozens of easy, delicious ways to add the tempting Kraft flavours to Lenten standbys like salmon, eggs, spaghetti, vegetables. And remember, only Kraft gives you the uniform flavour and smooth texture that guarantee easy shredding, quick melting, and the best results with all your cheese cooking.

Star Kraft on your Lenten protein food. It helps to build strong meat, is a first class protein food. It helps to build strong muscles and firm flesh. Kraft, like milk, is rich in vitamin A, and calcium and phosphorus, the minerals needed to build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

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KRAFT CHEDDAR, with the delicious mellow flavour. OLD ENGLISH, the tasty, fully matured cheese. KRAFT CELERY, Cheddar with the

flavour of fresh celery. KRAFT GRUYERE, little more than half the price of imported brands. WELSH RAREBIT, all ready to melt on toast.



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The Rectory Corner

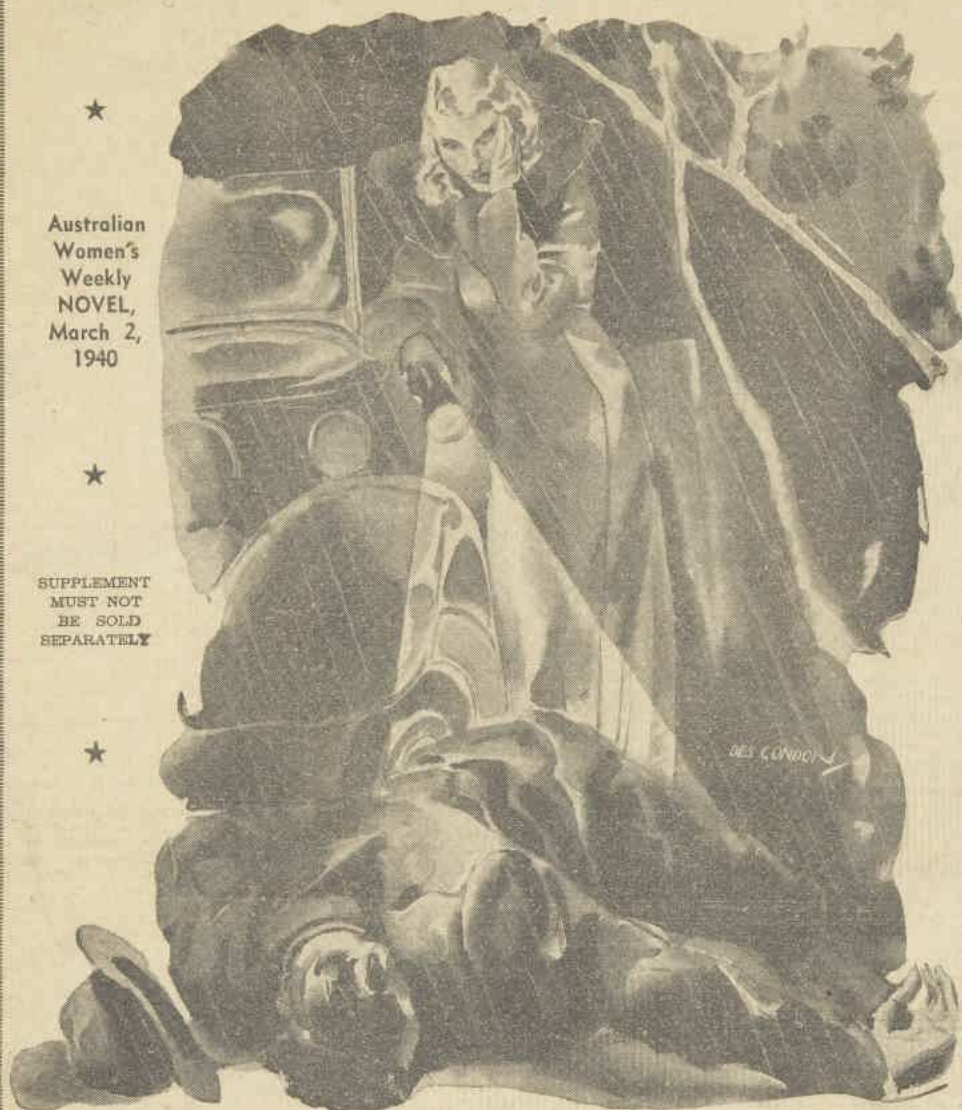
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Australian
Women's
Weekly
NOVEL,
March 2,
1940

★

SUPPLEMENT
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY

★



By KITTY BARNES

THE RECTORY CORNER

By KITTY BARNES



I was one of those mornings when, if one is in tune with things, the world seems thoughtful rather than sad. The low-hanging clouds are kind, the bare paddocks look clean-swept, and the fences are dark with rain.

The Reverend August Hilliard shivered as he swung open the garage doors. It was not really cold even so early in the morning, but Mr. Hilliard did not seem to be in tune. There was worry on his brow, and his lips were compressed.

He drove through the gate, and Lorne called out to him: "Wait, Dad. I'll close it"—and ran out into the wet world, bare-headed, and in the thinnest of slippers. That was just like Lorne, thought her father, waving to her. But, although he smiled when he looked at Lorne, when he thought of her he sighed.

The child looked ill. Her eyes were shadowed, and her mouth too bravely set. Even in their haste after Jocelyn Rowe had aroused them, he had had time to notice the heavy eyelids that told of tears and troubled sleep. He wondered, with the distress that always seized him when he thought of it, whether he had been right to be so firm. If he had been content to watch and wait, would Lorne's own good sense have led her, heart-whole and infinitely wiser, out of the dangers of Charles Langridge's courtship?

He rounded the corner where the trees grew so thickly, sounding his horn mechanically, although at that hour he knew few people would be abroad in the town, particularly on the station road. Then he swung the car wide, and threw on the brakes to keep her out of the gutter.

Like many people who keep their heads in a sudden emergency, he felt the panic when the danger that prompted it was past. Ordinary men, under those circumstances, swear at the nearest object. The Rev. Mr. Hilliard closed his lips firmly, dropped his hands from the steering wheel, and closed his eyes for a moment. Then he got out of his car, and crossed the road towards that other car which had loomed up so suddenly in his path.

Why he did this he could not have told. He could see from his seat that the car was stationary and empty. And not until he was upon it, did he recognise it as Charles Langridge's car. When he did, he frowned, and remembering the dying woman who was awaiting his last services, he should have turned away. But he went on, around the back of the car, and found Charles Langridge lying beside his roadster dead, with his face turned from the heavens that looked so sad and stern.

It was characteristic of the Rev. August Hilliard that he knew at once that the man was dead. Any other of his acquaintance

in Barranbri, at sight of Charles Langridge prostrate on the roadside in the early hours of the morning, would have said instantly, "He's drunk," and looked twice to discover the truth, but the Rev. Hilliard, bent over him, knew at once that he was dead.

He put his hand against the hood of the dead man's car, actually leaning against it to support limbs weakened by the shock of tragedy. Then he resolutely put the sick feeling aside. It was a time for action. Emotion could wait.

Charles Langridge lay on his face on the roadway, from which the rain had washed away the loose dust until the surface was rough with many points of metal. His hair and clothes were wet, and one outstretched hand lay in a pool of water. The rector, with hands gentle but very strong, lifted him slightly, and the light touched his face. Instinctively the minister moved to put a hand over his heart, lest by chance it should still beat, and then for the first time a sound escaped his lips, not articulate, but the involuntary voice of horror.

Mr. Hilliard rose to his feet, trembling. He decided immediately that he must return home, summon the police, break the news to his daughter before strange lips could do it brutally, and give her the shield and comfort of his love and his faith. With a swift glance about him, he went back to his car. And then he remembered the woman who was dying, and awaiting him.

He drove into town, drawing up before a cottage situated just off the main street. It was a large cottage, two-storied—a sight unusual enough in a western town—and hidden from the street by big, old pepper trees, that hung low with the weight of the last night's rain. There was another car already at the gate, and the minister recognised it as Dr. Evatt's battered little old two-seater.

He was admitted by a red-eyed girl, who took his hat without answering his greeting, and waved him towards the stairs.

"I'd like to use the phone, Hilda, if I may," said the rector.

He did not wait for her to go, knowing well that, even with the shadow of death over the house, she would not go too far away to hear what he was saying. He took off the receiver, said, "Give me the police station, Doris, will you? Thanks. That you, Jack? Hilliard speaking. There seems to have been an accident on the station road. This side of our corner. Langridge—yes, dead. A case for the police. I couldn't stay—I'm speaking from Grover's. You understand. Yea."

He rang off and went quickly up the stairs.

It was an hour before Mrs. Grover died, an hour during which the doctor and the minister worked unceasingly for her comfort. The minister wondered as the woman's hand held his, at the intensity with which a doctor will grapple with death to gain

perhaps no more than a minute. Mrs. Grover did not want to die. She had watched death coming for six months of suffering, and still she did not want to die. She was a mother of a family.

She clung to the minister, she fastened hungrily upon his promises, drank in the fervor of his prayers. Some minutes before the end she whispered to him—words for his ears alone.

"Bob," she murmured, "So young—save him—from her."

He signed to her that he understood, but she was not satisfied that he did.

"So—young," she said again. "And she—is bad. God forgive—"

A few minutes later she died. The minister had to give what comfort he could to her family and to Hilda, whose tears were flowing again. And then immediately his thoughts returned to Lorne.

He hastened to her.

BARRANBRI was shaken to its foundations and shocked, not altogether unpleasantly, by the tragedy that had befallen one of its identities.

In the three years since Charles Langridge had come to Barranbri he had become as much a part of the essential town as was old Grover, who had been Shire President for eleven years, or Dr. Evatt, who had been born and bred there.

He had taken his part in the scheme of things through the weight of personality. He was a cheerful sportsman, an excellent card-player, with such luck at the game as completely belied the old superstition for he was extremely successful with the feminine heart. The women as a whole condemned him while they laughed with him. Women, individually, when he chose to lay siege, succumbed to him, with few exceptions.

He was popular, but not beloved, except by the women before mentioned. So when he died, the town, after the first shock, was stimulated rather than grieved by the nature of his death. Barranbri clustered in groups to give the subject the full honor of discussion.

"Suicide?" said Mrs. Ward, proprietress of the best patronised boarding-house, rolling pastry with firm, decided movements of her strong, white hands. "I don't believe it. Charlie Langridge is the last person in the world to suicide—unless he's got so tangled up among his lady friends that he's gone off his head, trying to keep track of them all at once."

"Go easy," her boarder admonished her. "He's dead."

"Dead or not," said Mrs. Ward, turning to her, "I've no time for him, and neither have you, Mary Kissane. But I've always said, in a joking sort of way, that his love affairs would be the end of him, and they have. He didn't shoot himself."

"Well, even Charlie Langridge couldn't shoot himself without a gun," said Mary, "so you're probably right. They've looked

high and low, I believe, and no weapon has come to light. How's Jocelyn?" she added.

Mrs. Ward rolled pastry for a few minutes without replying.

"She just went off to work as usual," she answered at length. "Came home for dinner looking a bit pale—she didn't say much, but ate her meal. She's had a shock, I think—that's all."

"If it meant anything to her, she had already lost him," said Mary Kilsane.

"Do you think she cared?" Mrs. Ward spoke anxiously.

"It's hard to say," said Mary, shortly. "Jocelyn doesn't seem really to care for anybody or anything—unless it's you. But she wasted a lot of time on Charlie Langridge, when she knew there was nothing to be gained by it. And why did she fight with him over Lorne Hilliard?" She turned to face Mrs. Ward. "Only last night they quarrelled about her. It will hurt her to remember that, now, poor kid."

"Last night?" echoed Mrs. Ward. She looked alarmed. "Was he here last night?"

"While you were at the euchre party. I heard him—didn't see him."

"We shall have the police nosing round, I suppose," said Mrs. Ward, with a grimace of distaste. She stamped out biscuits with unnecessary energy. "He was going away for a holiday, wasn't he? I wish to heaven he'd gone."

A young man, fair and immaculate, with "bank clerk" written upon him more plainly than words, came into the kitchen, and helped himself to a cup of tea.

"Well, it was murder, all right," he said. "Go ahead, Mum" (Mrs. Ward was "Mum" to all her young boarders). "Mary'll wait on me. Believe old Hilliard found him at five this morning—dead as mutton, and they reckon the police will have their work cut out. Rain washed away all footprints, etc. No weapon, and an entire absence of clues. He left the hotel about midnight, and was all set for a non-stop run to Sydney. You didn't shoot him, did you, Mum?"

"Can't claim the honor."

"No, I thought not," said the youth regretfully. "Although you didn't love him like a brother, did you? Better be careful, Mum. The police will be concentrating on motive, so I'm told, and we all know your sentiments."

"If the police are concentrating on motive," put in Mary, "we can refer them to your chief, Walter."

"By Jove, yes, and the old chap's looking pretty sick on it, too. Mrs. Irving dropped her bundle when she heard the news, and went right off the deep end. Doctor's been there half the morning, and poor old Irving running up and down stairs like something demented. Bit of a blow to a man, you know, to have his wife down with hysteria over the death of another man. That's life, I suppose." He held out his cup to Mary, who was in possession of the teapot.

"If that's life," said Mrs. Ward, tartly, "we're better dead."

They were silent, while Mrs. Ward washed up, and Mary rose to take the tea-towel from the rail. Each one of them was thinking of Jocelyn, but Walter knew well that Jocelyn was not to be discussed with those two.

"Anyhow, they're looking for a motive," he said. "Robbery, or jealousy, or revenge, or anything else that fills the bill. Most likely it was robbery, I suppose. Some tramp."

PHILIP CASEY, of the Criminal Investigation Branch of the New South Wales Police, disposed of his long legs upon the window sill, and appeared to meditate. From the mantelpiece the face of Charles Langridge looked down at him. It was a singular face, somehow repulsive in its confident good looks, attractive in the laughter wrinkles about the merry eyes—a face thoroughly selfish and altogether gay.

Sergeant Henslip sat at his desk and looked with disapprobation at the semi-recumbent figure of his companion.

"There was nothing taken from the car, as far as I can ascertain," he said stiffly, "and his clothing was not disturbed."

"Not robbery, then?"

"Unless the chap was disturbed at his work—"

"Got frightened when he saw what he'd done, perhaps, and bolted without the booty—perhaps!" commented the detective. He half closed his eyes. He did not seem to be really interested, and once again Sergeant Henslip was conscious of annoyance. However, he decided, the thing was in the hands of the Sydney man now, and for the present he could give himself a much-needed rest. He followed Casey's example, and relaxed.

Casey silently marshalled his facts.

On the last evening of his life Charles Langridge had come late to his hotel from his office, eaten a leisurely meal, and then gone upstairs to complete his packing, with the assistance of Molly, the maid. Molly interviewed, affirmed positively that they were not disturbed in their packing except by one young bank clerk who had put his head in at the door (somewhat to Molly's embarrassment, one gathered, as Mr. Langridge had not been disposed to confine himself to packing), said "So you're off, Langridge—lucky dog! Well, toodle-pip!" and gone on.

At half-past nine Langridge had dismissed the girl with a tip. At a few minutes to ten he had run downstairs, pausing at the foot of the flight to consult his watch. Mrs. Geoghegan, the proprietress of the hotel, was at the door. He had said, "I think I'll run round to Ward's, Mrs. Geoghegan, and say good-bye. Back for the supper." As he went out of the door he had added casually, "If there should be a phone call for me, switch 'em on to Ward's."

At five minutes past eleven he had returned, driving his car to the hotel door. They had prepared supper for him. He asked if there had been a telephone call, but had looked quite cheerful when answered in the negative. He was in his usual good spirits, and his farewell supper, in which the entire hotel population had joined, had been an hilarious affair.

At a quarter to twelve he had suggested to Molly that she "get the rectory on the phone" for him. "Just in case Hilliard answers the call," he explained. Molly had obligingly gone to the telephone, but the rectory had not answered. The switch operator had expressed the opinion that the Hilliards' phone was out of order.

Langridge had not seemed in the least upset. He had driven off from the hotel door a minute or two before midnight, cheerfully farewelled by the hotel community. That was the last anyone had seen of him alive.

He had been killed by a bullet that, fired from below, had travelled upwards through his heart. The crown of the road at the spot was high and the gutter, hollowed by recent heavy rains, was almost a ditch. It was conjectured that Langridge had been standing on the running-board of his car,

and that the shot had been fired by someone in the gutter—"and crouching there, judging by the direction the bullet took," said the sergeant, who grew irritated at the lack of enthusiasm with which the detective received the theories he advanced.

He had died instantly, falling from the running-board to lie as he was when Mr. Hilliard found him. According to the doctors who examined him shortly after five o'clock that morning, he had been dead several hours. His left hand had lain in a pool of water, and his wristlet watch had stopped at a quarter past twelve. He was soaked to the skin.

Whatever tales the roadway and footpath might have told had been effectively silenced by the heavy rain that had only ceased a few minutes before five o'clock. No one had heard the shot. A railway official, on his way home from the station nearly half a mile away, had passed the spot at about one o'clock, had seen the stationary car, and taken no note of it. "I thought it was a pair spooning," he said. He was sure that the head and parking lights were off, and he said the tail light must have been, as he had no recollection of any lights whatsoever. Nor was the engine running.

When the police reached the car it was as he had described it, and the engine had been switched off. Had Langridge stopped the car of his own accord, or had he been held up? If the former, then the silenced engine and the extinguished lights indicated secrecy. But, in any case, they could have been the work of the murderer.

"Assuming he was dead when the railway Johnny passed," said Casey, "that fixes it between twelve and one. He must have got there just about twelve. And no one heard the shot? Go to bed early in this town?"

"It's out of the town, you know—and plenty of wind and rain. The rectory and Ward's might have heard, if they were awake—and then again, the railway's close to the road there, and there's a goods train comes in at about eight minutes past twelve. One sound might have been muffled in the other."

"Hm—possible. What happened in the eight minutes?"

The sergeant indicated with an impatient gesture that that was what the police wanted to know.

"What about the crew of the train?"

"Saw nothing—intent on signals and so forth. But a tramp they found on the road had a tale to tell. He was on the train, and looking for a chance to jump off before it reached the station. We found him and questioned him before the news got around, so I don't think his imagination is running away with him."

The detective waited. Once again his lack of excitement annoyed the sergeant. He went on, rather curtly:

"Swaggie says he saw the car as the lights of the train passed across it. And swears he saw a woman standing near it, on the other side of the car from the train. He won't be more definite. Asked him whether it mightn't have been a man, but he's sure it wasn't, although he doesn't know what makes him sure. You'll see him—he's in hospital. Hurt himself jumping off the train."

The detective glanced up at the laughing face of Charles Langridge.

"There would be a woman in it, anyway," he said.

"A wonder if there was only one."

"That kind?"

"That kind. I don't suppose there was a father of a grown girl in this town who

THE RECTORY CORNER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

didn't have an uneasy eye on the gentleman. Husbands, too—
"Oh?"

Casey, deliberately, and as if the effort were a severe strain on him, took out a notebook and poised a pencil ready.

"Better give me a list of 'em," he said. "Plus details."

When he had finished he shut the notebook, put it in his pocket, and rose. With a laconic farewell to the sergeant he strolled out of the room, and the officer saw his tall figure sauntering without pause or speed in the direction of the station road.

PHILIP CASEY strolled along the station road. Outside Ward's boarding-house he almost stopped, but hesitated, and went on his way again. On the spot where Charles Langridge had died he stopped.

It was a place where the road took a sharp turn—for no apparent reason—and the corner was further blinded by a clump of trees, some sapling gums guarded by a noble ironbark. The car had been stopped at the exact spot where, even in daylight, it would have been screened from view of both nearby houses. The rectory gates were about fifty yards away; Ward's were more than a hundred.

A day of drying winds, and the morning's sunshine, had almost banished all signs of the rain that had fallen two nights ago. Already the silted mud in the gutter was baking stone hard. Thorough scouring of the spot had told the police nothing. Casey went on to the rectory gate. Here he paused, and, with his hand on the latch, consulted his notes.

"Lorne Hilliard," he read. "Rectory's daughter. Langridge's latest. Old man put his foot down, but she's since met him more than once. I seemed smitten. Nineteen. Left school last year. Boarding-school. Blue Mountains."

The rectory garden was very bright, with flowers nodding in gay rank and file along the metalled path. It was one of the few homes in the town which sported a lawn, and the existence of this was explained by the windmill that stood beside a small tank about a hundred yards from the house, just where Ward's property adjoined the rectory's. The detective, with the missing weapon in his mind, noted the tank, which, of course, would be full. It had been a very wet spring, and an inch of rain had fallen on the night of the murder.

He walked between the flowers, lingering to appreciate them, mounted the verandah steps, opened the gauze door, and rang the bell. A tall, middle-aged woman admitted him, looked curiously at his card, and ushered him into a room which gave every sign of having been hastily quitted. Some darning had been dropped rather than set down upon a small table, a cushion flattened with recent use, was askew at one end of the lounge, and a handkerchief lay upon the carpet. Presently the woman returned.

"Miss Hilliard says will you please wait," she said, a little formally. "Mr. Hilliard is out, but she expects him at any moment."

"Ask Miss Hilliard may I see her for a moment."

The woman disappeared abruptly. The detective, conscious that the Hilliards' servant approved neither of him nor of his office, sat down and appraised the room. Behind him a half-opened door gave a glimpse of a room half library, half office, obviously the rector's own particular room. There was a double-barrelled shot gun in one corner. Detective Casey, to whom time apparently meant nothing, glanced at his watch, saw that he had been waiting three

minutes, and wished he had gone to Ward's.

The door opened and a girl came in, of medium height, and almost beautiful. She looked pale and tired, and frightened, but at sight of him her expression changed. He could have sworn she looked relieved. He was not surprised at that. Nature and his own disposition had gifted him with a gentle countenance which proved singularly useful to him in the way of winning confidences.

"Mr. Casey?" she asked, coming forward. "I am Lorne Hilliard. I'm sorry you should have to wait, but my father is later than usual."

She subsided into the place in the corner of the lounge which she had recently left, indicated the chair from which he had risen, and took up her darning.

"I'm afraid I interrupted you," said Casey. "I thought you were a visitor," she explained, looking embarrassed.

There was something about the reply that impressed him with her extreme youthfulness. The sergeant had told him that town talk described her as head over heels in love with Charles Langridge, and the idea irritated him.

"Charles Langridge was a friend of yours, I believe, Miss Hilliard?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"When did you last see him?"

She looked up at him then with a faint expression of alarm, but answered readily enough.

"Last Monday night."

"Where?" He wondered whether it was good sense, or her young simplicity, that prompted her to take no offence at his questions.

"On the station road, just where he—," she paused, and could not repress a shudder. "He rang me up, and asked me to meet him there."

"Your father—"

"My father was in the country," said Lorne. She straightened, and added a little stiffly: "You have heard all about it, of course. You've probably heard as much as I've told you. Several people saw us."

"So that is why you have told me."

She said nothing.

"Why did he ask you to meet him?"

"He was going away for a holiday," said Lorne. "He wanted to say good-bye."

She had grown much paler, and was holding herself a little rigid, as if braced to endure an ordeal.

"Tell me what happened."

"We talked for about half an hour—about nothing in particular. He went away about nine o'clock."

"Did you see him again, after that?"

"No," she answered.

"Were you engaged to marry him, Miss Hilliard?"

She went absolutely white, but it was with pain. He was sure it was with pain.

"I had promised to marry him," she said, "but my father forbade it."

"You knew he had already been married?"

"He was divorced," she struck in sharply.

"Do you know the details of the divorce?"

"He told me," she said. "I don't think it necessary to discuss them."

The detective pursed his lips, and vented a soundless "whew" of surprise. He did not think it necessary to discuss them, himself, at the moment, but as a connoisseur in the villainy of man, he might have given something for the version of Langridge's divorce proceedings which the girl's credulity had accepted.

"Tell me what happened on Tuesday night, Miss Hilliard," he said.

"We had the Irvings to dinner," she said.

"The Irvings?"

"He is a bank manager," she explained, "and one of our bass-baritones. Mrs. Irving is our soprano soloist. They are both very keen church workers, and they dine here about once a month. After dinner we listened-in to a concert broadcast from Sydney. They left a little before eleven."

"Isn't that early?"

"It is, rather," said Lorne. "We hadn't had supper. But Mrs. Irving was tired."

"What happened after that?"

"We went to bed," said Lorne. "Gracie was already in bed. I suppose I put my light out by about half-past eleven, and I was the last."

"Did you know the phone was out of order?"

She gave him a look as if to say, "What has that to do with it?" and answered: "No. It was quite all right before dinner, but I think something happened to one of the wires in the storm. The wind came up at about eight o'clock. We didn't know there was anything wrong with it until Jocelyn Rowe came over with a message in the morning."

Mr. Casey appeared to have lost interest in his own questions.

"I suppose you were asleep by midnight," he said.

"No," she answered. "I saw the train come in."

"You didn't hear a shot?"

"No."

"Have you any idea," he asked, "why Langridge should have stopped his car there?" He jerked his head in the presumable direction of the corner.

Lorne raised her head and looked at him. Her eyes were full of trouble.

"Do you mean," she asked slowly, "that he might have stopped it with the idea of—of seeing me? I suppose everybody will—will think the same. I—perhaps he did. I suppose he did. Why else would he stop?" she added, rather quickly.

"Did he expect to see you?" the detective fired the question like a shot. She answered to his altered tone like a thoroughbred to the spur.

"Quite probably he hoped to see me," she said coolly. "He had told me what time he would be passing."

"Perhaps he did see you?" suggested the detective.

"No," said Lorne. All the pride went out of her pose. She caught her breath, and for a moment he thought she was going to burst into tears. "No," she repeated.

They heard the front door open and close and Mr. Hilliard entered. Lorne welcomed her father's coming with the relief of one placing a big burden in someone else's hands. Despite her efforts at self-control, the detective had sensed in her a vague unease, hardly amounting to fear, yet not to be attributed to her natural unhappy state of mind.

Mr. Hilliard was not at all uneasy. He courteously invited the detective to his study, and said: "Apparently you have introduced yourself to my daughter. Do you wish to speak to me alone, Mr. Casey?"

"If Miss Hilliard will excuse us." Then, as Lorne went out: "Will you describe to me your movements on Tuesday night, and the circumstances in which you found Langridge's body?" he asked.

The minister told him dispassionately. His account coincided exactly with those of Lorne, and Sergeant Headlip, the detective's alert ear being unable to detect the slightest point of difference.

"When I saw that he was dead," Mr.

Hilliard concluded, "I went on to Grover's and rang the police from there. In the ordinary course of events I should have gone straight to the police station, but I had been called to a death-bed."

"I have been told," said Casey, "that you and your daughter are directly affected by this man's death."

"Yes?" said Hilliard.

"I wish you would describe on what terms you were with him."

"On no terms," said the rector coldly. "I had forbidden him the house."

"On what grounds?"

The rector smiled a little.

"I see you come to me well-informed," he said.

"That's the best of these country towns," replied Casey. "Everybody knows everybody else's business, and if the sight of a uniform or a policeman doesn't shut them up, they'll tell it. Will you tell me the circumstances of your quarrel with Langridge? I have been informed, as you say, but I'd prefer your version."

"We have never been on friendly terms," Hilliard told him then. "When he first came to the town he attended the Methodist church, and I did not often meet him. What little I saw of him I did not care for. Presently he began to attend my church steadily, and I felt impelled to take particular interest in him."

"He was very popular, and I often thought myself unjustly prejudiced, but I soon found that my opinion of him was correct. In the first place there was a girl—she has since gone away. That was more than two years ago. She loved him, and insisted on protecting him, so no one else knew—women wasted a great deal of love on him, apparently. Then he was mixed up in several affairs that were freely talked about. I don't need to dwell on those—I know no more than anyone else. What I couldn't stomach in him was his utter lack of principle."

"And yet he attended church regularly," said the minister. "For different reasons," said the minister. "It's something to do, in the country, on a Sunday night. Then, of course, it's a most convenient meeting-place. Langridge found it politic, too, because his regular attendance at church outweighed what he did outside church, in the eyes of many people, and kept him 'in' with the people who call themselves exclusive. He valued his position and his popularity."

"Did you ever quarrel openly with him?"

"Never. When it came to my notice that he was paying marked attention to my daughter, I sought him out and told him that I would not allow it. He was civil, but committed himself to nothing. That was the last time I spoke to him."

"Did you know that your daughter had met Langridge in your absence?" the detective asked abruptly.

He saw the minister's eyes flash, and his mouth harden, but only for a moment.

"Someone was good enough to tell me of that a few days ago," he replied.

"When?"

"On Tuesday night."

"Mm—Mrs. Irving?"

"Mr. Irving."

"Mm."

"I ignored it, at the time," said Mr. Hilliard. "I said nothing to my daughter that night, as she was tired. I intended to speak about it next day, but I haven't done so."

Casey shifted the conversation.

"You know Miss Jocelyn Rowe?"

The minister seemed eager to escape

from discussion of his own affairs. Nevertheless, he was monosyllabic.

"Yes."

"Her name was connected with Langridge's?"

"Yes?"

The detective dropped the subject. At the same moment the telephone rang, and after an interval Lorne entered.

"Mr. Irving on the phone, daddy," she said.

The rector excused himself and went out, and Casey rose and sauntered to the window.

"A pretty view, Miss Hilliard," he remarked. "Good sport here—shooting, I mean?"

She made a gesture of distaste.

"Oh, if you care for it—plenty of ducks on the Barren Lakes. Do you like shooting?"

"Rather!"

"You must meet Tommy Astill," she said. "He's most enthusiastic. Is it the close season, by the way? Anyway, Tommy will know. That is his gun, in the corner."

"Oh, is it? I thought it was your father's."

Lorne almost laughed.

"Poor daddy won't have firearms at any price," she said. "I wanted him to buy a gun or borrow a revolver when the burglar scare was on, but he wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"He said, 'My daughter, I would never shoot at a man to kill or injure him, and I would never threaten anything I didn't intend, so what use would a gun be to me? That's just like him!'"

BEFORE he left the Rectory the detective asked to inspect the tank, whose brimming edge and softly rippled surface told him nothing. The water was yellow with mud. Returning, he came upon the back verandah of the Rectory. It was bathed in sunlight, and therein sat the middle-aged servant who had admitted him, cleaning shoes. These latter were of three varieties—long, slender black shoes of quiet cut, evidently the minister's; neat but sensible shoes with Louis heels, which were her own; and a pair of shoes in pretty grey kid, very much mud-stained.

Miss Hilliard, thought the detective, who had noted Miss Hilliard's dainty foot. As he drew nearer, Lorne came out upon the verandah and said, "Oh, Gracie, you mustn't clean my shoes. I've told you you mustn't."

"Then it's just as well," said Gracie grimly, "for they're ruined. You have an extravagant daughter," she said to the minister, who had followed Lorne on to the verandah. "Goes for a walk in the mud in her best shoes. Just look at them."

Lorne look distressed, whereat the minister, dangling the small shoes in his hand, made light of them.

"Oh, well," he said in the vernacular, "what's a pair of shoes more or less?"

"New on on Tuesday night," said Gracie, continuing the lament. "And where have you been, anyway, to get them into such a state? It hasn't rained since."

They were aware of the detective, but the everyday subject did not call for caution. Lorne's hand, holding the verandah post, grew rigid.

"No rain since," she agreed lightly, "but plenty of mud. I wore them when I went to open the gate for Daddy yesterday morning. They were the handiest. And I stepped right into a garden bed. Stupid of me."

"That's funny," remarked Hilliard. "I could have sworn you were wearing your blue slippers."

"Daddy, darling," said Lorne, "You're color-blind." She sat down on the edge of the verandah, and involuntarily her eyes sought the detective's. Her hands were shaking, and although she turned her back to her father and Grace, she made no effort to hide from Casey her sudden look of terror.

Casey looked at the shoes. The servant had already done her best to clean them. There was a buckle missing. He gave them no more than a glance, and took his leave.

Once again he hesitated at Ward's gate, but passed it without entering, and set out for the town. People on the street glanced at him curiously. Most of the business houses were closed—for Mrs. Grover's funeral, the sergeant had explained to him—but the proprietress of the Royal Hotel was standing in her doorway, and received him without cordiality. She was afraid that he intended to take a room there, and she did not like policemen on the premises.

"Mr. Geoghehan has gone to the funeral," she informed him.

Casey was not interested in Mr. Geoghehan. He glanced across the street to the upstairs windows of Irving's bank, but the blinds were down there. Then he went upstairs to Langridge's room, and shut the door. The windows of the room also looked across the street, but Casey had not come up there to spy. He felt the need for a break in the day's activities. He sat down by the window and filled a pipe.

They had searched Langridge's room before his arrival, and he and Henslip had gone over it that morning. It was a large room, furnished comfortably, and it had told them little. It was well decorated with feminine faces, among them an intent, rather pleasant face which Casey had guessed belonged to Langridge's wife. There was a number of books, well-chosen, well-read, and well-cared for. The writing-desk had told no secrets. Langridge destroyed his letters. Nor was he a man who kept memoranda. The notebook found in his pocket after his death held only a few notes concerning the mileage and performance of his car. He owned two shotguns and a service revolver.

Casey, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, leaned over and pulled out the top left-hand drawer of the writing-desk. It contained receipted bills, and dockets, as he knew. Henslip had looked through them all that morning, and found nothing unusual, but he, with his habit of noticing little and apparently unimportant things, had observed something. Everything about Langridge's room was orderly and neat to the point of precision. Each docket was smooth, clean, and correctly filed. But one docket had been so crumpled that Henslip had had some difficulty in reading aloud its contents.

Casey found it under the heading of "Grover and Astill, Main Street, Barranbrui." It was a bill for a small amount, marked "Paid." Attached to it with a gummed strip was a slip of paper bearing the details of what was apparently a monthly account. This was also receipted. The whole was attached to a type-written letter which expressed regret that Mr. Langridge should have found an error in his monthly account, and stated that the correct and receipted account was enclosed. It was signed "T. J. Astill, per J.R."

The whole had been crumpled up, much as one would deal with papers intended for the waste-paper basket. Then it had been laboriously smoothed out again, and filed. Casey supposed that Langridge, obviously careful in the smallest money matters, had first tossed away the papers, then rescued

them for the sake of the receipt. But why throw them away in the first place?

He went to the door, then realised that Grover and Astill's was closed for the funeral. He carried the papers to the window and examined them. On the back of the receipted account was a note written in faint but indelible pencil.

"Dear Charlie,—Come and see me to-night before you go. And please come before ten o'clock."

"JOCELYN ROWE."

The date on the letter was the date of Langridge's death.

Casey frowned at the neat handwriting and the full signature. It was a queer way to send a note that was evidently important. The writer must have been well enough acquainted with Langridge's character to know that he would examine the receipt too thoroughly to overlook the message, which, of course, would be on the outside of the paper when it was folded. He consulted his shorthand notes of Headlip's description of Jocelyn Rowe.

"Secretary to Tom Astill, manager of Grover and Astill's. Late twenties. Rather a bad lot. Knocks about with the Grover crowd, chiefly Phil and Bob, Tom Astill, and the Irvings. When not with one of the men, is usually about with Mary Kissane. Used to see her pretty regularly, but not so much since Lorne Hillard came home. Ward's boarding-house, next rectory."

Casey leaned on the window-sill and looked across the road to where the blinds of Mrs. Irving's windows continued obstinately to shut out the sun. He had called that morning on Mrs. Irving, but her husband and her doctor had refused him admittance. Her maid had been more accommodating. He decided to call again, and see what he could get out of the girl, whom he had left wholly unimpressed.

Casey went downstairs. In the doorway of the hotel the proprietress and the barmaid were standing, interested spectators of some street scene opposite. The detective could see nothing unusual—merely a car which he recognised as Dr. Evatt's drawn up in front of the bank building opposite. The doctor was going in through the private entrance.

The detective crossed the road and opened the gate to the private entrance. He was gratified to see that the girl who opened the door to him was still most promisingly shaken. She said, "Oh!" and set the door open for him to enter.

"Mrs. Irving is better, I hope?" asked the detective, politely.

"She's not too good," said the girl. Casey struggled with a smile.

"I shall wait till the doctor has gone," he said. "Don't go. It is an opportunity for me to talk to you. Can we sit down somewhere?"

She indicated a chair, and herself sat down, looking frightened.

"How long has Mrs. Irving been ill?" Casey asked.

"She wasn't well yesterday evening," said the girl, "and they came home early from the rectory. She said she was tired, and wouldn't—she went to bed."

"Wouldn't what?" he put in sharply.

"Oh, wouldn't talk. Mr. Irving was talking to her, and she said, 'Don't bother me,' and went into her room and locked the door."

"What were they talking about?"

"Charlie Langridge. I heard Mr. Irving say his name."

"Was he angry?"

"He didn't talk as if he was angry. He

said, 'I tell you, Jean, it must stop. I must stop it some way.' She said, 'Go on then. Stop it. But don't bother me.'"

"And hasn't she left her room since?"

"Oh, yes, she was up for breakfast."

"Hm. After she locked her door, what did Mr. Irving do?"

"He went out. To the Club, I suppose. It's just down the street."

"When did he return?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Irving called out to me to go to bed. I went to sleep, and didn't hear him come in."

"You say Mrs. Irving was up for breakfast. Then when did she become ill?"

"When Ray Veness came in. He's the teller. He came to the door and said to me, 'Charlie Langridge has been murdered.' Mr. and Mrs. Irving were inside, but they heard, and Mrs. Irving came running out, white as anything, and she said, 'What? What did you say?' Ray said, 'Oh, Mrs. Irving, I'm sorry.' She said, 'He's dead, then.' And she turned round and screamed something to Mr. Irving, and then she went into hysterics."

"What did she say to Mr. Irving?"

The girl went white.

"Oh, she was just hysterical," she said. "You can't take any notice."

"What did she say?" asked Casey inexorably.

The girl seemed to shrink away from him. "She said, 'He's dead! You've killed him.'"

"And what did Irving say?"

"He didn't say anything. He picked her up and tried to carry her upstairs, but she fought, so he just slapped her, not too hard, and that quietened her down a bit till she got upstairs. Then he sent for the doctor, and she won't see him now. Mr. Irving, I mean."

"When the doctor has gone," said Casey, "will you tell Mr. Irving that I would like to see him?"

She left him gladly.

Casey found sterner stuff in Mr. Veness. He was a quiet young man who could not be upset. He had heard of Langridge's death at the breakfast table at the hotel. He had come over to tell Irving, and had carelessly blurted it out to the girl at the door, not imagining anyone else to be within earshot. Mrs. Irving had come to the door, looking distressed. Quite natural. She and Langridge moved in the same gay set.

He had been sorry for startling her. He had not heard what she said to her husband. No, he had heard nothing articulate. She had merely screamed. Didn't he hear her say, "He's dead! You've killed him!" No, he had not heard that. Casey admired Mr. Veness. Nine jurymen out of ten would have believed him.

Irving, when he came downstairs, greeted the detective courteously. It seemed almost impossible to upset Mr. Irving also. He admitted to an argument with his wife on Tuesday night. Yes, it was about Langridge. Useless to hide the fact of his wife's affair with Langridge. It was common property. His wife had cut short the argument by locking her door. He had gone out for a walk. He did not feel like sleep. Where had he walked? "Anywhere. I don't know." On the station road? "Not on the station road." He had returned about 1 o'clock. On the grounds of his absence that night, was it, that his wife had accused him of Langridge's murder? Irving raised his eyebrows.

"Did my wife accuse me? Oh, probably

in an hysterical outburst. I don't remember."

"Such outbursts are common?" asked Casey.

"Not common," he answered, "but always to be feared. Her mind," he added quietly, "is a little affected."

"Is she sufficiently recovered for me to see her?"

"No," he said violently. Then, with an effort, "At least, Dr. Evatt said to keep her quiet to-day. Perhaps to-morrow—"

Casey took his departure.

Mrs. Georgehan, of the Royal Hotel, need have no fears. He had already decided to take up his quarters at Ward's boarding house.

MRS. WARD was showing the detective over her house, at his request. She flung open a door.

"This is the best room," she said. "Miss Rowe's. She pays extra to have it to herself. She likes all the doors and windows well open, you see, and most people will have them shut sometimes, so she can't share a room. She says she has cloister-phobia, or something like that. She's always out of doors. This next room is empty." She crossed the passage and opened another door.

"Miss Kissane and Miss Petherbridge share this one—teachers. Walter Hillman and Jack Perry—another teacher—sleep out on the side verandah and share this room. Duffy sleeps here—he does the outdoor work. This is my room."

The detective put in his claim for the room next to Miss Rowe's. They had hardly completed negotiations when the gate clicked and Mary Kissane came in, swinging her hat. She acknowledged her introduction to the detective with a nod of her head, and said:

"Tea, Mum, if you love me. Have you had tea, Mr. Casey? If not, you must come into the kitchen and have it now. You'll notice, by the way, that we all call Mrs. Ward 'Mum.' We missed a golden opportunity this afternoon, Mum," she went on to Mrs. Ward. "The boss went to the funeral, and we were simply too busy to dream of leaving. The concert isn't to be postponed—too late." She tossed her hat through the open door of her room, and led the way to the kitchen. "I'll make it, Mum."

She made the tea, moving about with the rapidity of familiarity, and Casey found himself seated at the table with a cup of tea and a plate of scones before him, in the twinkling of an eye.

"I've never met a real, live detective before," said Mary. "You must forgive me if I stare at you."

"I'll make a bargain with you," said Casey. "A stare for a stare." He looked at her with frank admiration. She laughed, quite pleased.

"I suppose you are making all sorts of clever deductions this very minute?" she said.

"I'm going to ask you all sorts of questions, in a moment."

"Thank heaven for a clear conscience," she laughed.

Casey drank his tea, and admitted to a desire for another cup.

"I want to know what happened here on Tuesday night," he said.

"I have an alibi," said Mary, still making a joke of it. "I spent the night marking French compositions."

"Were you alone?"

"Miss Petherbridge was reading, and Miss Rowe was helping me."

"Helping you? Miss Rowe?"

"She did French at high school, like all the rest of us," said Mary.

"So did I," he admitted, "but I wouldn't like to tackle French compositions. At what time did Langridge come?"

"At about ten o'clock."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I recognised his voice. Jocelyn answered his knock."

"She was expecting him," he suggested. "Probably," said Mary. "He didn't come inside, but stayed talking on the verandah for about half an hour. It might have been longer. I went to bed then."

"When did he go?"

"I don't know. I went to sleep almost at once, but I had a touch of laryngitis, and I woke up coughing. Jocelyn brought me in a tin of throat jubes, and closed the window near my bed. Her sleeve was wet, and she said she'd walked down to the gate with Charlie. I don't know what time it was."

"So they must have talked for about an hour."

"I suppose so," said Mary.

Walter Hillman and Miss Petherbridge came in. They were talking gaily, but the presence of the detective seemed to strike dumb their tongues. He deliberately made the conversation general, and returned to the attack when they were all seated at the table under his eye.

"Did anyone else speak to Langridge, when he came that night?" he asked Mary.

"Not as far as I know," she answered. Miss Petherbridge shook her head.

"Did you hear anything of his conversation with Miss Rowe?"

"No."

"What was the tone of it?"

"I don't understand you," said Mary.

"Was it normal, or excited; friendly or quarrelsome?"

"I didn't notice anything unusual," said Mary.

Miss Petherbridge made a sudden movement. She was a little nervous creature. She suspended her cup midway to her lips, and looked at Mary with the expression of a child who would say, "Oh, what a story!" In the same moment Casey's eye fell upon her, met hers.

Mary Kissane's hands suddenly gripped each other, and Walter Hillman dropped his cup, but too late to stem the sudden outburst of Miss Petherbridge's speech: "Oh, they were quarrelling, Mary," she gasped, and was suddenly silent, stricken with the significance of the subject. Then, as if deciding that silence might be worse than speech: "You must have noticed—anyhow they've been quarrelling for weeks. Why—she swore at her."

"I must have been asleep," said Mary. Her voice was like ice. The chill of it struck upon Miss Petherbridge's ear, and angered her.

"You'd only just gone to bed," she said, "and I'd just come in from the bathroom. I was just going to put out the light, and they were talking in whispers, and suddenly he seemed to get quite excited, and said something about 'interference.' She said, 'Hush! That was all I could hear.'"

"Disappointing," said Mary. Her eyes were blazing.

Miss Petherbridge looked sulky, and Walter broke in easily:

"Well, they must have made it up, because he said a quite affectionate farewell to her before he went. She must have walked down to the gate with him, because they were standing there when I came home. Quite wet, you know, but

weather means nothing to Miss Rowe. They both spoke to me, and I wished Langridge a good holiday. He thanked me, and shook hands with me, and kissed her. Nothing unfriendly about the farewell. Miss Rowe and I came in together."

"What was the time?"

"Oh, just about eleven," said Walter. Mary looked at him gratefully.

CASEY had promised to have tea with Sergeant Heaslip, but he managed to call first on Doris Winegold, the switch girl who had been on duty on the night of Langridge's death. Doris had been instructed by the postmaster to expect him.

"Mr. Collings told me you would be coming," she said, after the detective had introduced himself. "And he said I was to give you the information you wanted. I was on duty on Tuesday night from ten, to six in the morning."

"Did anyone ring the Royal Hotel?"

"Several people." She enumerated them, and Casey noted them.

"Did anyone ring the rectory?"

"Yes—that was funny," said Doris. "Two people tried to ring the rectory, just before midnight, but the phone was out of order. It didn't ring, and they didn't answer. I told the mechanic and he went down first thing in the morning, and the wind had blown something on the wires or something. Anyhow, at about twenty to five in the morning Grover's tried to call the rectory—Mrs. Grover was dying, you know—but I told them to ring Ward's instead."

"Who made the two calls at midnight?"

"Before midnight," corrected Miss Winegold gently. "The first was about a quarter to twelve. It was Jocelyn Rowe, ringing from Ward's. She made me try them three times, then she thanked me—she always does—and rang off. And she'd hardly rung off before the Royal Hotel called the rectory, but I said the phone was out of order."

"Is Miss Rowe friendly with the rectory?"

A smile came into Doris's eyes, as if the idea amused her.

"I don't know," she said, discreetly.

"If she wanted to communicate with the rectory she could walk there in a minute."

"Yes," said Doris. "I thought of that. But it was raining. Not that that would stop Jocelyn. She's mad. Roams about in all weathers."

"When you rang Ward's on Wednesday morning, who answered the phone?"

"Jocelyn Rowe."

Casey had tea at Sergeant Heaslip's, but, cutting short his meal and his visit, was back at the boarding-house by seven o'clock. The boarding-house had early tea, Mrs. Ward explained.

"There's some sort of a shivoo at the school and Miss Kissane and Miss Petherbridge and Mr. Perry are all off," she said. "Wally has gone to help them?"

"Miss Rowe?" he asked.

"She's outside. She worked late at the office to-night, but she's coming up to the school afterwards. I'm off myself in half-an-hour. It's a kid's concert."

"Mrs. Ward," he asked, "who took the message from Grover's to the rectory on Wednesday morning?"

"Miss Rowe. I was getting up to answer the phone myself when I heard her speaking. Then she came to my door, and said, 'Mrs. Grover's dying, and they want Mr. Hillard.' I said, 'Wake one of the boys.' But she said, 'No. It would take too long. I'll go.'"

"Which way did she go?"

"Across the paddock and through the fence. She came straight back."

"I'd like to speak to Miss Rowe."

"She's outside," said Mrs. Ward, and called "Jocelyn."

"Here, Mum," called a voice in reply. Casey located it as coming from a hammock beneath a group of pepper trees.

"I'll go over," he said.

He admitted to a quickening of curiosity as he walked across the smoothly metalled yard to talk to Jocelyn Rowe. She was lying in the hammock, slung only a few feet from the ground, and at first sight reminded him vividly of Lorne Hillard.

There was no resemblance, really, but the impression remained with him. Jocelyn Rowe was not beautiful, but she had quiet brown eyes, smooth pale skin, and brown hair with a slight wave. Her mouth was sweetly curved. Casey looked for provocation or invitation in her face, and found neither.

She greeted the detective with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Casey?" she said.

He sat down on a stump.

"What a small town this is!" he remarked.

"Strangers are not exactly a novelty with us," said Jocelyn, "but detectives are. We took time off to look at you this morning. Tommy Astill wanted to bet on your identity, but found no takers."

"Tommy Astill?" echoed the detective. "I've heard the name. Oh, yes, he's the fellow Miss Hillard mentioned. Bit of a sportsman—excellent shot, I believe? Much shooting about here?"

"For those that like it," said Jocelyn. She made Lorne Hillard's very gesture of distaste.

"Was Langridge a good shot?"

The faintest shadow flickered over her face.

"Frightfully keen. He was not as good with the birds as Tommy Astill, but I think he shaded him with a revolver. Tommy, of course, is mad about any kind of a gun. We used to go out for picnics, and it was never a picnic without the guns. Target shooting when I was with them, and quick shooting with the revolvers—throwing shillings in the air, and that sort of thing."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Oh, no."

"Then I suppose you can shoot, yourself," said Casey.

"Not as well as Tommy or Charlie Langridge—except with a revolver."

Casey looked at her with new interest.

"Could you hit a shilling thrown in the air?"

"Three times out of five—or perhaps four," said Jocelyn. She said it regretfully, as if she were sorry to be unable to claim one hundred per cent. efficiency.

"Talking about shooting," said Casey, "the chap who shot Langridge made a neat job of it. It might have been a fluke, of course, but an expert marksman couldn't have done any better." He paused and broke into impulsive apologies—"Oh, I'm sorry—I forgot—"

Jocelyn stopped him with the slightest of gestures.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Go on."

"I'm sorry," he said again, in a different tone, "but you remind me frightfully of someone. A minute ago it was Miss Hillard."

"Only for a minute. I should say," said Jocelyn, looking surprised.

"Then, for a minute, I thought it was Mrs. Langridge—his wife."

"Well, I'm not unlike her. Do you know her?"

"No—I've seen her photograph. Do you?"

"Same answer," said Jocelyn. She sat upright in the hammock, using her hands to steady it, and watched him gravely while he took out his pipe and slowly filled it.

"Tell me what happened last Tuesday night, Miss Rowe," he said quietly, when he had accomplished this task.

There was a short silence. Casey looked up to see her eyes fixed upon the flame of his match, with the sort of intent gaze which sees nothing. After a minute she said, in a voice more noticeably flat and restrained,

"From when?"

"I'm not particular," he said. "You can start from the year one, if you like, if anything occurred at that date that could be considered relevant. However—begin with your note to Langridge, asking him to call. What was that for?"

"I wanted him to come and say good-bye," said Jocelyn.

Casey had not removed his eyes from her face. Now, as he looked, intelligence suddenly lit them. He half rose, and pointed the stem of his pipe at her in triumph.

"Joyce Linda Rowlands," he exclaimed, "falsely called Breen."

"The same," said Jocelyn, smiling a little. "I thought you had forgotten me, after all."

There was another silence, while the detective met her cool glance with undisguised amazement. It would not have been surprising if he had forgotten her. He had often been amused with himself for remembering her so long—but it had happened when he was young, and not yet by long acquaintance become a little hardened to tragedy; and it was he who had had to tell Joyce Breen the truth about the man whom she had believed to be her husband.

He had carried for years the memory of her hurt child's face—she had been barely eighteen. It was the momentary shadow of pain in Jocelyn's eyes that had brought recollection back to him. He stood holding his forgotten pipe in his hand, and staring at her.

"He's dead," he said at last, abruptly. "I suppose you knew."

"I saw it in the papers," said Jocelyn. She paused, and then added: "He told me that if they sent him to prison it would kill him."

"He should have thought of that a bit sooner," commented the detective. "But I'm sorry again—I suppose you regretted him."

"Oh, no," said Jocelyn, gently. "Not in the least. You see, I'd been married to him almost a year—and to hear that he was a bigamist wasn't nearly the stunning blow you imagined it to be—it was simply the last of a succession of blows. In fact, it would have been good news—only for one thing. I don't suppose you remember Cecily?"

Casey remembered, although he had forgotten her until that moment.

"She was about three weeks' old, wasn't she?" he asked.

"Yes. Later she died," said Jocelyn, in her slightly monotonous voice. "I had a job—children's nurse. The people were awfully decent, and let me keep her there. Anyhow, one of the children got scarlet fever, and when she was better Cecily got it. She was two." She drew in her breath in the slightest of sighs. Then she suddenly threw up her head, and looked at the detective. "But you were asking me

about Charlie Langridge. What was it you were asking me?"

Casey sat down again, and re-lit his pipe. There were a hundred things he wanted to know, but he reflected that she had done well to remind him of his duty.

"About your note," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Jocelyn. "I wrote to him on Tuesday afternoon—just a note, asking him to see me before he went. I wanted to say good-bye."

"I see," said Casey. "And why did he have to come before ten o'clock?"

"To satisfy the conventions," she said, with her half-smile.

"And what time did he come?"

"It was just about ten," said Jocelyn. "He stayed for about an hour, talking with me on the side verandah. Then I walked down to the gate with him, and he went home. He was driving."

"Did you see him again?"

"No," said Jocelyn. "When I came back they were all in bed, so I went to bed, too."

"Did you see any of them?"

"No. I walked up from the gate with Walter Hillman—he'd just come home. Mrs. Ward and Duffy and Jack Perry were out—they didn't come home until about one, I think. I heard them come in."

"You just said they were all in bed."

"I meant all that were in the house—there were only Miss Kiasane and Miss Petherbridge, as a matter of fact."

"And you didn't see them?"

"No—oh, yes!" she said, starting. "I heard Miss Kiasane cough, and went in for a minute, and closed the window. Then I went to bed."

"And that was all?"

"That was all," she assented.

Casey pulled at his pipe and said nothing.

"Is the fact that I tried to ring the Rectory relevant?" she asked, after a pause.

"I was just wondering," he said.

"I was working back till half-past eight," said Jocelyn, "and Tom Astill said that Phil Grover had mentioned that they would like Mr. Hilliard to call at their place before he went to Quambone next morning. When I was going to bed it struck me that Mr. Astill might have wanted me to deliver that message—I couldn't actually remember if he'd asked me to, but I thought I'd better ring and make sure."

"What time was that?"

"It was about a quarter to twelve," said Jocelyn. "A bit late, but I knew the Irvings were to be at the Rectory that night, and I thought they'd still be up. However, the phone was out of order, and when I looked over the paddocks, the place seemed to be in darkness, so I went to bed."

"Was this before or after you heard Miss Kiasane cough?"

"Before."

She rocked the hammock gently to and fro for a minute, and then slipped out of it.

"Is that all? Because I have to be back in town at half-past seven. It's after seven now."

He stood up with her, and they walked slowly across the clean-swept yard to where the french windows of her room stood wide open to the breeze. They paused on the threshold.

"You wanted him to come and say good-bye," he mused aloud. "But what was he to you?"

"Don't you know?" she retorted, rather hardily.

"I'm afraid I don't."

"I should have thought, seeing there's so little you don't know," said Jocelyn, "that it would have been one of the first things you found out."

"I suppose long experience has made me suspicious," said Casey, smiling. "Anyhow, I don't believe all I hear. Why did you change your name?"

"I thought it might help," she answered.

"When I came here I wanted to make a fresh start. You know perfectly well that I was not in the least to blame when I married Cecil. I believed in him—I wasn't old enough to doubt anyone so plausible. But if I had been the guilty one, the guilt couldn't have stuck any closer to me. The people I was among at the time knew all about it, and they pitied me—which was kind, but not very pleasant."

"But I found out there were worse things. You see, although I tried to get away from it, my story followed me. Sometimes it was the true story, and sometimes it was a garbled version, and even the true story didn't tell in my favor. For some reason which I've never been able to fathom, it's a serious drawback in a woman's character to have been bigamously married."

"It's a pity people couldn't mind their own business," said Casey.

"I began to believe it was fate," said Jocelyn. "I was doomed to notoriety, whether I liked it or not. It dogged my footsteps—I left one place and went to another, but my infame followed me." She laughed. "What a world!"

"But when did you change your name?"

"When I came here. And was immediately punished for it. Well, I was in fault there, I have to admit. You see, I wanted to get away from the place I was in. It was a very good job—Wainwright, Gibb and Co.—but the general manager complicated it."

"I know him," said Casey. "He would."

"I was sick of it by that time," said Jocelyn, her voice warming for the first time with indignation. "It was the same always—I didn't so much mind being a subject for scandal, but it was the way different people reacted to it. When I heard this job at Grover and Astill's was going begging, I jumped at it." She colored. "It was pretty dreadful, only you see I was fairly desperate—I had a letter he'd written to me—"

"The general manager?"

"Yes. It was a pretty awful letter—no sane man would put such things in black and white. However, he thought I'd destroyed it. I told him if he didn't get me this job with Grover and Astill's—we did a lot of business with them, and I was sure he could—I'd send it to his wife. I only wanted to get away from everything and be quiet for a while—and this was so far away. I made him give me the most extravagant references in the name of Jocelyn Rowe, and—well, here I am."

"Blackmail!" exclaimed the detective. He looked at her wide-eyed.

She shrugged.

"It didn't work, anyway—my idea of getting away from things, I mean. Charlie Langridge happened to be his cousin, and he told the tale to Charlie as a joke—his version of the tale, too. Charlie brought the tale back to Barranbri—and there you are."

"You mean he told people—?"

"Of course," said Jocelyn.

"And what about your employers—how did they take it?"

"I haven't any idea—neither Phil Grover nor Tom Astill ever said a word to me."

"All employers don't react the same way, it seems," he commented.
Jocelyn smiled again.

"This was my first experience of the kind that doesn't," she said. "I've been unlucky, I suppose—but I was lucky when I came here. I've made the only real friends I ever made—Tom Astill for one, and Mary Kessane and Mrs. Ward. So I didn't go—I stayed."

There came the sound of footsteps on the gravel, and a man's voice called:

"Are you there, Jocelyn?"
"There!" she exclaimed, and although her voice was even, it was impossible for him to miss the sudden light in her eyes. "It's Tommy and I'm not ready." She lifted her voice. "I'm here, Tom—come along. This is Mr. Astill, Mr. Casey," she added, and stepped into her room. "I won't be a minute."

The detective turned to look at Astill, somewhat interested to discover what sort of a man it was who had been a "real friend" to Jocelyn. He saw a tall, slightly built man, with a pleasant face, redeemed from mediocrity by a highbridged and forthright nose. They shook hands, and Casey said to himself: "She's in love with him—that's why she stayed here. Friendship be blowed!"

He leaned against the verandah post after they had gone, and watched them until the darkness completely hid them from sight. Then he suddenly recollected that he was supposed to be investigating a murder, and strode swiftly after them.

CASEY walked up to the school, not so many paces to the rear of Astill and Jocelyn. He noted, however, that their progress was entirely unobtrusive. They walked at a good, but easy pace, and occasionally a murmur of casual voices floated back to the detective. Had he but known it, Tommy was confiding to Jocelyn that he loved Lorne Hillard, and was receiving her friendly and sympathetic advice.

Casey overtook them at the school gate. "I'd love to point out the bright lights of the town to you, Mr. Casey," said Jocelyn. "But I promised to help on the ice-cream stall. Don't forget to patronise us."

She hurried off and made her way through the crowd, which was buzzing with the sensations of the past few days. This was the first occasion on which Barranbri had really had a chance to gather and discuss the murder of Charles Langridge, and many curious eyes followed Jocelyn Rowe to see how she was taking it. When later she met Casey again in full view of the crowd there was the faintest color in her cheeks, and she greeted him with a smile that was a shade too bright.

"I'll find you a chair," he suggested.
"Please don't bother," she said. "I shan't stay more than a few more minutes."

"Not going home?"
"Oh, I think so."
"Astill doesn't appear to be ready."

She cast an amused glance to where Tommy sat between the rector and Lorne Hillard. At the same moment the rector, turning, caught sight of her and left his place to walk towards her.

"Tommy's not taking me home," said Jocelyn, not observing this.
"But he brought you."

"Now that's where you're wrong," she told him, laughing. "I came with Tommy, but he didn't bring me. There's a fine distinction."

"Well, don't go yet," he pleaded. "I want to see a man, but I'll be done in half an hour—then I'm going home. Wait for me, and I can walk home with you."

"Thanks very much," said Jocelyn. "There's a seat under the pepper tree, near the little gate. I'll wait there."

He went away, but she had hardly moved out of the lighted space where the crowd was than she heard the minister's voice call her name and she stopped as he came up to her.

The Reverend Mr. Hillard seemed at a loss for words. Although Jocelyn thought it reasonable to suppose that he had sought her for the purpose of an interview he stood absolutely silent, and in the reflected light from the lamps she saw that his hands moved nervously. Jocelyn was suddenly annoyed.

"What is it?" she asked, crisply.

"To tell the truth, Miss Rowe," said the minister, hesitatingly. "I hardly know how to begin. But I promised that I would speak to you. Perhaps you'll understand me when I tell you that it was Mrs. Grover whom I promised."

"Mrs. Grover?" she echoed.

"I wish she had spoken to me before," said Mr. Hillard. "I knew that her mind was troubled—she feared death because she felt that it left her children unprotected. I imagined that it was the girls she feared for, and I did my best to reassure her, but she died miserable and anxious, and at the last she asked me to intervene. Her anxiety was for Bob—she was afraid—"

"I see," said Jocelyn.
Her voice froze the words on the minister's lips. He remained silent, waiting for her to speak again.

"You should have been able to assure her that he was in no danger," she said, after a pause, in a voice hardly controlled.

"I'd have done so, if I could," he answered.
"If you could!" repeated Jocelyn. "You know Bob Grover—do you think for a moment that there's any evil in the world he could have learned from me?"

"Such a reflection would be small comfort to a mother," said Mr. Hillard. He added after a moment: "Looking back, I can understand that his friendship for you must have worried her for years. All those months when she was waiting for death she did not try to keep him here. He came up from Sydney quite frequently, as you know, but she never pressed him to stay, and when he himself made arrangements to stay, last time he was here, it struck me then that she did not seem half happy enough. She apparently believed that it was you who drew him."

"I'm sorry she was unhappy," said Jocelyn, in a softened tone. "She needn't have been—not so far as I was concerned. However—is that all?"

Mr. Hillard, feeling himself dismissed, left her, and Jocelyn walked with a quickened step to the seat under the pepper tree. She sank upon it, and put her head in her hands, for a long minute perilously near to hysterics. She was on the verge of laughter—she wanted dangerously to weep. She pressed her forehead against the palms of her hands, and drew a long, deep breath, while the many emotions of the past days beat against her.

A voice behind her said gently, but with concern:

"Miss Rowe! Are you ill?"

She dropped her hands quickly and sat upright.

"Oh, no, Lorne," she said calmly. "A headache, that's all."

"I wanted to talk to you if you don't mind," said Lorne, diffidently.

Jocelyn drew in her skirt, and moved along the seat to make room.

"There isn't anyone but you I can talk to," said Lorne. "Mrs. Irving is ill, and there isn't anyone else who would understand—but first of all I want to tell you how sorry I am—I was rude to you once—once when you tried to warn me. At least I think you tried to warn me—do you remember?"

"Yes," said Jocelyn.

Suddenly she was aware that the girl was trembling—shaking with the effort to hold back tears. She turned and put her hand on Lorne's arm.

"You mustn't," she protested. "Really, Lorne—you mustn't grieve for him. Try to forget. Think of your father and— and everyone who loves you, and wants you to be happy. Forget about it."

"Oh!" said Lorne, shivering. "I'm not—you mustn't think— That's the terrible part of it. I'm not grieving or unhappy—only frightened."

"Frightened—why? What of?"

"Of nothing that can hurt me now," said Lorne. "Only when I think of it—it's as if something had snatched me from the edge."

"What have you found out?" asked Jocelyn, quietly. She put her arm gently about the girl's shoulder.

"I've found out how wrong I was," said Lorne. She seemed to find relief in speech. "Miss Rowe, how awful to believe in one's own judgment against everyone else's—even my own father's."

"Well, most young people do, I think," said Jocelyn.

"I saw you talking to the detective a little while ago," Lorne went on. "He was at our place this morning, and he and Daddy were talking—about Charlie. I suppose I shouldn't have listened, but I don't care. They didn't bother to whisper. I couldn't hear what the detective said, but you know how Daddy's voice carries. He said things about Charlie—"

"But surely you've heard those things before."

"No, I hadn't, Miss Rowe—honestly—I'd only been told in a vague sort of way—that he was bad. How could I guess what that meant?"

"No, of course," said Jocelyn, memory awake within her.

"Since then," said Lorne, "I've been gradually realising—and—and—I can tell you, I couldn't tell anyone else. I was going to run away with him."

"Hush!" said Jocelyn.

"He said it was the only way—he said Daddy would have to let us get married then. It really didn't seem wrong—not very wrong. It wasn't until I saw him—dead—that I began to doubt. Daddy thinks I'm grieving for him, and I long to tell him that I'm not, but I can't tell him anything—"

"Hush, Lorne!" said Jocelyn, again.

"You know," said Lorne. "Was he as bad as they say?"

"Worse. He was married," said Jocelyn. "Yes—but divorced."

"He wasn't divorced," said Jocelyn slowly. "His wife filed proceedings at one time, but she didn't go through with it. I would have told you this before, Lorne," she added, "but I only found it out myself—the day he died."

"And he—knew?"

"Oh, yes, he knew," said Jocelyn. "It was he who persuaded her not to go on with it."

"Oh!" whispered Lorne. She covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she said again, shuddering.

"Forget about it," said Jocelyn. "You're safe—nothing can hurt you now."
"I feel as if everything would hurt me," Lorne moaned.

His tall figure outlined against the glow of the electric lights, Casey came slowly towards them.

"I'm frightened he'll find out," said Lorne, dropping her voice to a rapid whisper. "You see, Charlie stopped the car at the corner to wait for me—what if it came out?"

"How can it come out?" asked Jocelyn. "If you don't tell it, who will? But you shouldn't talk of it—why do you imagine you can trust me?"

"The detective came within earshot. Instantly Lorne pulled herself together. Jocelyn could almost feel the effort through the darkness. As Casey came up, Lorne made her answer lightly.

"Well, hard luck for me if I can't," she said, and rose. "I'll go back to the concert."

"You must have had quite a long conversation with your rival," Casey remarked, as they walked to the gate.

"With my what?"

"Your rival."

"She's not my rival," said Jocelyn, "and never was. I'm not a competitor."

"And why not?"

"I think too little of my chances." The detective smiled in the darkness.

"Well," he said slowly, "I wasn't thinking of Askill, but of Langridge."

"Oh!" said Jocelyn. She walked on a few yards without speaking, then she laughed.

"You're quite a good detective," she remarked.

"Oh, not so clever. You gave it all away." "What are you leading up to?" asked Jocelyn.

"Miss Rowe!" he protested. "I'm not always on duty."

"Well, if you are not on duty," said Jocelyn, "I can tell you that you're entirely too personal."

"I'm sorry," he said quietly.

Jocelyn walked more slowly. An apology she had expected, but not one that seemed sincere. She had taken it for granted that he was walking home with her in quest of information.

They paced half a mile in silence. Then, "Half a dozen times I've been on the point of saying something," said Casey at length, "and every subject that comes to my mind seems to be personal. Aren't the stars bright?"

He guessed that she smiled. He had noted before the readiness of her smile, although it reflected but faintly in her eyes.

"You don't have to talk if you don't want to," she said. "I mean—well, I'd rather not talk if you don't mind. I'm tired."

"Take my arm," he said instantly.

She was certainly tired, although she tried not to lean on him. They took a narrow path across the paddocks, and soon reached a road which was more of a dry watercourse than a thoroughfare.

They passed the side fence of the Rectory, and came upon the station road. About fifty yards ahead was the corner, and they were approaching it steadily.

The detective was disturbed—he had had no intention of taking her past the spot. He drew her hand firmly through his arm, and they walked on.

It was a still night, with bright stars and scarcely a breath of wind, but as they passed the corner the sailings stirred with a long, low, quiet sigh, and everything was

still again. Jocelyn had not altered her pace, but she was tense, and her hand, which Casey still covered with his own, was cold. She looked straight in front of her.

Ward's was in darkness. Jocelyn opened the front door with her key, and they went into the darkened hall. She caught at his arm again.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I'm nervous," said Jocelyn. "Here's my door. Hang on to my hand while I find the switch."

He laughed, obligingly holding her hand. "I'd never have dreamed you were nervous."

The hand in his was cold and trembling. They were standing in the doorway, and her other hand was fumbling for the switch. Both of them were looking into the dark room. Suddenly it was flooded with light, and from its place on the table by her bed the pictured face of Charles Langridge laughed at them as the light struck it.

Even the detective experienced a definite sense of shock. Jocelyn did not make a sound, but her hand slipped out of his as she fainted.

CASEY had not been able to break her fall, but he stooped and quickly raised her from the floor. She had dropped her handbag. Supporting her with one arm, he picked up the bag and tossed it on to a nearby chair, then lifted her and laid her on her bed. He seized the photograph of Charles Langridge and laid it flat down upon the little table where it stood.

Her faintness was already passing off, as he could see, and he stood beside her, anxiously chafing her cold hands, and watching her face for signs of returning life. Presently her eyes opened, to fix upon him with growing fear.

"Just lie quiet," said Casey. "You'll be right in a minute."

"What happened?" she asked after a pause.

"It was that confounded photograph," he explained. "Made me feel pretty queer, myself."

She nodded.

"I remember—when I switched on the light." Terror came into her face for a moment. She struggled to sit up, her eyes dilating.

"Take it easy," he remonstrated.

Not easily, but with an effort, she calmed herself and lay down again. Her eyes wandered in the direction of the photograph, and she seemed relieved not to see it.

"Why keep it in sight?" he demanded, and as she did not answer, "Langridge was pretty lavish with his own photograph. So far I've seen four."

"He was very good-looking," she murmured. "Besides, he nearly always got a photo in return."

"I didn't see yours among them."

A flicker of amusement crossed her face.

"I can smile," said Jocelyn, "but not sweetly. I should be out of place in that gallery. He had a snapshot of me once, but he said my serious look reminded him of his wife, and aroused his sleeping conscience, so he destroyed it."

"I noticed that he kept a photograph of his wife."

"Yes," said Jocelyn.

"Was he fond of her?"

She shook her head. "I never thought so—but he admired her. He told me—once—that he had made a solemn promise not to go near her or the little girl, so long as she dropped her divorce proceedings."

"That's not unusual," said Casey.

"At any rate," said Jocelyn. "Charlie couldn't bear to lose anything that had once belonged to him—others might value what he himself had no value for."

"So you knew he was not divorced," Casey commented.

"Yes. He told me."

"When?"

"Oh, some time ago," said Jocelyn vaguely. She put her hand to her head, and closed her eyes.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"I'd like a drink of water, please."

When he returned from the kitchen with the water, Casey was instantly convinced that she had moved during his absence. She lay in the same position. A swift glance told him that everything in the room was exactly as he had left it; but he was sure she had moved. The uneasiness, the slight suggestion of strain, were gone from her attitude, and the hand that held the glass was steadier than he would have expected.

"Thank you," said Jocelyn. "I'm all right now."

"It was very foolish of me to bring you past that place," he said regretfully. "I didn't think."

She gave him a surprised glance.

"I thought you did it purposely."

"Purposely?"

"To study my reactions," explained Jocelyn, with a smile that was almost a grin.

"The police do that, don't they? You often see it in the evidence. 'I took accused to a certain place. He said something.'"

"You regard yourself as a suspected person?"

Her amusement deepened.

"Well," she said, slowly, "I don't for a moment believe that you're attracted by my charms."

There was a sound of running footsteps, and Mary Kissane appeared at the french windows, quite breathless.

"Oh, Jocelyn—" she began, half laughing, and then stopped abruptly. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Miss Rowe had rather a fright, and fainted," explained Casey.

"A fright?" echoed Mary, taking in the situation with a keen glance. "Well, I don't wonder. I walked most of the way home without turning a hair, but I must admit that the last few yards of the station road tried my endurance. I wouldn't pass that corner for worlds. And I ran down the path, feeling as if something was going to grab me. How is it, Joe?"

"I'm a bit dithery, except when horizontal," replied Jocelyn.

Mary turned to the detective.

"Young man," she said. "Avaunt! If anyone in Barrabrt could see you here at this hour of the night we'd be accused of corrupting the force, which, in my experience, is either hopelessly corrupted or entirely incorruptible. Which are you?"

"Modesty forbids me to say."

"I like you," she said, her bright head on one side. "If you had a minute to spare for me, I'd flirt with you."

"Mary!" remonstrated Jocelyn weakly.

"My dear," said Mary, "you know my propensities—and a detective is such a new experience. Good-night, Mr. Casey."

Casey withdrew. He told himself that he was very much ready for bed. He had had a full day on top of a long night's travelling. He undressed, wondering vaguely whether Ward's water supply ran to baths for the boarders, and whether he could hope for a shower in the morning.

Musing thus, he rolled into bed between the cool sheets and stretched

luxuriously, drifting off almost immediately into the border land of sleep.

He knew a moment of delicious peace, then abruptly he was awake, again asking himself what Jocelyn had been doing, while he was absent in the kitchen.

He could feel again the cold trembling of the fingers that she stretched out to him in the darkness of the hall—he could feel them slipping out of his as she faltered. Much against his will he found himself following at the heels of memory through the whole scene, down to the last detail—his arm about her, supporting her as he stooped to toss her handbag on to a chair. The sound the bag made as it fell.

He was upright and wide awake. That sound was loud in his ears. He had barely noticed it at the time, but he remembered it perfectly—the weight of the bag; the hard sound as it struck the chair.

He was out of bed, and half-way to the door. Then he checked himself and deliberately got back into bed. So that was why she had sent him to the kitchen! With equal deliberation he settled himself comfortably into the pillows and went to sleep.

"YOU rise amazingly early, Mr. Casey," said Jocelyn.

She stood framed in the french windows, a shoe in one hand and a brush in the other, and she looked at him with a smile. He was relieved to see that she looked much better, even showing a trace of color in her cheeks.

"I should say you were no later," he rejoined. "I'm glad you're better."

"I'm not used to swooning," said Jocelyn. "Is one's recovery usually slow?"

He murmured something non-committal and came up on to the verandah. She was already dressed for the day's work, with the exception of this one shoe which she was gingerly cleaning.

"I always forget my shoes until I'm all ready," she said. "Then I remember, and splash polka all over my hands. What do you think of Barranbri at this moment?"

"It's a wonderful morning," she slipped the shoe on to her foot, and surveyed her hands with disfavor.

"I'll have to wash them," she said, retreating into the room. "See you at breakfast."

"When is it?" he called after her.

Her voice came floating back from the door into the passage. "Eight o'clock."

Then he heard the closing of the bathroom door. In accordance with her usual custom, she had left her own room open to the winds of the world.

He could see, from where he stood, the chair with her handbag lying on it, just as he had left them the night before. To satisfy a conscience that was beginning to question him, he leaned into the room, picked up the handbag, and opened it. As he had expected, there was nothing in it but the most innocent of feminine trifles.

Whatever had been there to make the weight and noise that he remembered had been removed. Nor did he imagine that there was anything to be gained by searching the room for it. Apparently she knew, or feared, that he suspected its presence. He left the room.

It was a beautiful morning, with the clear warmth that promises heat. The sun glistened on young grass, and there was a pleasant breeze. Casey strolled across the paddocks, breathing in the clear air, and thinking mainly of Charles Langridge, but, spasmodically, of Jocelyn Rowe.

Presently he found himself near the tank. The loose soil at the foot of one

bank was still soft after the rain, and as he drew near he saw the fresh imprint of a shoe. He stopped to stare at it. It was a fresh mark, and was that of a small, slender shoe, sensible as to heel, but daintier than the ordinary walking shoe.

There came to him a clear picture of Jocelyn, calmly cleaning a shoe before his very eyes.

"She's gone and pitched it into the tank," he told himself. "While I was in the bath. Well, I'll be—"

Breakfast was a pleasant meal. Casey was surprised to find that almost everyone in the house was even more punctual than himself, though the clock had not finished striking when he entered the room. Only one seat was empty.

"Jocelyn up?" asked Mrs. Ward, preparing to preside.

"She's up all right," said Jack Perry. "She was roaming round the paddocks at some ungodly hour this morning. I spotted her through the window as I turned over to get my second sleep."

Just then, Jocelyn came in with apologies. It seemed to Casey that for one minute, as she met his eye, she faltered a little. Then, summoning determination to her aid, she sat down, but the color that he had noticed earlier in the morning had faded from her face. She ate little, and spoke not at all, except to put an end to a conspiracy that was on foot amongst the boys for the benefit of Miss Petherbridge, who, it appeared, had a weakness for marmalade.

The object of the conspiracy was to keep the marmalade out of her reach, any request she started to make for it being forestalled by a loud demand from one of the boys, who took care, when he had finished with it, to pass it to his far neighbor, who took care to forget that Miss Petherbridge had also asked for it.

That Miss Petherbridge had become aware of the plot against her was obvious, and it was arousing in her an irritation out of all proportion to its triviality. Casey was reflecting that a person with so little humor simply asked for plugging of this kind, when Jocelyn suddenly leaned across him, seized the jar, and placed it before Miss Petherbridge, who received it stonily. The boys, deprived of their sport, passed up their cups for more tea, and Miss Petherbridge dropped the marmalade jar to the table, burst into tears, and rushed from the room. Jocelyn rose and went after her.

Walter Hillman uttered a low, dismayed whistle.

"You should have had more sense than to start teasing her this morning," said Mrs. Ward, a trifle testily. "You could see at a glance she's in one of her nervy moods, if you only bothered to look. I tried to give you the office to cut it out, too."

Everybody then proceeded calmly with his breakfast, and Mrs. Ward, supposing the detective to be surprised at this callous behaviour, dropped a word of explanation.

"Miss Petherbridge is a very nervy sort of girl," she said. "Nothing's too trifling for her to worry about. She comes home and cries herself sick sometimes over nothing but her work. I always say it's a real pity she hasn't got some real worries—not that Charlie's death hasn't been a real shock to her, I suppose."

"She was a friend of his?"

"Rather not, if you ask me," said Walter, who had not been asked.

"But she'd known him for a long time," Mrs. Ward explained.

"Childhood companions, and all that sort of thing," said the irrepressible Walter.

The opening silence was broken by the return of the two girls. Miss Petherbridge said, "Awfully sorry to have been such an idiot," and sat down and applied herself to toast and marmalade. Jocelyn looked at her watch, and asked:

"Anyone coming downtown?"

Casey laid down his table napkin and rose. They went out together.

"LET'S go the short way," said Jocelyn.

"I'm in rather a hurry."

She turned towards the rectory corner and Casey fell into step beside her, shortening his pace a little to suit hers. He glanced down at her feet. She was wearing what might have been the very shoes that had made the marks beside the tank. She walked on in silence, but left the road just before the turn to cut through the saplings.

"This is an obvious short cut, of course," she said then, breaking her silence. "The road should have gone through here in the first place, but some nature lover spared the ironbark. I don't blame him." She turned about to indicate the beautiful tree on their left, and suddenly her foot was caught by the root of a tree that ran across the path, and she fell. She was up again before he could reach her, her finger in her mouth.

"That's about the nineteenth time I've fallen over that," she mumbled. "Look." Her middle finger was scored from the tip to the second joint, and was bleeding freely. She offered it for his inspection, then wrapped her handkerchief about it and kicked at the ground with her foot.

"Must have been something in the grass," she said, "though there isn't enough grass about here to hide anything—oh, look!" She stooped, and, rising again, held out her hand to him. Lying on the palm was a little enamelled buckle, very dainty, but with a sufficiently sharp point.

Casey took it rather quickly from her hand.

"It must be a shoe buckle," said Jocelyn, walking on. "Haven't been lost long, either, by the look of it."

"Was it lying on the ground?" asked Casey, idly looking at it.

There was nothing in his tone to put her on her guard.

"No, as a matter of fact, it was almost buried," she said. "I must have kicked it out of the dust. Perhaps it was lost before the rain, and the earth partly washed over it. Grover and Astill's had a pair of grey shoes with buckles like that—I nearly bought them, but they were too high in the heel, and in the price too."

"Who bought them?"

"I don't know," said Jocelyn, "but I can easily find out. They were still in the shop a week ago. It must be the same shoes—I haven't ever seen any buckles like them. She'll be glad to get it back."

She held out her hand, expecting the buckle to be returned to her, but Casey smiled and put it in his pocket.

"Why, what for?" asked Jocelyn.

"The lady doesn't want the buckle," he said.

"But of course she does," protested Jocelyn. "They were half the charm of the shoes."

"I have it on my own authority that the shoes are ruined," he replied.

Jocelyn stared at him, and her eyelashes flickered for an instant to hide a fleeting look of alarm. He could see her thinking quickly as she watched him. Then she smiled.

"Have I literally stumbled on some evidence?" she asked. "Oh, well, only too pleased to help. Now I shall really have to hurry, or I'll be frightfully late."

They parted on the corner of Main Street, and she walked quickly on to where the big doors of Grover and Astill's were swinging open. None of the office staff had as yet arrived. Jocelyn went deliberately to the shoe department.

"Oh, Jack," she said, addressing the youth in charge. "Are those grey shoes sold yet? You know—the three guinea ones, from Melbourne, with the buckles?"

"Oh, them? Yes—Lorne Hilliard bought 'em."

Jocelyn went back to the office, hung up her light coat, and washed the blood from her finger, applying iodine from a little wall cupboard. Tom Astill, coming in, watched this operation with set teeth.

"I wish you'd retire somewhere private when you do that sort of thing," he said. "Makes a man's blood run cold. What have you done to yourself, anyway?"

"Only scratched my finger," said Jocelyn. She sat down at her desk.

"It's an ill wind, Jocelyn," he said. "Do you realise that in the ordinary course of events I should have been going to Quamboyne for good in about a week's time? As it is, circumstances give me another week at least. I didn't realise how sorry I'd be to go."

"You wouldn't have been sorry a week ago," said Jocelyn. "Your prospects have changed considerably for the better since then."

She went without ostentation to the telephone, and asked for the Rectory.

"Grover and Astill's," she said. "May I speak to Miss Hilliard?"

"Speaking," said Lorne's voice.

"It's Jocelyn Rowe here," she said. "You know the shoe buckle you lost?"

There was a moment's silence, broken by a faintly audible gasp.

"Oh—yes?" said Lorne.

"We found it," said Jocelyn. "Quite by accident—the detective and I."

There was another quickly indrawn breath. Lorne said nothing.

"I thought you'd be glad to know," said Jocelyn. "Mr. Casey took charge of it."

"Thank you," said Lorne, very faintly. There was another short silence, then.

"Thank you," she said again, and the receiver went up.

Jocelyn rang off, and proceeded calmly to the unlocking of her desk. On the other side of the room Tom Astill was pursuing a determined course of polite deafness, but after a moment he asked:

"Does the detective bother you much?"

"I see quite a lot of him," said Jocelyn, "but I wouldn't say he was a bother, exactly."

"Is he hot on the trail?"

"He's hot on mine," said Jocelyn. "But you mustn't worry, Tommy. As a line appeared between his eyebrows."

"I fancy things are going to be a bit unpleasant for Lorne, especially if they drag her into the inquest. There'll most likely be all sorts of talk—I don't suppose you'll let that make any difference—to you and Lorne?"

"Let them all talk," Tommy protested.

"It can't touch her really—any kid is liable to fall in love with a wrong 'un. I was never one of those who wondered what a woman saw in him—he was one of the most attractive creatures I ever met, and easily the most plausible. Point of fact, though, the thing that worries me most about going to Quamboyne now is the fact that I won't be here to see the thing through."

"You can ring her up," said Jocelyn, "and come in for week-ends."

"And meanwhile you can keep an eye on her in my absence."

"I should be charmed," said Jocelyn, "only I fancy that I'll be absent too, after a while."

"What do you mean?" he asked, startled.

"Are you letting the firm send you to Quamboyne too?"

"Impossible," said Jocelyn firmly.

"I don't see why," he argued, without conviction.

"You do," she contradicted. "You know Bob Grover can't take over from you without some assistance, to begin with. He thinks he can, but he doesn't know the ropes. That's one reason. I have to stay here till he finds his feet. And another reason is that it wouldn't do—ask Mr. Hilliard if it would do."

"Mr. Hilliard's got more sense than—"

"Say no more about it, Tommy," she said crisply. "Do you think I want to stay here and be secretary to Bob Grover? I've been spoilt—after experience first with Phil and then with you. I don't look forward to working for an ordinary uncertain and temperamental man again. But I'm not going out to Quamboyne with you, and that's flat."

"But you said you wouldn't be staying here."

"I said I fancied I wouldn't," said Jocelyn. "I don't think I'm going to like it. However—let's start work."

"And meanwhile you can keep an eye on her in my absence."

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"I know," said Lorne. "But do it silently. I admire you, if it comes to that, but I don't ogre you all the time."

Tom chuckled.

"I'm sure I never ogled anyone."

The gate clicked, and he saw her face grow a shade paler as she looked over his shoulder.

"It's the detective," she said. "I don't want to see him."

"Why should you?" he demanded. "I'll head him off—"

"No use," said Lorne. She braced herself with an effort. "I think he came to see me, and if he means to, he will. I'll go to meet him."

She threw down her needlework and walked down the verandah. He heard her greet the detective, and descend the steps to meet him, then, inwardly loath to go, but apparently unconcerned, he went to find the rector.

Casey knew immediately that Lorne had been expecting him, and guessed that the finding of her buckle was no news to her. So he showed it to her on his open palm, and waited for her to speak.

"Well?" said Lorne steadily.

"What is it?" he asked.

"One of my shoe buckles," she said.

"From the shoes that were new on Tuesday, according to Grace—I don't know her other name," he said, with a smile. Lorne felt that she should have distrusted the apparent kindness of that smile, but in spite of herself, it steadied her.

"Do you know where we found it?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Come with me," said Casey, "and I'll show you." To his surprise she made no demur. "It was quite by accident," he explained. "Miss Rowe tripped, and the just happened to cut her finger—the buckle was almost tilted over. You know, that tree root over the path is a dangerous thing. I expect you've fallen over it yourself."

"Often," said Lorne.

"You did on Tuesday night."

She did not answer. They came to the place where Jocelyn had fallen, and Casey rubbed his toe against the exposed root, and spent a moment in reflection. His deliberation frightened her—she watched him with fear growing in her eyes.

"Not from this side," he said.

She looked uncomprehending.

"I mean one wouldn't be likely to trip, approaching it from this side," he explained. "The ground's level with it here. So it must have been on your way back. You came out to meet Langridge, of course. You had arranged to meet him; and he pulled up at the corner to wait for you. You came along this path, and we'll take it something frightened you and sent you running back—something pretty frightening. You tripped, and lost your shoe buckle, and you didn't stop. What I'd like you to tell me is, what frightened you? What made you run?"

She shook her head, and could not answer. Her hands were tightly clasped in front of her, but she could not stop their trembling.

"Take it steady," he said, not too gently. "And don't be frightened—particularly of me. I have my work to do, but if you can be spared in any way you will be. That goes without saying."

"Thank you," said Lorne, faintly.

"Don't thank me," he retorted. "It's not our object to punish the innocent."

The curtly impersonal tone was more convincing than a kind one.

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"Let us go away from here," said Lorne, more firmly.

"What frightened you, Miss Hilliard?" he persisted.

"Oh, you are only guessing!" she cried. "You don't know—"

"But I have guessed," he answered, "and guessed correctly, up to a point. I could go on guessing, but I want you to tell me. Your own story would be much better or you than all the inferences to be drawn—differences are not apt to be kind. Will you tell me?"

"I'll tell you," said Lorne. "I suppose you'd find out, anyway."

She sat down at the foot of the tree and pushed her hair back from her forehead.

"Charles and I had arranged to meet at the corner at twelve o'clock," she said.

"You were going away with him?"

"Yes," said Lorne. She added naively: "I was just wondering if I ought to tell you that. The Irvings were spending the evening with us, and I wasn't sure if I could get away on time, but he said that he would be there punctually at twelve, and would wait. If anything happened so that I simply couldn't get away, or if I changed my mind, I was to ring him at the hotel. However, the Irvings left fairly early, and I thought it would be pretty easy, but I had to pack a small suitcase, and then my father kept moving about, and I was afraid that he would hear me."

"I put my light out, and listened for the car, but my room is on the far side of the house, and there was wind and rain. My father kept moving about in his room, and I was scared to make a sound. And I began to get frightened, too. And then I saw that the goods train had come in, and I knew it must be after twelve."

"I knew the car would be there waiting for me, and I was afraid that Daddy would look out, and see its lights, or something. I didn't dare wait any longer—I crept out of the house, and right around it, and out through the front gate. I came this way, through the trees."

She had been speaking in an even, almost monotonous voice, but suddenly her tone sharpened and she gripped one hand with the other.

"I came out on to the road. It was very dark and wet, but I could see the car, only all the lights were out. But I thought to myself that of course he would have put the lights out. I said, 'Are you there, Charles?' but no answer, and I got frightened. I got terribly frightened. I stood there, and I couldn't move. I had a little torch—and so I saw him lying there and I knew that he was dead. And I left him there—oh, that was terrible—and I was so frightened that I left him there—and I ran and fell; and ran. No one heard me come back, and I shut myself in my room, and—that was all."

"How did you know that he was dead?" asked Casey.

She looked at him oddly, as if unable to understand his calmness.

"How did I know?" she echoed. "I—oh, I knew. I knew that he was dead—and I left him."

"Have you told me everything?" the detective asked. "Think a little," he added, as she was still silent. "Did you see nothing, or nothing?"

"I haven't dared to think about it since," said Lorne.

"It's very necessary," he told her. "Try remember."

"I didn't see anything," said Lorne. "How

could I? It was so dark—the torch only made a little ring of light—and everything else was blacker. I didn't see anything."

"What did you hear?"

Her emphasis on the word "see" had been of the slightest, and quite unconscious, so she started back from him as if his acuteness struck her as uncanny.

"I don't know if I heard—anything," she faltered.

"Well, what did you think you heard?"

"Oh, it was just imagination, surely!" she protested. "All the way through the trees the wind sounded like voices whispering and warning—but I know that was only because I was frightened. And then, when I saw him—" she pressed her hands to her eyes, and drew a quick, fluttering breath—"when I saw him—lying there—something said to me, 'He's dead. Go back!'"

"Someone spoke to you?"

"Something," insisted Lorne. She was shaking violently.

"Now come, Miss Hilliard," he rallied her. "Imagination does not play us such real tricks. Someone spoke to you."

"I might even have said it myself," she said. "Aloud, you see. I might even have said to myself, 'He's dead. Go back!'"

"I don't think so," he said calmly. "Was it a woman's voice?"

"It was hardly a voice at all," she answered. "A whisper—no more. I don't know."

"And you didn't stay to find out?"

"I ran back," said Lorne, "and—left him."

"Which you wouldn't have done," he observed, quietly, "if you had thought you were leaving him alone."

She started again, acknowledging the truth of that, and for a moment there was silence.

"I wish you would try to remember," he said, then. "You realise, of course, that whoever spoke to you must have been the person who shot Langridge. The more you can tell us the more chance you give us of finding the murderer."

She gave him a glance of horror.

"But I don't want to help you find him," she cried.

"YOU look very solitary there, Mr. Casey," said Miss Petherbridge. The detective flashed a humorous glance at her from where he lay in the hammock.

Actually, he had been thinking over his last interview. Mrs. Irving, shocked by a sudden realisation of the possible effects of her hysterical outburst, had returned to a normal frame of mind—and a searching interview with her and her husband had ruled out a probable suspect in the detective's mind.

This, too, after dragging the rectory tank had yielded no results!

Casey's thoughts focused back to Miss Petherbridge's comment.

"But very comfortable," he said. "Aren't you going to sit down, Miss Petherbridge?"

She fluttered slightly, and sat. She was the one person he had met in Barranbril whom he did not like—with the possible exception of young Grover; and his dislike was not of her bad qualities, but of her excessive virtue.

Miss Petherbridge now was not at her ease, but she tried to seem so.

"Is lying in a hammock an effective way of catching a murderer?" she asked lightly.

"One never knows," he retorted. "Perhaps if I lie here long enough the murderer will just come to me."

He saw a stiffening of her figure, a quick look at him—

"What do you mean?" she asked, in her quick, uncertain voice.

"Oh, I'm not expecting him," said Casey. "They tell me that you and Langridge were friends of long standing," he added.

"Who say so?" she answered sharply. "We were not friends. We lived next door to each other—we were of an age—we grew up together. From the time when we both left home—I was eighteen—I rarely heard of him. Nor he of me, I presume. Our people were friendly, but my parents are dead now. Occasionally we met by accident, but never since a year or so before his marriage, until I was sent here. He wanted to renew the acquaintance then, as you have doubtless heard—"

She paused to look at him for confirmation—"but I didn't care either for him or for his set. Their ideas are not mine. I suppose I am old-fashioned."

She paused in her jerky speech, and waited for him to continue.

"I should think you must have known him pretty well all the same—his character, I mean," the detective said at length.

"What I know of his mature character you know yourself, by now," she retorted. "I have no knowledge of his affairs."

"What about the affair with Miss Hilliard?"

She answered quietly.

"I know that we were all very concerned for her. It was a very great relief to know that he was leaving Barranbril."

"You knew that he was going for good?" She nodded. "Miss Rowe told us."

"Ah—Miss Rowe," he said, smiling. "That is another affair that you might know something of."

"No more than any other of her friends."

Her claiming friendship with Jocelyn almost put her in his good graces. He went on without any appearance of undue interest.

"That, I believe, was a long-standing alliance."

"It was not an alliance," she retorted. "That's rubbish."

"Do you suggest," said Casey, beginning to feel almost kindly towards her, "that there was nothing between them?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Petherbridge, bluntly. "I believe he liked her, quite sincerely."

"And she?"

"She's no fool. I'm not suggesting that there was any serious feeling—but she's the type he liked, if he liked any type. I fancy, from what I heard, she's the type he married. Lorne Hilliard has something of the same look, though it seems ridiculous to say so."

"Was he really in love there?"

"I think so—though he's reported to have said that part of his object was to take it out of the minister."

"And why so?"

She shrugged again.

"It's only gossip—I believe he wanted to become a Mason, and he blamed Mr. Hilliard when he wasn't successful. He—really, one doesn't like to speak of him so now. He's dead."

He went off at a tangent. "So she didn't care for him. Then why, I wonder, did they quarrel so violently and oft?"

"Did they?" asked Miss Petherbridge.

The detective was really startled.

"On your own assertion," he retorted, "they did."

"Oh," said Miss Petherbridge, "I never said anything so sweeping. I'm sure. Quarrel violently? They bickered, certainly—about Miss Hilliard, I fancy."

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"Hm. Would that explain why she tried to ring the rectory?"

And now, for one very real and revealing moment her nervous lids flew wide open, and he saw fear leap from the depths of her eyes. She said, "Jocelyn," and made two attempts before she could rise. He saw that she meant to go, and he sat up and spoke quickly.

"Miss Petherbridge." She looked at all the world as if she would like to run, but did not dare. "Do you remember that Miss Rowe tried to ring the rectory?"

"Did she?" said Miss Petherbridge. "I didn't know."

"It was before she came in to close the window for Miss Kissane, wasn't it?"

"I tell you I didn't know," said Miss Petherbridge. "I didn't even know that she came in to close the window until Mary told you. If I had heard Mary coughing I would have got up to her, myself. I was asleep."

"You suggest that she was jealous—"

he began, but she broke in vehemently upon his speech.

"I don't—absurd! I tell you she didn't care—she cares more for Tom Astill." She began to walk away. "Why don't you think of Tom Astill?" she flung over her shoulder. "He hated him, if you like!"

She did not wait for his reply.

TOM ASTILL'S bachelor establishment was unique in Barranbri. It had never been intended for a bachelor. It had sheltered the Astills for three generations, and Barranbri had for a long time been looking to Tom to found the fourth. Since his mother's death he had lived alone, except for the servants who had been with her, and Barranbri was inclined to censure the extravagance of keeping up such an establishment for the service of a solitary man.

Tom had a gentle regard for the proprietress, but none for the vagaries of public opinion, and he lived as it pleased him. If it pleased him to be gay, he gave entertainments from which wild rumors flew, but they were very vague rumors.

Whether Barranbri was aware of his good qualities, or influenced by his name, it held him in respect, and was entirely of the opinion that it would be a pity if anything serious were to develop from his obvious admiration of Jocelyn Rowe. Lorne Hilliard, in the opinion of her townpeople, was made for him. A good thing to fix it up now, too, as Tom was to move to Quamboyne....

All this Casey had gathered by dint of a little observation, a little questioning, and much listening. He had learned also that Tom Astill managed his staff with kindness and his business with enthusiasm; that he was a cheerful sportsman; and that he took his part in public affairs from a sincere sense of obligation. He was thirty-four years of age.

Casey himself had not for a moment suspected that Tom Astill had eyes for anyone but Lorne Hilliard. There was a comradeship between him and his secretary, warmed by gratitude on her side, and mutual confidence.

All this was in the detective's mind when he called on Tom. He gave his name to the housekeeper, who came to the open door at his ring. Mrs. Torrens knew who he was, of course. She welcomed him as if he had been an old acquaintance, and ushered him into the lounge, where Tom Astill, in an appropriate attitude, was reading. At least, he appeared to be reading, but he had been staring at one page for more than half an hour.

Tom rose hastily to his feet, his hand outstretched.

"Sit down," he said. He sat down himself, and stretched his legs out to the fire. The nights were still rather cold. "Go ahead," he said encouragingly. "If it's anything unpleasant, let's get it over."

"More or less a matter of routine," Casey explained. "Of course, as you were an interested person, your movements on Tuesday night were traced immediately."

"Oh?" said Tom. He looked at the fire for a moment. "An interested person?"

"The why and wherefore of that may have to be discussed at the trial, if any," said Casey, "but we needn't go into it now. Point is, I can follow your interest in the case. What I have established is that you attended a lodge meeting on Tuesday night, went from there to Dr. Thorndyke's in company with three other men, left for home at half-past eleven, alone, called in at Grover's to inquire after Mrs. Grover and offer your services if required, drove straight home from there, garaged your car, and adjusted some mechanical defect before coming into the house. You were here shortly after twelve o'clock, and were in bed by half-past. All correct?"

"I've heard of this sort of thing before," said Tom, gazing at him with some admiration, "but I've never struck the really genuine article. The sources of your information are obvious, of course. Anything else?"

"You worked on your car that night," continued Casey, "because you intended taking a business trip to the country early next morning. Your start on the trip was delayed because the creeks were up, and you abandoned the trip on hearing of the deaths of Langridge and Mrs. Grover."

"Well?" said Tom after a pause.

"Could you point out any gaps in the narrative?" asked Casey.

"It seems to hold together," he admitted.

"What I want to know," said Casey, "is how long you spent in the saplings on the rectory corner, what you saw, if anything, and when and why you left. Why you were there, too, if you can spare me the information?" He looked quietly across at his companion.

Tom was silent for a minute, his face sober.

"This is a bluff," he said at last. "You can't possibly know that I was there."

"A jury who felt kindly disposed to you might give you the benefit of the doubt," said the detective. "After all, it's no more than an inference—you aren't the person the swaggle saw by the car, by any chance, are you?" he broke off to ask idly. "Swaggle almost swears he saw a woman—no idea what makes him think it was a woman. Simply thinks it was. But a glimpse of a dress shirt may have confused him."

"Possible," said Tom, "but if so that dress shirt wasn't mine. I was in this house when the goods train came in."

"I know that," said Casey.

"Oh—you do?"

"Oh, well," said the detective, smiling. "I don't know that you were not, and your housekeeper will swear that you were. I'm inclined to believe that you were, if that's any comfort to you."

Tom took a pipe from the mantelpiece and began to fill it. He was telling himself that it didn't do to be reassured by a mild manner and apparent candor. For all he knew this rather tired-looking individual from the C.I.B. might even have fastened on him as a reasonable suspect, and in opening his mouth he might sign his own warrant. Then he took himself to task for

being ridiculous—no actual evidence against him, and quite a sound alibi.

"All the same," he said, following his train of thought aloud, "I'd like to know what put you on to it."

"Just a few threads of black material," said the detective. "No more—Heaslip found them caught on a bush at the edge of the path through the saplings. He tumbled to it that it was a tear of recent origin. Also it was most reasonable to assume that they came from a man's dress clothes or dinner-suit."

"It appears that very few people dress formally in this town, unless the occasion demands. The Hilliards didn't tog up to receive the Irvings; Irving went visiting in a lounge suit. The three men from Ward's were all wearing navy blue serge that night. It was the obvious thing to concentrate on the Masonic brethren, whom we arranged in order of probability. The rest was easy—and I've already seen your suit at the cleaner's. That's all—not proved beyond a reasonable doubt, as you see."

Tom nodded, struck a match, and applied it to his pipe.

"It's quite true that I spent a bit of time on my car that night," he said. "I noticed a rattle on the way home, but it only meant a couple of minutes with a spanner. It wouldn't have been any later than twenty to twelve when I left the garage. I went across the paddocks from here to the Quamboyne road, turned off at the station road, and walked on until I came to the rectory."

"That would take you past Ward's," put in the detective.

"Yes, I went that way. It's better walking in the wet weather. I walked right up to the gate of the rectory, intending to drop in with a message from Grover's, but just as I arrived there the light went out in Miss Hilliard's room. I decided not to disturb them. The message wasn't awfully important—besides, I thought it might already have been delivered."

"Then it wasn't for the sake of delivering the message that you went there."

"Yes—if the place had been lit up, if the Irvings had still been there, I should have gone in."

"But I take it the message would have been the excuse, not the object."

Tom swallowed something, and pulled at his pipe in a strained silence. Then he caught Casey's eye, and surprised himself by smiling.

"Blow you," he said, half humorously. "I don't have to tell you anything."

"Why did you walk, instead of driving?"

"I preferred to."

"In the rain?" said Casey. His eyebrows went up. "No, not even a jury would take all that down. You walked, because you didn't want to be noticed about the place, and the latest in cars is rather noticeable, to say the least. Recognisable, too. Am I right?"

"Partly," said Tom, looking worried. "Not entirely—no. I walked—well, I went there on the spur of the moment, and I thought it better to walk."

"Well, it's quite true that at the moment you don't have to tell me anything," said Casey, "but you don't gain anything by reticence. What if I let you know that Miss Hilliard has already told me that she intended to go to Sydney with—"

"What?"

The sharp monosyllable stopped him. Casey hesitated—there was no acting here, but the feeling in the voice was not surprise. Tom had suspected the fact,

but he had not been certain of it. He went on to confirm that impression in words.

"The fact is," he said quickly, "Langridge came into the office early that afternoon. Said he was off that night, going for good, wouldn't be back for any more than a flying visit. I didn't express any regret, as you imagine. However, couldn't help feeling kindly to the chap, seeing he was going. I wished him luck, and said something about hoping that the holiday would be up to requirements. He said, 'Thanks, old man. I'm taking the requirements with me.'"

He paused to draw breath.

"He meant it for me," he said. "It was significantly said—I felt it at the time. But Jocelyn said not to be silly, and I felt that it was silly, too. I was busy all day, but that night I began to stew over it, and—well, I felt absurd, but on the spur of the moment I walked to the rectory. I knew that the Irvings were to be there, and I thought I'd just drop in for supper, as I've often done, and—well, I just meant to stay there until well after midnight."

"But when I arrived there I saw that the Irvings must have gone. Then I saw Miss Hilliard's light go out. I still felt uneasy, but I went back as far as the patch of scrub on the corner, and waited. It was a few minutes to twelve, and I thought it would do no harm to wait till Langridge passed. But I was feeling very foolish by then. It was raining—I was wet and muddy—everything seemed normal at the rectory. I was reassured, and a bit ashamed of myself. So I cut across the paddocks behind Ward's, and went home."

"Is that all?"

Tom pulled at his pipe and began to look cheerful.

"Yes, that's all."

"Did you meet anybody—going or coming?"

"Not a soul."

"You didn't see Langridge? Or Miss Hilliard?"

"Neither?"

"Or Miss Rowe?"

"No," said Tom again, but there was a rising note of surprise in his voice. "Miss Rowe?"

Casey made no direct answer, but he removed his eyes from Tom's face to stare moodily at the fire. "Perjury," he said bitterly, "ought to be a capital crime. We might get somewhere then."

Any insinuation in the speech was apparently lost on Tom. He took up the subject calmly.

"It beats me why the police don't come down harder on perjury," he remarked. "There are so many obvious cases that should be so easy to prove."

Casey sighed. He did not imagine that Tom Astill had overlooked for a moment the significance of the word "perjury." He chose to ignore it, that was all, and that meant that his story was true or else that he was superbly confident in it.

The detective looked about the room. It was a pleasant place, not too well filled, with good old-fashioned furniture. He began to talk about guns, and within a few minutes had been taken to view Tom's gun room.

Casey looked, and gasped.

"It's an armoury," he said.

"My father and grandfather were both keen riflemen," Tom explained. "Champions, both of them. I don't come up to standard. Most of these guns are theirs."

"Did they use them?" asked Casey, "or just collect them?"

"Hesslip confiscated nearly all my re-

volvers," said Tom, sighing. "Pistols—I have a licence, of course. Not that I cared about them much. I used to collect them at one time."

"Where's the pearl-handled one?" asked Casey.

"Pearl-handled?" Tom repeated.

"Mrs. Irving told me that you had a very pretty one."

"Oh—that?" said Tom. He put one hand on the door-post, and Casey suspected that he held it there to steady it. "I lost it."

"Confiscated?"

"No. As a matter of fact it was a bit of a mystery. It disappeared one fine day. Souvenir'd by some visitor, I supposed. It was a little thing, but beautifully made."

Mrs. Torrens appeared. "Bob Grover on the phone," she said.

"You'll excuse me," said Tom.

Casey excused him. "Quite a collection of gunware, Mrs. Torrens," he remarked.

She eyed the room with disfavor.

"I remember a traveller once who got the idea into his head that it was a New Guard ammunition dump," she said. "It does look like that at first glance. They're beautiful, aren't they? But I don't dare go near them. Mr. Astill looks after this room himself."

"You don't care for guns?"

"They're beautiful," she said, putting a shirking finger on the barrel of a shotgun. "I like looking at them, if I don't have to touch them. We used to have a lovely little pistol—you wouldn't believe that anything so pretty could be deadly. It could lie in the palm of my hand. Someone else must have thought the same, for it walked off one day, about three months ago."

"Can you remember exactly when?"

"It was June," she said, "or perhaps July. July, I think, because it was a week to Miss Hilliard's birthday, but I can't remember dates. She was here with her father, and she noticed that the pistol was gone. There had been a couple of men here, a day or two before—not regular travellers, but canvassers for something or other, I can't remember what. Anyway, we suppose one of them took it. It couldn't be helped."

Casey took his leave as soon as Tom was freed from the telephone, and he walked home to find Ward's in a state of some excitement.

"Can you spare time from the man-hunt to make us a cup of tea?" asked Mary Kissane immediately upon his entrance. She was busy with the flat-iron, while Jocelyn and Miss Petherbridge were folding sundry garments and packing them in a large suitcase. Mrs. Ward was busy at the sewing-machine, and Jack Perry was sitting on the sink ledge, darning socks.

"I daresay," said Casey, his eyebrows raising.

"Walter's got a move," said Mrs. Ward, taking pins out of her mouth. "He has to catch to-morrow's train."

"Oh?" The detective looked round for Walter.

"He's gone over to the rectory," said Jocelyn.

"Poor Walter is rather smitten with Lorne," said Mrs. Ward. "A mild case—he'll get over it. But he had to go and say good-bye. We told him we'd get on with the packing."

Casey investigated in the kettle for possibilities of boiling water, put another stick on the fire, and took down the teapot.

"He's going to Manila, poor boy," said Mary.

"What's wrong with Manila?" asked the detective.

"I wasn't insinuating anything against

Manilla," retorted Miss Kissane, "but it is frightfully sudden for him. Personally, I don't know anything about the place."

Walter came through the kitchen door, looking sufficiently cheerful to bear out Mrs. Ward's comfortable opinion that he would "get over it."

"I don't either," he said. "But vague memories from my schooldays lead me to hope that I'll be able to swim this summer. That's more than I've done for two years. Isn't there a body of water of some sort adjacent?"

"There's a river," said Jack Perry. "Forget its name."

"It's the Peel," volunteered Miss Petherbridge from the depths of the suitcase. "But I don't know about swimming—it was no more than two feet deep the only time I ever saw it."

"Why, I didn't know you'd ever been there."

"I was there years ago, but only passing through, really. So I'm not an authority on the town. It seemed very much like many another town to me. Walter, you really need some more shirts . . ."

MRS. WARD called a halt to all activities as soon as the tea was poured, and insisted that there should be no more work done that night. To their horrified protests that the packing was only half done she was adamant.

"But we ought to finish to-night," said Jack.

"You'll never finish to-night," she replied, "and I know how it would be if you tried to. There'd be another cup of tea at midnight, and another in the small hours, about three times as much talk as work, and everybody sleepy and bad-tempered in the morning."

"I suppose you're right," said Walter gloomily.

"Go along," she said. "We'll be dismal enough without you, without being weighed down by a sleepless night as well. I'm going to bed myself, the minute I've washed up."

"You can go before that," said Jocelyn.

"I'll wash up."

"I'll help," proffered Casey instantly.

Mrs. Ward closed her lips suddenly upon the indignation protest that she had almost begun, and said a general good-night without comment. But she cast a glance at the other members of the household which had the effect of clearing the kitchen almost at once. Jocelyn rearranged a few things on the top of the suitcase and closed down the lid.

"I want to talk to you," said Casey. "These walls aren't exactly soundproof, are they?"

"They're all right if you lower your voice," said Jocelyn. "What have I done?"

"I want to ask you some questions. I've asked you most of them before, but I think I got the wrong answers."

Jocelyn lifted her eyebrows slightly but said nothing. She poured hot water into a dish, and swished the soap in its wire container briskly through it.

"The tea-towels are on the rack behind the door—before you start," she said. "Now what are the questions?"

"Well, first of all, why did you send a note to Langridge, asking him to come and see you?"

Jocelyn washed a cup and put it on the tray, lifting a warning hand.

"Don't take that one. I told you that I wanted him to come and say good-bye, but I suppose you don't believe that."

"I think you had a better reason."

"I think you have guessed the reason, too," she said.

"Well—you wrote to Mrs. Langridge, asking for the date of her divorce. Why did you do that?"

Jocelyn nodded.

"I thought you would be sure to find that out. I should have told you the truth to begin with. I wanted to find out if they were divorced. There was no use asking Charlie—one could never rely on a word he said."

"What made you suspect that he was not divorced? Most people took it for granted."

"I don't know what made me suspect. It was just an impression in my mind, probably left by something he had said months ago. I didn't know how to find out, except to write to his wife. I wasn't sure of her address either, but he told me once where she lived. And I didn't know what to say, when I did write. I simply couldn't give my reasons for wanting to know, not in writing. So as far as I remember I simply asked her if she would tell me when it was that she got her divorce from her husband."

"But what was your reason for wanting to know?"

"It was the only thing I could think of," said Jocelyn.

"You were concerned for Miss Hilliard?" he asked abruptly.

She nodded.

"Or jealous of her?" he suggested.

"Whichever you like," she said indifferently.

"You'll probably have to answer that insinuation," he said. "So I'm putting it to you. That wasn't an answer."

"I wasn't jealous," said Jocelyn. "I've told you I didn't care in the least for him. I was—concerned."

"You had quarrelled with him several times lately, about Miss Hilliard?"

She looked up at him again.

"Of course—Beryl told you that. It's quite true. I didn't quarrel with him at first about it. I was hoping that it would come to nothing. And so it would have done, I'm sure, if he had been staying in this town. He valued his popularity, and it simply wouldn't have done. But different things happened."

"Mr. Hilliard spoke to him about it, and made him very angry. Then he was here one night, and he said something about a flirtation with Lorne Hilliard. I forget exactly what he said, but Beryl was furious—she wouldn't have much to say to him, as a rule, but she said then that it wasn't likely that so sweet and wholesome a girl as Lorne Hilliard would be persuaded to look twice at him. It was like a challenge to Charlie, particularly as he was really quite in love with Lorne. Beryl said it, but he knew that half the town was thinking it." She paused.

"There wasn't much I could do. I tried with Charlie, but of course it was useless. Finally he resented it, and we quarrelled. But I couldn't help feeling uneasy, and although it seemed foolish, I wrote to Mrs. Langridge. I took it for granted that there were some things Lorne wouldn't do."

"I didn't get any answer for a while, and I felt more foolish than ever, especially as the affair seemed to have died down. And then, on Monday, when I was coming home from work, I saw him and Lorne standing near the ironbark. I passed quite close and they didn't notice me. I felt worried, but nobody else seemed worried. Mrs. Irving told me that she hoped he wouldn't come back, for Lorne's sake, and—"

"Astill wasn't worried," said Casey, when she hesitated.

"No. It seemed silly to bother, but it was in my mind all the time. Then, in the

afternoon—that was on the Tuesday—Charlie came into the office to say a sort of general good-bye, and he said something—I can't remember exactly what—"

"I know," Casey told her. "He said, 'Thanks, old man, I'm taking all the requirements with me.'"

"Yes, that was it. It needn't have meant anything, but he said it so maliciously. He meant it to sound as if it meant something, anyway. And he asked for his account to be finalised. So, on the spur of the moment, I wrote on the back of the bill—but of course you know about that. I was fairly sure that he wouldn't refuse to come and see me, especially as he hadn't been out to Ward's to say good-bye to everybody."

"You still hadn't heard from Mrs. Langridge?"

"No. I found her letter waiting for me when I got home that evening. I destroyed it the next day, but I can tell you what was in it. It was very short. She simply said that she was not divorced, although she had begun proceedings about six years ago. Very little else, but somehow when I read it I felt more frightened than ever. I didn't know what to say to Charlie when he came. I tried to be tactful, but I'm not very good at it. However, while I was leading up to it he caught sight of the envelope, and recognised his wife's handwriting."

"I told him straight-out then all about it, and he was frightfully annoyed. He said he'd had just about enough of my interference. Then all of a sudden he calmed down, and told me quite seriously that it was all right, and that he had said good-bye to Lorne the day before. Finally he said he'd have to go, and I walked down to the gate with him."

"I felt quite reassured. You see, he talked very well, and he could make one believe almost anything, while he talked. But after he had gone, I felt just as nervous as I had been. I knew he was leaving at midnight, and I thought—well, I thought I would ring up the rectory. But I couldn't."

She had finished her task, and was hanging up dish and cloth with hands that were not quite steady. Presently she sat down at the table and leaned her elbows on the clean scrubbed surface.

"Why didn't you go to the rectory?"

"It was in darkness, as far as I could see. And it was raining. Besides—at midnight? It seemed so silly."

"It would have been consistent, anyway," said Casey, sitting down opposite to her.

"I nearly went," said Jocelyn. "I should have gone. I wish I had." She paused, and her eyes darkened suddenly. "If I only had!"

"What difference would it have made?"

He asked the question in that easy, conversational tone that had already trapped more than one into saying more than had been intended. Jocelyn answered him with feeling:

"Difference—why, if I had gone—" and then stopped abruptly and ahrank back from the table.

"Did you never confide your suspicions to anybody?" he asked. "Mr. Hilliard, for instance?"

"We are almost strangers," said Jocelyn.

"In that case," said the detective, "why were you so deeply concerned for Miss Hilliard?"

"Wouldn't you have been?" Jocelyn challenged.

Casey advanced the feeblest of arguments.

"Isn't she old enough to look after herself?"

"Nineteen!"

The low voice leaped out of its deliberate monotony to a warmth of indignation.

"Nineteen! And, anyhow, you've met her. You've spoken to her. She couldn't suspect him of evil because her mind hasn't any acquaintance with evil—what in the world could protect her against a man like him? If she married such a man her life would be ruined—and there wasn't any question of marriage. You couldn't let a thing like that happen—"

"Then why didn't you go to the rectory?"

She came quickly to her feet, and he rose with her, but she made no attempt to leave the room. Instead she looked up at him, and steadied herself with an almost visible effort.

"I didn't go to the rectory. It seemed unnecessary at the time. Is that all, or is there anything else you want to ask me?"

Casey looked gravely down at her. There were many things that he wanted to ask her. There was one question in particular that trembled on the tip of his tongue.

Walter knocked discreetly on the door and entered.

"Awfully sorry to disturb you," he said. "But you and Beryl packed all my pyjamas between you, Jocelyn. Not wanting to under-rate your kind services, or anything, but I'll bet they're right at the bottom."

"They're at the top," said Jocelyn, "to the right."

"Talking about Beryl," said Walter, rum-maging. "I think she ought to take a good liver oil, or beer, or something fattening. Awfully good of her, and all that, but a man feels like a blooming tyrant with her trotting about waiting on him like a meek ghost. Mary just came and pinched my aspirins for her—she's so exhausted she can't sleep. A chap feels as if he ought to apologise."

"And now I'm going to say good-bye to you, Jocelyn, because I won't have a proper chance in the morning."

He glanced at Casey, who was busying himself at locking the back door, enveloped her in a capacious hug, and kissed her.

TOM ASTILL turned the handle of the office door, and entered. He was late, he knew, and he entered upon the surprising scene of his secretary with her elbows upon the office table, and her chin upon her hands, completely idle.

"What's up, Jocelyn?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing," she said. "Why?"

"You look tired, anyway," he said.

Jocelyn nodded. "We had such a busy night. Walter's been moved, you know. It was so unexpected that we were all busy until past midnight."

"I've seen you as fresh as paint after a night that lasted to 5 a.m.," said Tom, "so that explanation won't wash. If you don't feel well, go home."

"I don't want to go home. I'm quite well, and this place is cheerful, anyway. Ward's is like a tomb," said Jocelyn.

"Then Ward's is not its usual self. What's up?"

"I think the presence of the police has unerved us all," she said, smiling a little. "None of us wants to think—about Charlie—and we're not allowed to forget him. And then, Walter going—Mrs. Ward had an attack of the miserables this morning. It's so unlike her to be gloomy at all that we sent her straight to bed, and Hilliard's Grace came over to stay with them while we are away."

"Them?" said Tom, curiously.

"Yes, them, Beryl, too. She has succumbed to the general gloom. It's only a spasm—Beryl has them, as you know."

It's unusual in Mrs. Ward, but I suppose it would take a constitution of iron to stand a murder on the premises and remain unmoved. Look at your own face, for instance." She indicated the wall mirror.

Tom turned obediently, to see his own face with a thin line between the eyes, and indications of sleepiness in the slight shadows beneath them. He turned back to Jocelyn and nodded.

"Very true," he said, "but then I was given a lot to think about last night, and I spent the night thinking about it. That detective has got on my nerves, as well as yours. However, I suppose this won't earn the daily bread. Let us forget our troubles in toll."

"Another trouble is to be added to our toll at eleven o'clock," announced Jocelyn, as she began obediently to unlock her drawer. "Mr. Bob Grover proposes to put in a day at the office."

"Beginning it at eleven o'clock," commented Tom. "What's he after?"

"I think he means to gather the reins of dictatorship."

"Oh, well," said Tom. "I can't be helped."

By the time eleven o'clock came Jocelyn was working hard. This was not at all unusual, and it certainly did not account for the curtness of her greeting to Bob Grover. Bob allowed himself to scowl, and then looked annoyed with himself for showing his annoyance. He sat down beside her, and they proceeded to work steadily in collaboration.

She remained curt. With it all she was so explicit that Tom began to feel his presence unnecessary. After all, he thought, it was really Jocelyn who handed over the reins, and not himself. He had been accustomed to manipulate them through her agency. Tom sauntered out of the office and left them together.

He went out on to the street, feeling that his exile from Grover and Astill's had already begun. Across this gentle gloom a voice hailed him, and he looked up to see a pretty hand beckoning him from an upstairs window of Irving's bank.

"Come and have some tea," said Mrs. Irving.

Tom climbed the stairs to the lounge-room, and found that he had been asked to interrupt a tete-a-tete. Irving waved a casual greeting to him from the depths of an armchair, but Mrs. Irving came forward to meet him with more politeness. Mrs. Irving gave him tea, and inevitably the topic of the murder soon cropped up. "You're staying for the inquest?" asked Irving.

Tom was relieved to see that the word was not at all bomb-like in its effect. "I believe I shall be figuring in the inquest," he said. "Having been on or about the scene of the murder, at or about the time of the murder, the police want to know why."

He chatted a little longer, then went back to his office.

He had been sitting for some time in his inner sanctum when the door of the outer office opened and Lorne Hilliard came through it.

Tom sprang to his feet, his mind immediately cleared of every subject save one. He saw that Lorne was a little breathless, and decidedly pale.

"Tom," she said, "I've just been to the Irvings."

"I was there myself, about half an hour ago," said Tom.

"I know," said Lorne, nodding. "Mrs. Irving told me." She came over to his

desk and leaned against it, obviously seeking solid support. Tom placed a chair for her, and when she did not seem to observe it, put her into it by the unceremonious method of placing his hands on her shoulders and pushing.

Lorne, jolted into calmness by this summary treatment, looked up at him with an effort at a smile.

"It's quite all right, Tommy," she began; and then, her manner changing abruptly, she said, dropping her voice a little. "No, it isn't. Not a bit. Listen, Tommy, do you really have to stay here for—for the inquest?"

"Yes."

"Why?" She asked the question promptly, but with a shrinking that was noticeable. "Well, because I'm mixed up with the business, more or less," he answered, deliberately casual.

"It's true, then," said Lorne. She leaned towards him, and her voice sank lower. "Mrs. Irving said something about it—she didn't seem to think it was serious—but were you really there—that night?"

He said slowly:

"Yes, I was there."

"Oh, no," she protested, almost in a sob. Then grasping at self-control, she said more calmly, "Why did you go there?"

Tom wondered whether he would tell her, but she saved him the trouble of deciding by adding courageously:

"It's all right—I know why. You must have guessed. Perhaps he told you."

"It was something he said," explained Tom feebly.

Lorne looked at him steadily, but he saw that the last faint touch of color had left her face.

"Tommy," she said, "I've thought and thought about it, and there's no getting away from it. At first I hoped, and hoped—that it would turn out to be something—that it hadn't anything to do with me. But it's no use. I know it must have been because of me. He pulled up there to wait for me. You know that."

"Hush!" said Tom.

"It's no use. Everyone knows it. The detective knows it, too. But when I went out to meet him, he—was dead. It was because of me."

"You mustn't think about that part of it," he told her.

"Oh, but it's not that part of it," said Lorne, almost calmly. "It's the—the person who did it. Whatever happens to that person will be—because of me." Suddenly the appeal in her blue eyes was piteous. "I couldn't bear it, Tommy—oh, I couldn't!"

"What are you frightened of, Lorne?" he asked, quietly. "Tell me all about it."

"It was awfully dark," she said, "and the wind was very noisy; and as I came close to the bonnet I heard movements, and I was frightened and had to keep telling myself that it was only the wind in the scrub. I went right forward to the car, and spoke, and when no one answered I flashed my torch on the ground in front of me, and it fell on his head and shoulders. He was lying face downwards, but I knew he was dead."

"Good Lord!" said Tom, softly.

"I don't know how long I stayed there," said Lorne. "I kept on looking, but I know I didn't move. It seemed hours—and someone spoke to me."

Tom put up his hand to stop her, a gesture so eloquently defensive that the terror she had not allowed herself to voice leapt into her eyes. But still she would not put it into words.

"I wasn't frightened," she said. "The voice

should have frightened me, shouldn't it? But it didn't, and I know why. I kept thinking about it afterwards, and it puzzled me, but I can guess why it didn't frighten me. It was someone who knew, and understood—knew who I was, and why I was there—someone who—who wanted to spare me. It said, 'He's dead. Go back!'"

She stopped, and her eyes begged him desperately for reassurance. There was no comfort for her in his face. It had grown grim.

"Did you know the voice?" he asked. His tone was hard.

She said, "No," in a faltering tone, and added more firmly: "It was just a whisper, a breath—someone who knew me. When I still didn't move after—it spoke the second time, it—whoever it was—pushed me towards the path through the scrub. I didn't remember that for days afterwards, but it came back once when I wasn't thinking about it. I suddenly remembered being pushed."

"Stop," he said hurriedly. "Have you told the detective this?" he asked.

"Not about being pushed," said Lorne. "I didn't remember that, then."

"Don't tell him," said Tom.

Her obvious amazement steadied him a little, but his voice was still urgent as he asked:

"Would you recognise the voice if you heard it again?"

"Possibly—yes, quite likely."

"You don't know anything more?"

"I ran back," said Lorne. "I wasn't quite sure that I wasn't dreaming—it wasn't real. It was dreadful. I'd shut my eyes and try to think I was dreaming." She raised her eyes again to his for a searching moment; then, accepting his obvious determination to give no answer to the question that she could not ask, she rose. "I wouldn't ever forgive myself," she said, quietly.

"Nor would I," said Tom.

He went feverishly to work when the door had closed upon her, and the sounds from the outer office no longer had power to distract his mind. Indeed, he worked as if to defend his mind from any such disturbance. It was the longest day he had ever lived, and yet he started when Jocelyn came in and informed him that it was half-past five.

"So late as that!" he exclaimed. Then he added: "For goodness sake, let's go!"

AS Tom locked the big door of Grover and Astill's and set off with Jocelyn along the almost deserted pavement, a tall figure detached itself from a group on the post office steps, and struck across the street in a direction nicely calculated to converge with theirs at the next corner.

"Here comes the universal blight," observed Tom.

Jocelyn welcomed the detective, thus unkindly described, with a faint smile.

"I thought I must have missed you," said Casey, lifting his hat.

"Why, you very nearly did. Only that there was no key available we'd have gone out the back way."

There was a short silence which Jocelyn broke with the first subject that she could think of.

"Miss Millington said you had morning tea at Irving's," she said to Tom. "How is Mrs. Irving?"

"She's looking awfully well. And Miss Millington, by the way, seems awfully well informed."

"She's very well situated," explained Jocelyn. "The haberdashery counter looks straight out into the street."

"And so does Miss Millington, I suppose?"
"You don't know Miss Millington, of course," said Jocelyn to the detective.
He surprised them both by nodding an affirmative.

"Oh, yes, I do. She's the rather good-looking girl who lives at the Globe Hotel."
"She's handsome, I think," said Jocelyn.
They walked on in silence until they reached the corner of the Quamboyne road. Here Tom was about to make a monosyllabic farewell when Casey, appearing to make up his mind very suddenly about something, said casually:

"I'd like a moment with you, Mr. Astill, if you don't mind."

"Certainly," said Tom.
"Will you wait?" asked Casey of Jocelyn. She nodded, and walked on a little as the two men turned into the Quamboyne road.
"You didn't tell me," said the detective, coming to the point without undue impressiveness, "that when you went to the rectory that Tuesday night, you were armed."

Tom stopped abruptly. For a second he looked searchingly into the impassive face that was on a level with his own, then he said shortly:

"That will have to be proved."
"I didn't expect you to admit it," said Casey. He added with sweet reasonableness, "I'll tell you what is proved. About three months ago two canvassers came to this town, representing a sports goods firm. They were strangers, and you hadn't previously done business with their firm, but one of them was by way of being a first-rate pigeon shot, and they were invited out to your place for—lunch, wasn't it?"

"Anyway, you spent practically the whole afternoon amongst your guns, and after the travellers had departed hence to realms unknown you discovered that part of your collection was missing. A small pistol—a very pretty piece of work, but all the same, a pistol. That all right?"

"As far as it goes," said Tom.
"You concluded that it had been souvenired, but you weren't exactly right. According to the man's statement—"

The expression of Tom's face changed for a minute.
"We located him in Cootamundra yesterday, and he made a statement to the police there. He said that he had put the gun in his pocket, quite absent-mindedly—his overcoat pocket—and hadn't noticed it again until fully twenty-four hours later. At that time he was over a hundred miles from here, and his business was taking him further west."

"He could have returned the pistol by post, but he decided to take a loan of it. His mate had been recalled to Sydney, and he had a lot of very lonely country to cover, and he said the presence of the weapon comforted him. So he hung on to it until his schedule brought him back to Barranbricht. He arrived here on that Tuesday morning, and immediately sought you out and handed over the pistol. And how is that, as far as it goes?"

"All right," said Tom.
"It was in front of your shop, I think," went on Casey. "You were standing there as he drove up."

"I was sitting in my car," corrected Tom, "just about to drive off. He pulled in in front of me, and he came to me with the pistol in his hand. He said, 'Astill, isn't it? I believe this is your property.' I said it was, and he told me what had happened."

"What else did he say?"

"If he said anything else, I dare say you know what it was," said Tom.

"He said, 'It's been riding round in the side pocket of my car these three months,

but I've never had occasion to use it. Don't forget it's loaded.' Then you put it in the side pocket of your car, and drove off. Right? Well, where is it now?"

"Why shouldn't it still be in the side pocket of my car?"

"I've looked in all the pockets," said Casey. "It isn't."

Tom shrugged, and was silent.
"You never said a word to anyone about it."

As there was no convincing answer to be made to that, Tom attempted none.

"As you say," continued Casey in his most conversational tones, "it will have to be proved—but, well—you decided on the spur of the moment to walk to the rectory, with no settled plan in your head beyond the determination to interfere if things were as you suspected. You told me that your idea was to go to the rectory itself, but I believe that you had more than half a mind to keep watch and deal with Langridge when he came along."

"Now a man of his type is capable of anything. To a meeting with a different sort you wouldn't have dreamt of taking a gun; but you knew that Langridge always took one with him when he travelled, on account of having been held up and robbed one night on the mountains—and, all things considered, you thought it might be better to display your weapon before he had a chance of displaying his. You probably wouldn't have thought of it for a moment if the pistol hadn't been in the side pocket of your car."

Tom restrained himself with an effort. He had been on the point of nodding agreement.

"If you remember," said Casey, "it's not proved that Langridge was shot just as the goods train came in. It has been generally assumed, because no one seems to have heard the shot, but actually it could have been any time from about a minute to twelve until eight minutes past or thereabouts. And a man could easily get to your place from the rectory corner in eight minutes. Your house-keeper will swear that you came in shortly after twelve o'clock, which could mean anything, especially as nobody's time seems to agree with anyone else's in this town."

"We keep wireless time," said Tom.
"Precisely—others go by the station clock."

"Are you trying to bluff me?" asked Tom, bluntly. "I don't mind admitting it fits together very nicely—I've been fitting it together in much the same way in my mind for days. But it's all supposition, as you'd be the first to admit, and I'm not prepared to worry about what anybody supposes. I don't imagine a coroner would be either, or even a jury. But I'm not going to say any more about it. If you like to make a charge I'll answer it if I have to."

"If you could only tell me where the pistol is now," suggested the detective mildly.

"Why," said Tom, gaining confidence, "it's your job to find it."

"I have found out," said Casey. "I was only wondering if you knew, that's all."

His voice was singularly flat and colorless, and for a moment the mask of impassivity was drawn from his face. Tom, flinching in spite of himself, saw his own fear mirrored in the other's eyes. Both hastily looked away from each other. Then Casey said in his normal tone, "Good evening."

He went back to where Jocelyn was waiting for him, telling himself:

"There's nothing left for it. You've got to face up to it, now."

AT nine o'clock that night he was still facing up to it, sitting alone in the oppressive silence of a house that seemed almost empty. Mrs. Ward had gone out to help at some church function, Duffy and Mary Kissane were at choir practice, Jack Perry had wandered "downtown."

Jocelyn, he assumed, must have gone to bed, for silence reigned in her room, and the light was out. Miss Petherbridge was occasionally heard to move restlessly, but beyond that there was no other sound in the whole house.

Casey sat there wondering, while his conscience questioned him, what terrible excitement of mind or feeling could impel a gentle disposition to murder. It was a word that had to be faced. That Charles Langridge had been deliberately killed there could be little doubt. Whoever had gone to meet him had gone armed, and had not fired in self-defence—Langridge's revolver had not been disturbed. It was murder.

Still he sat there, not moving, while there was something definite that clamored to be done. It was a step that he should have taken days ago, and which he had shirked. There was no blinking the word. He was shirking now, for sheer terror of the truth to which that step might lead him. And there was still to be faced the possibility that it was too late.

He had tried to keep at peace with himself by watching her as carefully as he could, but that she had had countless opportunities he could not deny. Remembering that, he rose suddenly to his feet.

There came a muffled sound from the room next to his, and his leaping thoughts took another course. How much could she stand? Confronted by the terror of discovery, what would she do; face it, or take an easier way?

In the uneasy silence of the house, the carefully quiet movements on the other side of the wall that was nearest to him continued. He was out on the verandah in an instant. Her room was in darkness. He said in a quick, sharp voice, "Jocelyn!"

He put his hand through the french windows, as he had seen her do, and snapped on the light. She had made absolutely no sound, and he saw her standing by her dressing-table, with something in her hand. Casey saw only that it was a small bottle. He took two strides across the room and seized her wrist.

"What have you there?" he said.

She seemed to be stricken absolutely dumb, and he looked intently at her face. She was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. He did not think that she was the kind to allow tears to come easily, and his heart smote him, even while her composure reassured him.

"You must have been dreaming—or else imagining," she said.

"I've been imagining all sorts of things," he said. "Impossible things."

"You looked so frightened," said Jocelyn, and then suddenly she looked frightened, too, as if she had begun to understand.

Casey wiped his forehead with his left hand, never relaxing the strong grip of his right. He shook off his absurd panic without feeling the slightest inclination to laugh at it, for she seemed to shrink visibly in that moment of fear. Then she made a quick effort to rally.

"I was about to try Beryl's panacea," she said. "It's only aspirins, nothing worse."

"Jocelyn!" he said abruptly. "Where is the pistol?"

He felt her wrist relax under his fingers, and she leaned against the dressing-table for support. He went on quickly, his voice hardening:

"You pretended you had thrown it in the tank. You tried to make me think that. I guessed you hadn't—you carry it about with you. It was sheer madness!"

"I couldn't think of a place to hide it where it mightn't be found," said Jocelyn. "Of course, I understand," he said. "It's Astill's pistol."

"He didn't kill him!"
She made the exclamation involuntarily, with a halve assurance that stamped it as the truth; that tacitly laid claim to a full knowledge of the truth; and then, as if realising the full extent of what she had implied, she was suddenly and determinedly silent. She looked away.

Casey leaned across the intervening space, never loosening his grip, and picked up her handbag from the table beside her bed. It was heavy with a weight that he remembered.

When he took the pistol from the bag she shuddered, and turned away her head. "I suppose you understand where this places you," he said.

He had thought she was on the verge of collapse, but she amazed him by her coolness.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked. Casey looked at his watch.

"I'm expecting a trunk call from Sydney," he said. "It will have to come here, because the station phone is out of order." Jocelyn actually smiled.

"It usually is," she said. "Shall we wait in the sitting-room? We'll disturb Beryl if we stay here."

They moved to the sitting-room, in an unreal silence that had the flavor of nightmare. Casey watched her as she went before him and sank down into an armchair by the big centre table.

"I took the pistol from Tommy," she said. Involuntarily he lifted a hand to check her, but she went on:

"It's all right. I might as well tell you while we wait. I shall only tell you what I like. I know you suspected all the time that I really had gone to the rectory that night, and so I did. As I told you, I felt a fool, but I couldn't be satisfied, and I thought I would risk it. I meant to see Mr. Hilliard. So I set out towards the rectory, taking the short cut through the scrub. I had my electric torch, but I wasn't using it—I don't like it. I mean, that circle of light in the blackness—it scares me."

"Then suddenly I saw the dark figure of a man, standing on the further edge of the scrub. I just saw the dark figure, and I stopped, and he said, 'Is that you, Lorne?' I thought, 'It must be Charlie,' and then I knew the voice, and I said, 'It's Jocelyn, Tommy,' and I switched on my torch. He was standing there on the edge of the scrub, looking very worried, and he was turning the little pistol over and over in his hand."

She paused, the ghost of past consternation coming into her eyes.

"I said to him, 'Tommy, you prize idiot, what are you doing with a gun?' and I took it out of his hand. He told me all about how he came to have the gun—he told me he'd brought it with him because he remembered Charlie always carried one in the car. I said: 'All the more reason why you should have left yours at home.' He said, 'I suppose you think I'm making a fool of myself about nothing,' and I had to laugh, because it was just exactly what I thought everyone would think about me."

"We both laughed, and when we'd finished laughing it did seem foolish. So I told him that I'd seen Charlie. It was raining very hard then, and he started to walk home with me. We walked across the paddock, and I told him all about seeing Charlie that night. Presently we came to the verandah near my room, and I—"

She stopped, checked visibly by a sudden recollection, then went on: "I said to Tommy that I'd walk part of the way home with him, because I love walking in the rain. So I walked as far as the Quamboyne road, and then I came home."

She stopped, and leaned back in the chair, apparently having said all that she had intended to say, and Casey studied her, conning over the narrative in his mind while his eyes, idly, it seemed, fixed themselves upon her right hand as it lay on the arm of her chair.

"The pistol was loaded," he suggested.

"Yes," she nodded.

"How did you know? Did Astill tell you?"

"Yes. I said I would keep the pistol. I said, 'I always liked it, anyway.'—she shivered—"and he said, 'would you really like it? Well, don't forget it's loaded.'"

Casey looked again at the sensitive hand, and wondered if any fingers that had fired a murderous shot could possibly rest so still.

He had not missed the gaps in her story, nor had he failed to note the momentary confused pause. He was mentally pacing out the distance to the Quamboyne road, and back again—yes, there was time, provided it had been walked briskly. And that, of course, depended on what time they had set out. At a quarter to twelve she had rung the rectory—it must have all been very quickly done.

She had heard Mary Kissane coughing, and had gone to her assistance—by her own admission that had happened afterwards. And Beryl Petherbridge had slept through it all; could anyone who was all nerves sleep in such an atmosphere? Following this thought, with the memory of a moment's fear in Beryl's eyes, he said idly:

"When you went into Miss Kissane's room did you turn on the light?"

"No," said Jocelyn.

He nodded. "I suppose you didn't want to wake Miss Petherbridge."

"No," she agreed.

"Yet she slept through the coughing," he mused.

Jocelyn darted a suspicious glance at him, under her lids, and as he intercepted it, the telephone rang. Jocelyn moved automatically to answer it, then made way for him with a half-smile.

"Force of habit," she murmured.

Casey took down the receiver with his mind working into confusion over the evolution of the germ of an idea; it was the shadow of a thought that had touched him more than once. He had to drag his mind from it, when his whole mind leapt to welcome it. Macleay was speaking to him from headquarters.

With a great effort he tried to pin the shadow down, to file it in a corner of his mind while he spoke. It was all the more annoying, because after all it seemed that Macleay had nothing terribly important to say. Yet he said quite a lot. Casey had to let the shadow go while he listened. Presently Macleay said:

"I saw Mrs. Langridge myself. It was just as you thought, at least according to her. Langridge asked her for the divorce because he wanted to marry the girl. In the interim he apparently went cold on the

idea, and asked her not to divorce him. Told her the girl wasn't keen either. Anyhow, Mrs. L. wasn't keen on divorce, and was only too glad to drop it. The girl's name was Ashley—I've got a note of it here."

The rustling of paper came distinctly over the phone.

"Here we are," said Macleay. "It was July, 1938. Grounds of misconduct with Beryl Ashley at Manilla." He waited quite a while for comment, and then asked abruptly, "Are you there?"

"You said Manilla!" said Casey.

He did not wait for the reply. His eyes were on Jocelyn, and the quick, horrified dilation of her eyes was all that was needed to give life to a shadow that had taken substance. She was looking past him towards the doorway. Beryl stood on the threshold.

"So that was why you didn't hear Miss Kissane coughing," said Casey. "You weren't there."

He hung up the receiver and took a step towards her, ashamed inwardly because for a moment in the reaction from long-sustained dread he had been positively joyous. He had spoken triumphantly, and could have bitten his tongue in compassion for her haggard looks and trembling hands. But she slew that feeling, for a time. She turned on Jocelyn with a bitterness almost frightening in its malevolence.

"You cad!" she panted. "You've told him! Rather than risk your own precious skin for a moment, you've told him!"

"I DIDN'T really know anything," said Jocelyn. "I only guessed, that's all."

"Well, I wish you'd given us the benefit of your speculations," grumbled Mary, "instead of frightening us all almost to death."

"We hardly dared to talk about it when you weren't there, for fear one of us would let out what we were thinking," said Mrs. Ward, sighing.

"Yes," added Mary, "and when you were there we were as unconcerned as possible, for fear you'd see what we were thinking. But what I can't help thinking about now is the frightful life we must have led poor Beryl— Her voice dropped. "What will become of Beryl?"

"The detective said she would be looked after," said Mrs. Ward, briskly. "Personally, I've seen people who were lots insaner walking at large about the country, and nothing said. You needn't shake your head at me, Mary. I'll be as uncharitable as I choose. However, if the police think a nursing home is all she deserves, good luck to them. I'll admit it's all she's fit for. I fancy she was never very stable to begin with, or she'd not have jilted a man who wanted to marry her and run off with a man who had a wife already."

"What's more, having done it, she shouldn't have let herself brood over it. That would be enough to send a strong mind crazy, and I fancy she was never strong in any department. I'll admit it was bad luck her being sent to the very town where he was. It's a wonder he didn't tell the story to someone. Did you know about it, Jocelyn?"

"Yes," said Jocelyn, "but she told me herself. Some time ago, in a burst of confidence. It was when he first started going about with Lorne Hilliard, and she came to me and asked me if anything serious was likely to come of it. I didn't know, of course, but I said I hoped not. It struck me that she was frightfully excited about it, but I knew she was fond of Lorne, and

she was likely to get excited about almost anything.

"She said, 'It's been allowed to happen too often. He won't get away with it this time. I believed him once—' I tried to head her off, but she would tell me. And then she pulled herself up in the middle of it, and went away. I didn't talk to her about Lorne any more, but I know she was suspicious. She told me that when Charlie came here that night she listened—she couldn't hear all that was said, but she could follow the general trend. And she heard for the first time that it was he who had asked his wife not to divorce him—you see, he had told her that his wife had refused. She told me that afterwards."

"But how did you know all the time that it was Beryl?"

"I didn't know, really. But it couldn't have been anyone else. You see, I walked home with Tommy, and we stood talking on the veranda outside my door. We stood talking it all over—she must have heard voices, and come to the window of the next room to listen—she probably thought Tom was Charlie at first. She heard all we said, and she wasn't reassured a bit. She suspected him all the more. You can imagine the state she would work herself into—angry with him, and anxious for Lorne—"

"And sorry for herself," put in Mrs. Ward. Jocelyn nodded reluctantly.

"Yes. Well, then I said I'd walk part of the way with Tommy, and that was when he told me I could have the pistol, and not to forget that it was loaded. I just ducked into my room and changed my coat for a raincoat, and went out with him. We went across the paddocks, and we'd nearly reached the Quinboynie road corner when the car passed it. Tom was looking back to the rectory at the moment, and didn't notice it."

"We went on to the corner, and, of course, you can't see the rectory any more once you reach the corner, but I looked back and I made sure I saw the lights of a car turning on to the Barren road. It was probably someone getting home late from town, but I took it for granted that it was Charlie. However—the train came in when I was no more than halfway home. When I switched on the light in my room I saw that my coat that I'd taken off was gone. I just took it for granted that Mrs. Ward had come home and seen it, and taken it out to the stove to dry."

"Then I heard Mary coughing, and I went in, and Beryl wasn't there. I hardly noticed that—you know her habit of wandering about the place like a ghost when she couldn't sleep. I simply went to bed, and went to sleep. I honestly thought I had dreamed that someone came into the room, but it must have been Beryl when she brought back my coat."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Ward, in a note of sarcasm, "that that was no more than a thoughtless act. I mean her bringing the coat with the pistol in the pocket, and hanging it exactly where you left it."

"Oh, she never meant it!" Jocelyn protested. After a pause she added, "When I answered the telephone call for Mr. Hilliard in the morning, and I had to go across to the rectory, I grabbed the coat and put it on. It was still pretty wet, and I was halfway to the rectory before I thought, 'That's funny. This coat wasn't there last night.' And then I remembered someone coming in. I was halfway back from the rectory before I remembered the pistol;

it was in the right-hand pocket, and I took it out and found it had been fired."

"Of course, when I heard—that had happened—I didn't know what to do. You see, the pistol was Tommy's, and a dozen people could swear to it, so I didn't dare hide it, for fear it would be found. And then, when I could see that—the detective—was suspicious, I was scared, because I didn't want to be caught with it, naturally."

"But did you know then, about Beryl?"

"I didn't know," insisted Jocelyn. "Only it couldn't have been anyone else. And then nobody seemed to notice her shoes—she knew I did. What really happened was that after Tommy and I had gone she came into my room. She wanted to see Mrs. Langridge's letter, and it was in my coat pocket, along with the pistol. She read the letter, and it made her all the more resolved that she wouldn't allow—anyhow, she put on the coat and went off to the rectory. She reached the corner just as Charlie pulled up there. She spoke to him, and he said: 'Is that you, Lorne. Are you ready?' She said to him, 'So it's true, then!'"

Jocelyn turned her head away for a moment.

"She wouldn't say anything else that happened just then, except that he was so angry that she got frightened. But she stayed there. She said that she vowed she wouldn't move until she had seen him go without Lorne. She said that when Lorne came she would tell her. He said: 'Whose word will she take, yours or mine?' She threatened him with the pistol. He had begun to get out of the car, and he was standing on the running-board, but when she said that, he pushed her away from him, and threw back his head and laughed. She said she could see him, silhouetted against a red glare, and she felt when he pushed her. She fired wildly."

"She told me—afterwards—that when she saw him falling she felt as if the whole world had gone mad. She went to him, and he was dead. Lorne came, and she sent her home. Then she came home herself. She said she actually went to sleep, but kept on waking up to see him against the red glare."

"When the morning came she hoped and hoped that it was a dream. But she knew it wasn't, of course. And then she set her mind to acting as naturally as possible, but she couldn't do it. The strain was too great—she had to go down to it. She thought that he—the detective—had suspected her all the time. She knew that I knew, and she thought that he was getting at her through me."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'd have told him if I'd had to," said Jocelyn. "I didn't want to, of course. Neither would you, Mum, you know you wouldn't, in spite of what you say. But as it turned out, I didn't have to. He found it out for himself, and Beryl broke down."

"It's a wonder he didn't arrest you as an accessory after the fact," said Mrs. Ward. She had not been able to forgive Casey for having entertained, however unwillingly, her own suspicions.

Jocelyn smiled faintly, and, rising, went out into the garden.

"Don't tease her about it, Mum," admonished Mary.

"She needs teasing about it," said Mrs. Ward firmly. "When a girl takes other people's troubles as much to heart as she's been doing, what's to be done? First she worries herself sick over Lorne Hilliard, who's a lucky girl to be where she is today, and none more thankful for that than myself, for I'm fond of Lorne."

"Then she takes it on herself to shield Tom Astill, who deserves a worse fate for having no more sense than to carry a gun about with him, for I always say the more you know about guns the more frightened you ought to be of them. And then she comes as close as makes little difference to making a burnt offering of herself to protect that poor thing. Heaven forgive her, who was never worth the weight of her little finger."

"You'd have done as much yourself," said Mary.

"I respect the law," said Mrs. Ward. "And, talking about the law—"

"I wonder when he's coming back," said Mary. She added, in a lower tone, "I do hope he's coming back."

SHE was referring to Philip Casey, who had taken the train for Sydney three days previously. He had not been discussed in the boarding-house since his departure. In deference to Jocelyn, who turned pale at any mention of it, the whole subject had been allowed to lapse until Mrs. Ward, arguing that a mountain was a mountain but there was no harm in treating it like a molehill, had deliberately resurrected it that Saturday as they sat about the kitchen table at morning tea. Bob Grover, who had some good instincts and sometimes gave them scope, had sent Jocelyn home the night before with injunctions not to appear at the office again until she felt fit.

Jocelyn went out into the open air. She was really quite glad that Mrs. Ward had made her talk about it, but all the same she did not want to talk about it any more. Mrs. Ward, of course, was not really so hard as she pretended to be, but all the same there were some things that Mrs. Ward had not seen.

She had not seen Charlie; she had not stumbled across Tom Astill standing among the bushes with a pistol in his hand; she had not brought a pistol casually to the light only to discover that it had been fired since last it lay in her hand; she had not seen Beryl flare into brief rage, and then crumple utterly in the flash of a second. Mrs. Ward's sympathy for her—Jocelyn—was very soothing to feel, but she did not want it expressed. There was one subject in particular upon which she could not bear to be teased, however affectionately. Three days—

She looked up, and saw him coming across the gravelled space towards her.

Jocelyn had barely time to start, to blush, to be all confusion, and then to recover herself, which she did all in the space of a few seconds.

"Hallo!" she said amiably. "Back again?"

"I haven't had a holiday for ages," he said. "I pointed it out in the right places, and they were sympathetic. So here I am."

Jocelyn did not answer. She had stepped straight from the dark contemplation of other people's tragedies and the shadow of her own into a moment of brilliant happiness and the transition dazzled her. She thought that perhaps it was not true, and then she allowed the thought to dissolve in certainty. It was the truest thing in life.

"You were expecting me, weren't you?" asked Casey, falling into step beside her. Jocelyn nodded.

(THE END)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)
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